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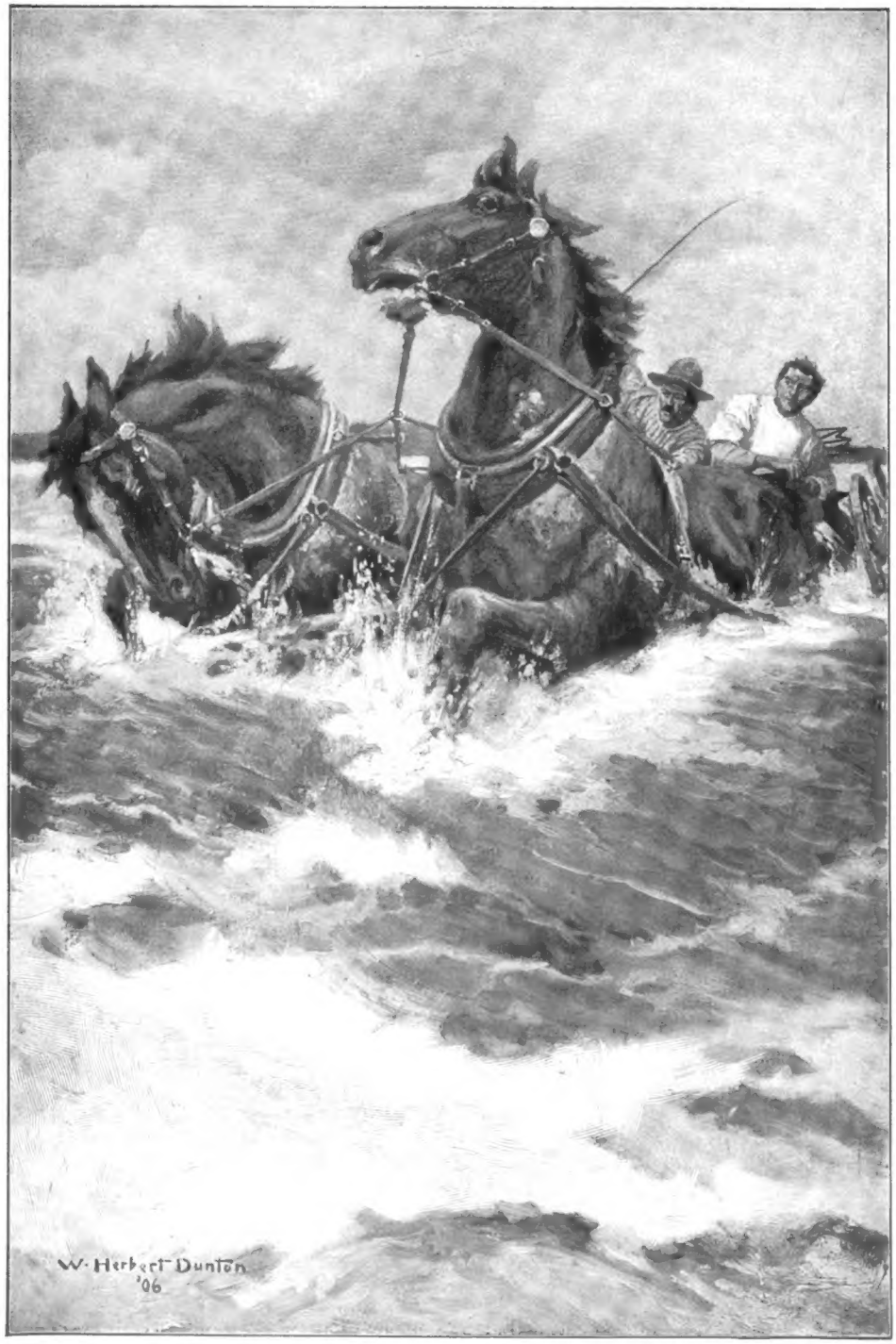

I YELLED TO THE HORSES, AND FELT THEM PLUNGE FORWARD, STRAINING IN THE HARNESS.

—"The Harder Case," page 515.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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Romances of Success

JAMES J. HILL

Builder of the Northwest Empire

By PAUL LATZKE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Success! The time is passing when the mere sordid accumulation of vast wealth may be acclaimed Success. We are learning to make distinctions. The financial brigand, trickster, grafter, however richly he may have reaped, is being classed with his brother crooks. But all the world wants to know about Real Success, about men whose personal triumphs have meant benefits multiplied a hundredfold for the nation; men who, in blazing their own trails, have opened wide, safe, clean paths for their countrymen. A series of stories about such men—veritable "Romances of Success"—begins below with an intimate study of James J. Hill.

IT was the end of the world in Wall Street. In the twinkling of an eye a thousand million dollars had been lapped up by a cyclone come out of the West. Railroads, factories, mills, great ocean vessels, huge sky-scrapers, teeming mines: all had been caught in the storm.

In the presence of such destruction men stood appalled, or rushed to and fro like mad. Crazed with terror, they made wild efforts to save something for themselves out of the wreck. Every such effort only added to the horror and loss. For once the kings of finance, their agents—the brokers, and the poor outsiders—the "lambs," were on a basis of equality in the Street. All were helpless to stay or hinder. All were equally unnerved.

The thing had come like a bolt out of the blue. There had been a pleasant, rising market, the list of securities firm and strong; money had been loaned freely up to the very limit. And now——

There was no value to anything. Chaos reigned; reason, manhood, sense—all gone before the black terror. Each atom was scrambling, helplessly and ruthlessly, to save his own, and trampling in frenzy on brother and neighbor.

It was out of this travail that James J. Hill was born to the metropolis of America. It had known of him before in a languid sort of way. But it required the terror of "Blue Thursday," the fateful 9th of May, 1901, to stamp him indelibly upon the provincial mind of Manhattan Island.

"Blue Thursday" was the result of E. H. Harriman's efforts to prevent Hill from carrying out the greatest plan of his career. Hill had for years been working patiently, silently, toward one great end—control of the Burlington road with its 9,000 miles of trackage. He wanted the Burlington as a feeder for his Pacific coast roads, the Great Northern and Northern Pacific, and finally he secured it.

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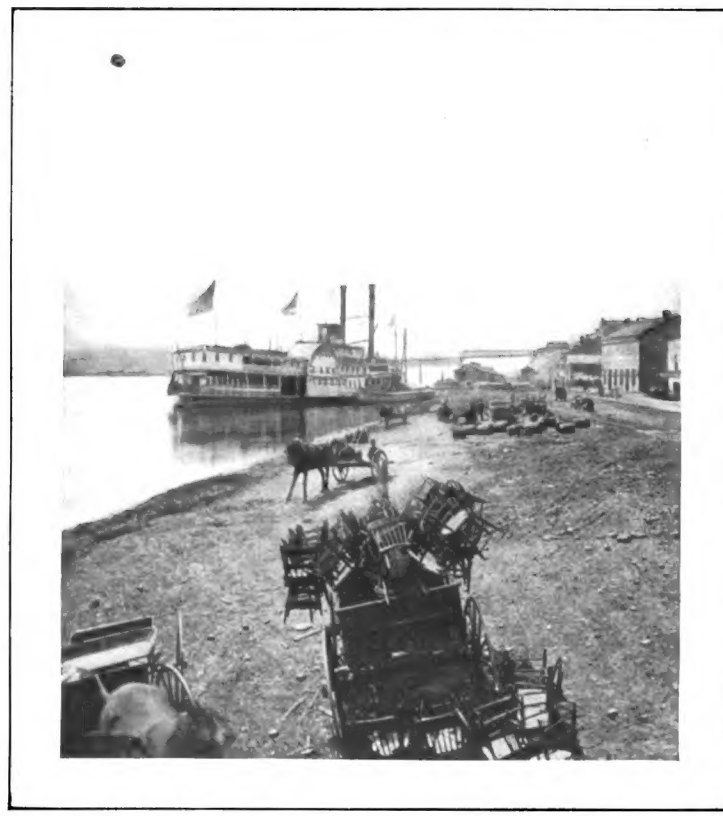
Suddenly came Harriman, demanding an equal share in the management of the Northern Pacific, and a division of Burlington traffic between his road, the Union Pacific, and the Hill roads. On this issue the giants locked horns, and there resulted, on "Blue Thursday," the great Northern Pacific corner, the memory of which still makes Wall Street shudder. The effects of the conflict extended to London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, around the globe. When it was over the financial world lay gasping. Over one thousand million dollars in paper values here and abroad, had been swept away. Never has such a panic been known in the history of finance.



THE ST. PAUL LEVEE AS IT APPEARED WHEN HILL FIRST WENT TO WORK IN ST. PAUL.

Amid the wreckage, grim, unshaken, impregnable, towered the storm-center, James J. Hill. He was living then at an up-town hotel in New York, and on the evening of "Blue Thursday" the hotel lobby swarmed with newspaper men eager to see and talk to this strange new figure that so suddenly had been catapulted into the lime-light. They found him a most interesting subject. Somewhat below the average height, but built like a buffalo, with a prodigious chest and neck and head; his arms long, sinewy, powerful; his feet large and firm planted, and his legs as solid as steel columns—truly a massive, imposing figure of a man. And the head —shaggy brows shading an eye that bored right through; a mass of long iron-gray hair reaching to the collar of his coat, and a heavy, rough, iron-gray beard, growing almost without restraint over the entire face, yet hiding nothing of the immense chin and powerful jaws, and the wide lips, between which showed two rows of teeth seemingly fit to crunch iron. A very pile-driver of a man, slow and deliberate to rise, but swift and crushing in the downward stroke. A man to avoid as an enemy, a joy as a friend.

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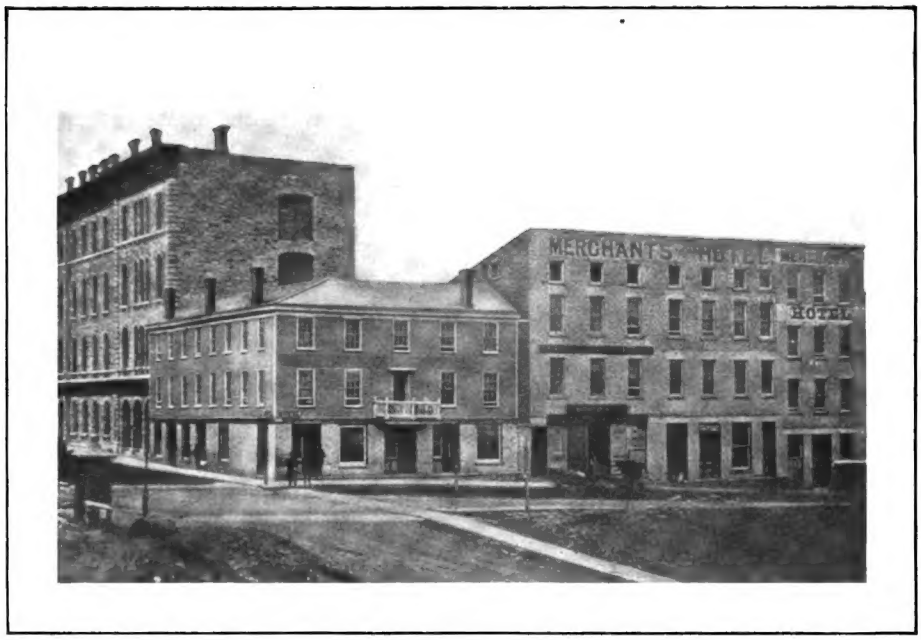

THE MERCHANTS' HOTEL, WHERE JAMES J. HILL MET MARY MEHEGAN, WHO LATER BECAME HIS WIFE.

Somewhere I have seen a painting showing the founders of the Hudson Bay Company in conference at Montreal, hard, rough, shaggy, bearded, powerful figures, yet with the light of poetry and imagination in their eyes, the light that shines only in the eyes of the adventurous who invade the primeval wilderness and wrest from it the riches that lie hidden from the timorous. Instantly, when I beheld Mr. Hill on the night of "Blue Thursday," I fitted him into this group. This was before I knew his history. Afterward I learned that he fitted into the group truly enough—that he, as they, had been a frontier trader and adventurer, that the first seed of his fortune had been laid in the same soil as theirs, that he had first fought their successors in the wilds, afterward worked in conjunction with them; that he had made his "great strike" as a partner of two of the most picturesque figures that ever graced the councils of "Ye Hudson Bay Companie"—Donald A. Smith, now Sir Donald, Baron of Strathcona, and Commodore Kittson, the last survivor of the primeval Hudson Bay type, husband of a dozen red wives, father of a score of half-breeds, baron of the forest, and feudal lord of the frontier.

JAMES J. HILL AS HE APPEARED IN 1859, WHEN A MEMBER OF THE PIONEER GUARDS.

On this night, the whole financial structure of the country lying about him in ruins, the romanticism of Hill's eye was veiled by the light of combat. The skin showing at the temples was pale with the strain, the great hands clenched and opened and clenched again. His voice was harsh, and his speech tense with suppression. But he spoke freely and to the point.

"It is the greatest outrage of modern times," he said. "Thousands of peo-

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THE HILL RESIDENCE ON SUMMIT AVENUE, ST. PAUL, WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1890 AT A COST OF $750,000.

ple have been ruined, and needlessly, by the greed of a small group of men who sought to take our property from us. As for me, I stand exactly where I stood before. I took no part in this disgraceful thing. I neither bought nor sold a share of Northern Pacific. I held 88,000 shares of the stock when this onslaught began and I hold the same number still, neither more nor less. Nothing could have tempted me to take part in the affair. Praise God, I've no pockets in my shroud."

It is unnecessary here to follow this story of the Northern Pacific corner further. It runs through the refusal by Hill of a ten-million-dollar cash profit on his Northern Pacific holdings, offered by the Harriman-Kuhn-Loeb interest at the height of the battle; through parley and compromise, through the Northern Securities tangle, through the winding up of the Northern Securities merger under order of the United States courts. And behold Hill in the end more strongly in control of Northern Pacific than before; the absolute master of Burlington and the Great Northern, the dictator of 25,000 miles of railroad track, or enough to span the earth. Behold him, in addition, the dominating figure

Photograph by Marshall, Guelph, Ontario.

MRS. JAMES HILL.

The mother of James J. Hill.

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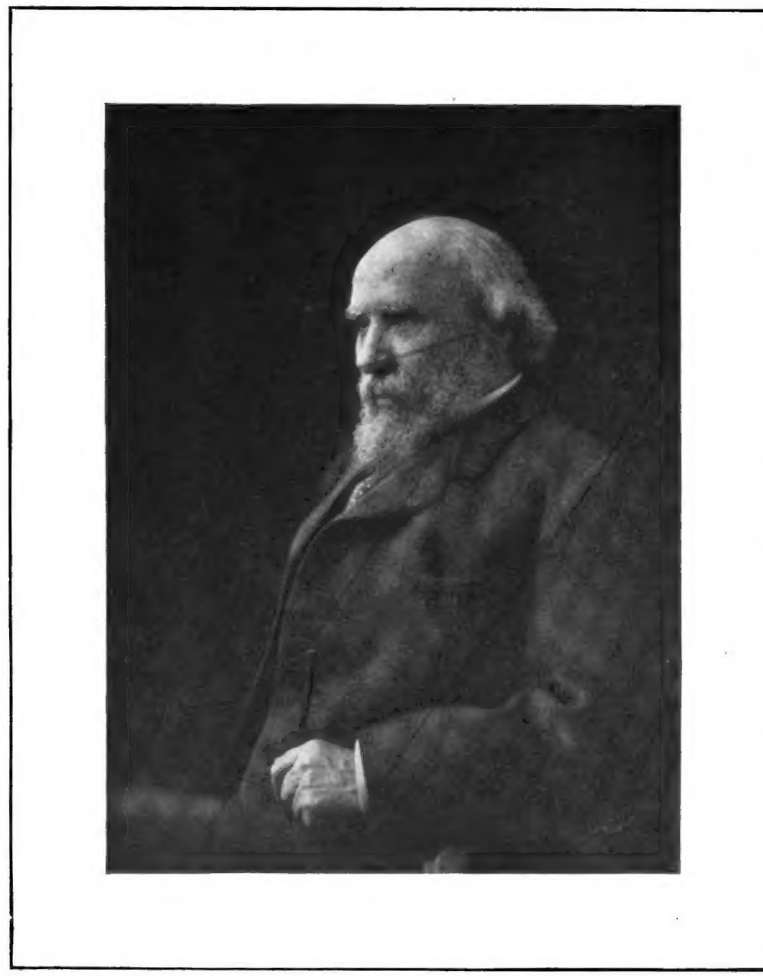
in the Erie Railroad, connecting New York and Chicago, and the owner of the Great Northern Steamship line plying between Seattle and the Orient, so that it is possible for him to travel 12,000 miles from east to west without once setting foot on other property than that over which he exercises unchallenged dominion.

The ten-million-dollar profit on Northern Pacific that he spurned has turned to twice ten million by the rise in value of his holdings, and his Great Northern stocks have more than doubled in value. On top of all this came the recent lease by him of the Minnesota iron deposits to the Steel Trust at an appraised value of $450,000,000, figures that paralyze the imagination even in these days when millions are tossed into speech as easily as soap-bubbles are blown from a clay pipe.

A story of stupendous achievement lies behind these figures, a story of work brutal in its tax, a story of sleepless nights, of many weary voyages through the wilderness and storm, a story of great risk and great perseverance and of great adventure. The measure of it and the romance were brought vividly home to me as I stood on the banks of the Little Speed in the Canadian hamlet of Rockwood, where Hill was born sixty-eight years ago and where he grew to manhood.



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JAMES J. HILL.

The Hills were among the founders of Rockwood, which now harbors perhaps a thousand souls. It lies near the southern border of Ontario, forty miles west of Toronto.

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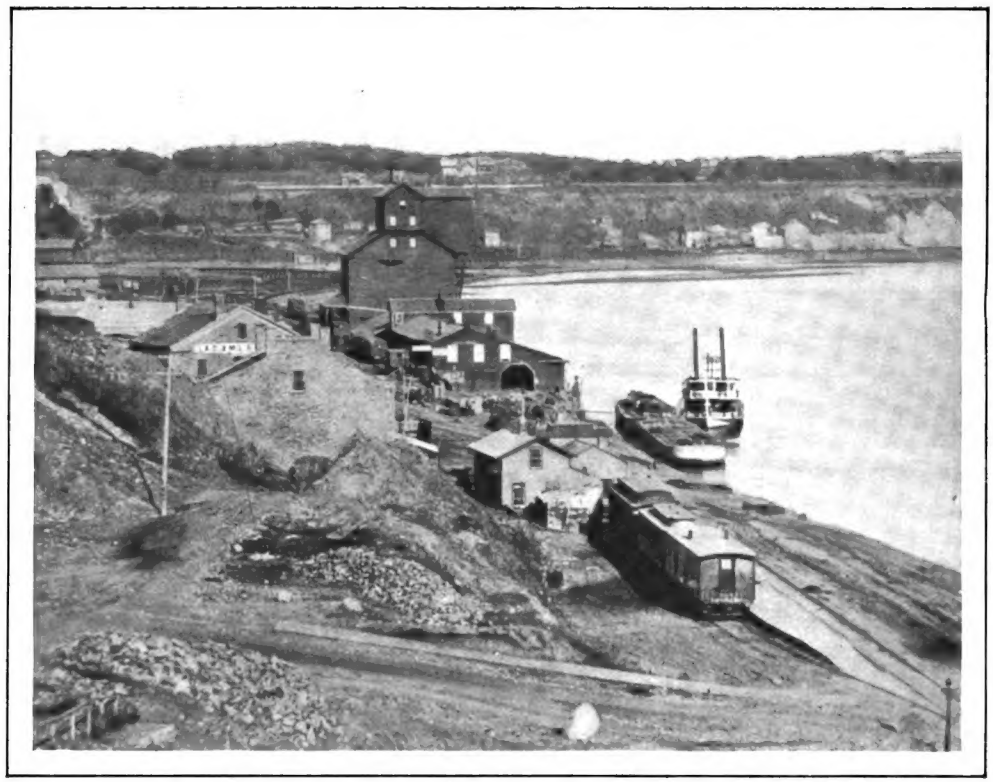

WHERE J. J. HILL FIRST STARTED IN BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF AS COMMISSION MERCHANT, STEAMBOAT AND RAILWAY AGENT. HIS SIGN APPEARS OVER THE THREE WHITE WINDOWS IN THE GABLE OF THE LOW WAREHOUSE, NEAR THE ELEVATOR.

To Eramosas township, of which Rockwood is now the most important settlement, James Hill and Ann Dunbar, who were to be the parents of James J. Hill, emigrated from Ireland with their parents. Upon their marriage, two years after the arrival of the Dunbars, they established themselves on a corner of the Hill farm, fifty acres fronting on the old Toronto highroad, two miles east of the present village of Rockwood. Here the future railroad king was born on September 16, 1838, in a little log house that has long been torn down. Mr. Hill is therefore of pure Irish blood. The families on both sides were always poor and, with the exception of James J. Hill, produced no one of distinction. His father was a man of good habits, but of no particular application or initiative. His mother was of a virile type, of strong temperament, but with no pronounced character or marked mind. She lived in a satisfied, unambitious way to the end of her days and died some thirty years ago in a little house at Rockwood, where her son had provided for her in a comfortable way. She outlived her husband by twenty-four years. Besides James J. she had two other children, a daughter, her first-born, and another son, Alexander, who was the youngest of the family. The daughter, who died only a few years ago, married a farmer named Brooks, much older than herself; a man who was a distinct failure, though his brother-in-law helped him generously. When Brooks died, Mr. Hill moved his sister and her family into the town of Guelph, six miles west of Rockwood, and there Mrs. Brooks's children are still living. There are two daughters who have a little house in a quiet street, provided for them by Mr. Hill, and two sons who have families of their own. These sons, after making a try at farming under the patronage of their celebrated uncle, finally gave up and are now employed as laborers in the town, one working for the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the other in the principal flouring mill of the place.

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Alexander Hill, or "Alec," as he is generally called, taught in the public schools at Rockwood and other near-by places for twenty-five years. He is now settled at Speedside, about seven miles from Rockwood, on a fine farm which, according to popular report, was presented to him by his brother. He is two years younger than James J. Hill, and is accounted a shrewd, careful business man, but with none of the creative or executive genius of his brother. There are apparently only two particulars in which they resemble each other, the disposition to dominate things and an utter disregard for dress. In the case of "Alec" this second peculiarity is carried to extremes. On the most formal occasions he is liable to shock the good citizens of Rockwood by appearing at their gatherings in a moth-eaten fur cap and a coat out at elbows.

The most interesting member of the Hill family surviving in Rockwood is "Uncle John," the brother of James J. Hill's father. He is seventy-eight years old, but still as spry as if he were fifty. He lives with an unmarried daughter in a little picturesque, vine-clad cottage of four rooms, which was once Rockwood's public school and the scene of James J. Hill's first studies. Uncle John is frankly proud of his nephew "Jim"; but he is even prouder of his own sons, who have made comfortable places for themselves as Manitoba wheat farmers.

"After all," he said to me when I visited him in his cottage, "money isn't everything, and after you get so much, you might as well have stacks of pig iron, for all the additional good you get out of piling it up."

The prairies turned into teeming wheat fields, the wilderness converted into thriving towns, villages augmented until they blossomed into full-grown cities, the gleaming steel road pushed through mountain fastnesses, a new highway opened to the trading markets of the swarming Orient, all these meant nothing to Uncle John, except millions piled up like pig iron. Nor, so far as I could find, was there ever a Hill or a Dunbar in these parts to whom the thing meant more.

In this homely atmosphere, with its narrowness and limitations, on the spot where he had conned his first lessons as a barefoot schoolboy, the life of James J. Hill took on new wonder to me. Outside in the mist the fields and valleys lay exactly as they had lain in his day; nothing had changed, nothing advanced. The straggling village, with its one long, wandering, twisting street, had grown somewhat in size, but in character and enterprise it, too, had stood still.

Yet with all its unpromising aspects it was Rockwood, in large share, that developed Hill's wonderful faculties. It happened, fortunately, that there was located at that time in Rockwood one of the greatest teachers ever known in Canada, John Wetherall. He was a college-bred Englishman, a member of an old Quaker family. While visiting relatives, Wetherall decided that there was in that section a good opening for a high-class school for boys, and he founded what afterward became a celebrated institution throughout the Dominion, the Rockwood Academy. James J. Hill fell under the Quaker schoolmaster's influence very early in life. The elder Hill had moved from his farm into the village and opened a little hotel and tavern. He was so successful in the venture that he concluded to take his boy out of the village school and send him to Master Wetherall's as a day scholar. The master was not long in finding out the superior mind he had to deal with in the Hill boy. He drew him more and more under his influence, gave him plenty of books to read, and developed what Uncle John Hill described as "a kind of superior boy."

"He didn't mix much with the other boys in the village," said the old gentleman, "but kept to himself. He was what we would now call reserved, keeping his own counsel and having very little to say except when it was necessary. While the other boys were out playing and romping, Jim was generally to be found off in a corner somewhere with a book."

When he was fourteen his father died, and he decided to go to work. His mother continued the little hotel and tavern, which in the mean time had been moved to a newly built log house at the intersection of the Toronto turnpike and the Rockwood line. A suggestion that the boy lend a hand in the hotel and bar, which was a fairly busy place for so small a settlement, did not suit young Jim. But neither did Master Wetherall's suggestion that he continue at school. Much as he loved study and the academy, he would not be a burden on his widowed mother. So he applied to Robert Passmore, who kept the village store just across the road from the Hill hotel, and for four years he served Passmore as clerk, keeping up his studies in the mean time at night and on Sundays.

He had not yet reached his eighteenth year, in 1856, when there occurred the event that threw his career into the Northwest. Two

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of his schoolmates had joined the forces of the Hudson Bay Company, and had been assigned to service with the Red River Brigade in the Winnipeg country. They returned about this time with tales of success and adventure that fired the ambitions of young Hill. Here was his chance. The headquarters of the Red River Brigade were at St. Paul. Thither he determined to go; but first he would see something more of the world. He gathered up his savings and struck out for New York, working for a short time on a farm near Syracuse. It was nearly a year later that he reached St. Paul. To his dismay he learned that the trading brigade had gone, not to return for six months or longer. St. Paul was at this time a rough, bustling trading-post with a population of 6,000 people, many of whom were border adventurers. Its location at the head of Mississippi navigation made it an important shipping-point, the place where cargoes were broken in transit from the South and East to the big unsettled country North and West. The main industry was forwarding and transportation. After looking the field over the boy concluded that this business promised the best future, now that trading was denied him. He went down to the levee and began looking for a job. In the office of Bass & Co., agents for the Dubuque & St. Paul Packet Line, there was an opening for an "experienced shipping-clerk."

"Can you handle that job?" the head of the house asked the young Canadian.

"Yes."

"Ever had any experience?"

"I've been a clerk over four years," was the prompt reply. Lack of self-confidence was never one of Mr. Hill's faults either as man or boy. He "made good," as a matter of course, with Bass & Co., and in due time he passed into a more important position with another house, Brunson, Lewis & White, commission and forwarding agents.

The young man's progress was rapid, and some quaint tales of his extraordinary far-sightedness even at this time survive. He began to "see" the future, to give rein to the imaginative powers that subsequently made him push his railroad over unpeopled wastes to the Pacific coast in the face of direful prophecies of disaster. In 1862, six years after Hill's arrival at St. Paul, Minnesota was in the midst of a railroad excitement. A little road ten miles long, known by the ambitious title of the St. Paul & Pacific, had been completed between St. Paul and Minneapolis, then known as St. Anthony. Its rails were the first to be laid in the state. The road had been completed only after years of strenuous endeavor, and when a locomotive was actually run over it, people talked of little else. Ambitious plans were unfolded for extensions, and other roads were talked of, but all this seemed very far away and nebulous to the levee people, who believed that steamboats must always be the real means of transportation. Only "Jim" Hill differed from this general water-front conviction, and when the last of the day's packets had been despatched and the wharves were all snug and shipshape, and all hands were lying around on the tarpaulins in the warm starlit summer night, the young Canadian would give voice to his visions.

"You're all wrong," he said; "the steamboats will be back numbers by and by. Their trade will die out. The railroads will put them out of business. This state, which has only a handful of people to-day, and the prairies beyond will be dotted with little towns, and the railroads will reach everywhere and do the carrying trade even along the river."

His auditors scoffed and told him that he was dreaming. But it was prophetic dreaming. In less than fifteen years the crowding out of the packets had begun. To-day the St. Paul water-front is all but deserted. The railroads reach everywhere. The state and the "prairies beyond" are truly "dotted" with small towns.

Very little time, however, did Hill spend in dreaming. Possessed, even as a boy, of restless energy, his love of work about this time developed almost into a mania. One of the old settlers in St. Paul, who worked with him as fellow clerk, commenting on this trait said:

"Jim was by no means a Sunday-school youth in those days—the species didn't flourish hereabouts. He used to room with three or four other young fellows over on Third Street. Sometimes they'd be up half the night; sometimes all the night. But however lively Jim had been the night before, he was always on the levee bright and early the next morning, and we used to wonder whether he needed any sleep at all."

In a community of hard workers he became marked as the hardest driver of them all, so that even the newspapers of the day began to comment on this prodigy of enterprise. In

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1865, though only twenty-seven, he started in business for himself as "commission, steamboat, and railway agent," the railway of which he obtained the agency being the little St. Paul & Pacific. He forged ahead of his competitors and old employers, almost from the start, though his capital was small, representing simply the savings he had laid by during his residence in St. Paul. The daily papers began to chronicle one achievement after another. In July, only a few months after he had begun, the *St. Paul Pioneer and Democrat*, which he was subsequently to control as chief stockholder, printed the following note:

JAMES J. HILL.
Drawing from a portrait made about 1863.

"James J. Hill has secured the contract for furnishing the Government with 15,000 bushels of oats at fifty-eight cents a bushel. As we have remarked before, Jim Hill has a habit of securing things when he goes after them."

Mr. Hill's competitors in modern times will bear gloomy testimony to the latter half of this newspaper item. But he had only begun. His next forward step was truly characteristic, and to the other shipping-houses somewhat appalling. Relates the *Pioneer* in a July issue of the same year:

"J. J. Hill is now prepared to give shippers the lowest rates ever quoted from here to Eastern points. Mr. Hill has nearly all the important carriers of freight in his own hands. He at first secured the agency of the Dunleith Packet Line of river steamers. Then, one by one, he has had the Chicago & Northwestern, the Milwaukee & Prairie Du Chien, and the Illinois Central Railroad agencies placed under his control at this point."

All this was obtained in a few months, by a boy of twenty-seven, without pull or favor or large capital, through sheer hard, endless work, and the use of his natural faculties to their full capacity.

"It is a legend among levee habitués," declared one of the local newspapers not long after, "that Jim Hill works twenty-four hours a day and twenty-five on Sunday."

In May, 1866, carrying out his idea, which later on did so much to revolutionize American railroad practise, that the main thing to strive for in transportation was the elimination of waste effort in handling, Hill boldly plunged into the enterprise of erecting a huge "transfer-house" on the levee. The building, over two hundred feet long, was to receive freight on one floor from the river steamers, and discharge it on the floor below to the railroads, which at this time were growing steadily in influence. The newspapers were full of the "wonderful new transfer-house" brought into being single-handed by this young merchant of twenty-eight, and they paid hearty tribute to his originality and sleepless energy.

With all this labor and business young Hill managed also about this time to push to a happy conclusion the one great love-affair of his life, as pretty a romance as ever graced a story-book. With a number of other young men he boarded at the Merchants' Hotel near the levee, a hotel that is still in existence. This company always sat together at one large table, and as they were most profitable guests, they received the services of the best waitress in the house, Mistress Mary Mehegan, the young and pretty daughter of a jolly, whole-souled Irishman, who made his living as a repairer and cleaner of clothes. Mistress Mary was as sensible and modest and wholesome as she was pretty, and had the respectful admiration of every one in the house.

After three years' service Mary Mehegan one day disappeared. The guests at the bachelors' "round table" were tremendously disturbed, and fell almost in a body on the manager.

"I don't know where she's gone," declared that functionary; "she simply sent notice that she was going to quit."

Nor did any one else know where the young lady had gone, nor why. Later the rumor spread that she was to be married, and had gone away to a convent in Milwaukee for a year or two, to prepare herself for her duties as a wife. This proved to be true. But whom was she going to marry? The bachelors at the round table concerned themselves seriously over the question, and eyed one another in grim suspicion. The answer to

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this came on August 20, 1867, when there appeared in the *St. Paul Daily Press* the following simple notice:

> MARRIED.
>
> Yesterday morning in this city, by Rev. Father Oster, Mr. James J. Hill to Miss Mary Theresa Mehegan.

Mary Mehegan has fulfilled the promise of her youth. From the day she entered the modest little frame cottage in which the Hills began their married life, at 34 Canada Street, until to-day, when she is mistress of the greatest house in St. Paul, she has always been the same sweet, gentle, refined woman. Unaffected, she has gone through the greatest test to which character can be put—the passage from extreme poverty to extreme wealth. She has proved herself a true gentlewoman, modest and full of warm-hearted charity. No details of her beneficence ever get abroad, except now and then when those who profit by her kindness break silence in spite of her. With the fine common sense that always characterized her she has never attempted to hide the story of her origin, and the lowliest of her relations are always given a hearty welcome in her great house. Even Mr. Hill's enemies in the Northwest—and he has a great many—concede without exception the beauty of his wife's character, and the sharp tongues of the most bitter society gossips speak only pleasant words about her.

She has reared nine children, six girls and three boys, and all have grown up to do her credit, and to pay tribute to her character. There has been no taint of scandal in the family, no angling for "society," no seeking after titles, nothing whatever of the un-American snobbishness or tuft-hunting that has grown so common of late among the very rich in this country. Four of the girls are happily married, and all fixed their choice on poor men, and sterling Americans. The eldest son, Louis Warren Hill, married a trained nurse, a member of an old Minnesota family.

The years have brought Mrs. Hill many social and other responsibilities, but first of all, she still remains the careful, prudent housewife, putting her husband's comfort and her children's welfare ahead of everything else, just as she did in the little Canada Street house, when Mr. Hill needed her frugal management to help him to success.

He was then forging ahead rapidly in the shipping business, but his capital was still small and was all needed in the constantly growing circle of his undertakings. He had determined even at that time to become one of the rich men in America, and was willing to make any proper sacrifice to attain this end. He organized successively the firms of J. J. Hill & Co.; Hill & Acker; Hill, Griggs & Co.; Hill, Acker & Saunders, and finally, in 1878, the Northwestern Fuel Company, with himself as president. With each change he reached out farther into the field of business enterprise. He added coal, wood, coke, lubricating oils, and pig iron to the list of commodities in which he and his associates dealt as wholesalers and forwarders. His wealth grew rapidly for those days, but his personal expenses were kept down as rigidly as in the first year of his married life, and in this he had the active cooperation of his wife. The importance he attached to this cooperation is well illustrated by an incident that occurred about this time. One of his associates, George Acker, who was secretary of the Northwestern Fuel Company, had married a very beautiful woman, who, according to Mr. Hill's notion, was unduly extravagant. He protested to Acker, and finding that this had no influence in curbing Mrs. Acker, he went direct to the wife herself.

"Try to help George save money," he said to her, "and I'll make his fortune."

"Save money," laughed Mrs. Acker. "What's the use of saving money? What's it good for but to spend?"

"All right; then he leaves the company."

The threat was promptly made good and Acker's career ended there. Mr. Hill has a reputation in the Northwest as a very hard man in business. It is founded mainly on incidents like this. He will not help those who show no disposition or capacity to help themselves. He has never had patience with any one who could not practise unflagging industry and self-denial. Out of this same trait has grown the conviction among railroad men that "Jim Hill is the hardest man in the business to work for." For himself there has never been a quitting time. Even now he is busy nights and Sundays when there is work to do. It has always been a short shrift for those in his employ who could not forget that there were such things as office hours and holidays.

In 1870 he made his first venture as principal, instead of agent, in the transportation business, by building, in association with his

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partner, C. W. Griggs, a small steamboat for traffic on the Red River of the North. This river was at that time the most important trade highway to the Northwest wilderness. On its banks was Fort Garry, now the thriving city of Winnipeg, and here the Hudson Bay Company had one of its most important depots.

In entering this domain with his steamboat, Hill threw himself into direct competition with the all-powerful Hudson Bay Company. He took the field in person, and with dog-sled and snow-shoes traveled the wilderness from end to end, establishing trading connections for his boat, so that cargoes were assured. Neither blizzards nor snow nor bitter cold could check him. Unbeaten trails through strange forests held no terrors for him. Once his intrepidity almost cost him his life. In spite of warning of heavy weather he had left St. Paul with a dog-sled and scant traveling rations for an overland journey to Fort Garry. Several days out he was overtaken by a blizzard. For two days he fought stubbornly through the blinding snow. Then the dogs lost the trail and began to circle, the sled was lost in a drift, and the adventurer was left alone in the wilderness. He staggered on at hazard. To stop was death. Hour after hour, the cold cracking his face and lips and numbing his body, the wind and driving snow buffeting him mercilessly, the air so thick that he could not see a yard ahead, he yet managed to keep his feet. And he had the brave man's reward, for just at nightfall, when all seemed over, he stumbled upon a little cabin.

"Open! Open!" he gasped, but his voice refused to carry. With the last spark of his strength he threw himself headlong at the door. He managed to strike it one blow as he went down in a heap.

When he came to, he was warm and snug in bed and a woman was forcing hot broth down his throat. She and her husband, a trapper, occupied the cabin. They had heard the blow, opened the door, dragged him in, and laid him in their own bed; they themselves spent the night on the floor before the fire. A warm friendship grew out of this adventure, and in later years, when Hill had become a great railroad magnate, an annual pass "good on all lines" went to this couple on the first of each year, along with some other substantial remembrance.

The outcome of his rivalry with the Hudson Bay Company and its agents was as usual in Hill's favor. He increased his steamboat fleet on the Red River, added a flotilla of flatboats, and pushed his trade so vigorously that by and by the big corporation was glad enough to form a combination with him, which practically placed in his hands the transportation business on the entire river. But this venture had even greater consequences. Norman W. Kittson, who was the agent and representative of the Hudson Bay Company at St. Paul, and who had been in charge of the competition with Hill on the Red River, came out of the affair, and very naturally, with the most exalted opinion of Hill's ability and energy.

A few years later, early in 1874, Donald A. Smith, then living at Montreal as the Chief Commissioner in America of the Hudson Bay Company, conceived the idea of securing control of the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad, which by this time had grown into a disconnected system of about 500 miles. It had been financed in sections, and the bonds, aggregating $28,000,000 in all, were held principally in Holland, with John S. Kennedy, a Wall Street broker, as trustee for part of the issue. In the panic year of 1873 the road defaulted the interest on its bonds, and Kennedy obtained the appointment of Jesse P. Farley, of Dubuque, Iowa, as receiver. Mr. Hill had continued up to this time, in addition to all his other interests, as the station and transfer agent of the road at St. Paul, but the receiver relieved him and put his own representative in charge. The road went from bad to worse under the receivership. Smith knew its possibilities, owing to the extensive use that his company had made of it. Under close management, he felt certain, the road could be

MRS. JAMES J. HILL.
Drawing from a portrait made in 1879.

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built into a great money-making property, and to those who could get it on favorable terms it meant a fortune. The necessary thing was to get exact data as to its physical condition and the status and location of its chief creditors and bondholders, and to secure the cooperation of men with money. All this information was obtainable in St. Paul, the operating headquarters, and thither Smith went to consult with his friend and colleague, Kittson. That hardy adventurer was heart and soul for the scheme.

"Hill's the man for us," Kittson declared. "He knows more about the road than any other living person, as he's been connected with it almost from the beginning as agent here. And what he don't know he'll find out."

This was the "great strike," the real beginning of the Hill fame and fortune. As soon as the project was broached to him by Kittson, Hill went over to it with all his great energy.

It is of record, on the testimony of his friends, that he lived with it, ate with it, slept with it, dreamed of it. Money was not very plentiful in those days in St. Paul, but wherever he got trace of any, Mr. Hill went after it to enlist it in the enterprise. Every stranger of financial standing or influence who visited the city was subjected to canvass, and with such perseverance did Hill pursue the subject that more than one man declared:

"Hill's plumb crazy on this railroad deal!"

But with all his energy he could make no headway. The local capitalists lacked faith. Railroad investments had proved disastrous since 1870. So, finally, he pledged his own entire fortune, then estimated at about $75,000. Jointly, he and Kittson executed a note for $280,000 to provide their share of the necessary money to carry through the project. If it proved a failure Hill must start in life all over again. Donald A. Smith and George Stephen, the latter manager of the Bank of Montreal, and afterward created Lord Mount-Stephen, agreed to find the rest of the money. On March 27, 1878, the four subscribed to what subsequently became famous as the "Montreal Agreement," though it was executed in New York, not in Montreal. Under the terms of this agreement, each of the subscribers, except Stephen, was to receive one-fifth of the profits arising from the undertaking. Stephen was to receive two-fifths, but one of these fifths he was to hold as trustee to secure the cooperation of an associate, if such cooperation should be deemed necessary.

The plan was to buy up the $28,000,000 worth of bonds at the lowest figure at which they could be obtained, force a foreclosure, and buy in the property. The venture succeeded even better than had been hoped. The bonds were secured, it is said, as low as ten cents on the dollar for some of the issues. The property was put up at public sale and bid in by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad Company, which had been formed by the syndicate for the purpose. Mr. Hill was elected general manager, and began at the age of forty-one the remarkable railroad career which was to become the wonder of the business world.

The profits of the bond transaction amounted to $3,500,000 for each member of the syndicate. But these profits were on paper. Before they could be realized the property had to be worked out, put on a paying basis, and made to earn dividends. This was Mr. Hill's task, and he acquitted himself of it so well that within two years the road, besides paying the interest on its bond issue, began paying dividends on its stock. From that time, 1881, to this it has never passed a dividend, not even in the panic year of 1893. But to achieve these results meant work such as had probably never before been put in on any property. Mr. Hill literally lived with his charge. He revolutionized entirely the business of railroading and dealt a hard blow to the impersonal conception of the management of corporations.

"He was baggageman, conductor, engineer, track-walker, fireman, passenger-agent, freight-agent, traffic-manager, and everything else on the road at different times," one of the men who was with him as assistant at this time told me. "He looked after every detail, until those who watched him were appalled. Not a box of rubber bands was bought that he didn't O.K. the order and supervise payment. He not only learned how the work was being done, but devised methods of doing it differently, doing it better, more economically, more expediently. System followed in his wake, system in every department. Railroading as he found it was an involved, cumbersome, chaotic affair. He made it a science."

This is the universal testimony of the railroad world. Even those who have no love for Mr. Hill and his ways concede that he

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stands unique as a railroad business manager. Graduates of the Hill road are always eagerly sought by other companies, and some of the greatest railroad men of the day, including President Newman of the New York Central, came from his staff. A regular "Hill Railroad School" has grown up in the Great Northern offices at St. Paul, to which admission is sought by ambitious youngsters from all parts of the country.

With such management and such results it was natural that the road should grow with amazing rapidity in size as well as profits. It was pushed east to the great lakes, north to the Canadian border, and then west, west, and ever west. It was at last to be the "St. Paul & Pacific." The ambitious destiny of the little ten-mile road from St. Paul to St. Anthony was to be achieved by the dreaming boy who had discussed it with his fellows twenty years before, while they gazed at the stars shining down on the Mississippi.

Again "Jim Hill" was "crazy." No one but a stark lunatic would think of pushing unaided a railroad over the unpeopled prairies that lay between the Mississippi and the Rockies and over the mountains to the sea. The Northern Pacific was a horrible example of what might be expected of such an undertaking even in the most favorable circumstances. Chartered by a friendly Congress, coddled by an indulgent national Government, backed by the strongest interests in Wall Street, with a land grant of nearly 50,000,000 acres, the Northern Pacific had gone all to smash after building 500 miles or so. Reorganized in 1879 with a debt of about $50,000,000, it was now limping again, with the promise of falling into a receiver's hands at almost any time (a promise that was afterward fulfilled under the administration of the picturesque Villard).

Against this great corporation with its 50,000,000 acres of land, with its prestige, its Wall Street backing, this "wild man Hill" was going to pit himself with a road that had no Government backing, no powerful friends in Wall Street, and no land grant at all, except 3,600,000 acres given originally to the St. Paul and Pacific by the State of Minnesota. It was absurd, said the wise men of the Northwest. Wall Street echoed the sentiment and promptly turned down the foolhardy Hill when he went there for money to carry on construction. But his friends in Montreal had confidence in him, and when their resources and his own were exhausted he went to Europe for the money he needed. He got it—all he wanted, in many instances from the very people who had been caught by the original St. Paul & Pacific fiasco. He got it by showing them where the trouble had been with the old management, and what the property was doing under his control. As for the Northern Pacific, he made very clear the difference between it and the road he was managing. In the case of the Northern Pacific, there had been graft and incompetence, and again graft. For every dollar invested in road-bed and rolling-stock, two dollars had been filched. And the result? With less than 600 miles of road the Northern Pacific was staggering under a debt of $50,000,000.

The showing was eminently satisfactory, and the Hill road crept steadily over the prairies, over the mountains, and over the hills and lowlands beyond, until it finally reached salt water at Puget Sound.

It stands to-day a system of 6,000 miles, the model of the world for economy in construction. It cost to build something like $40,000 a mile, whereas the Northern Pacific cost nearly $60,000 a mile, the Union Pacific $70,000, the Southern Pacific $65,000, and the Atchison $55,000. Though it has over 500 miles more trackage than the Northern Pacific, it had outstanding (until the recent issue of new stock for proposed extensions) only $150,000,000 in stock and $100,000,000 in bonds, a total of $250,000,000 worth of securities, as against $342,000,000 of Northern Pacific securities to represent its 5,500 miles. And the unaided Hill road was built ever with a view, not only to economy of construction, but also to economy of operation after construction should be finished, thus exemplifying the highest type of scientific engineering. To-day it has the lowest grades of any of the transcontinental roads. In consequence, with a lower consumption of coal than on any other road, its engines draw a larger load, and, with the exception of the Union Pacific, draw it faster. And coal consumption, load, and speed are three factors that count enormously in railroad management, especially when a great volume of freight transportation is concerned. The trainloads average 500 tons against a general average of 250 tons in the western territory. Out of these advanced economic conditions, clearly foreseen by James J. Hill, "a rank outsider" at a time when the subject was very little understood even by the most highly trained railroad operators, has

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largely come the wonderful success achieved by the Great Northern.

This success was won, not only in face of the apathy and positive hostility of American capital, but in face of Government and Congressional apathy and hostility as well. The Northern Pacific influence was potent at Washington and it blocked Hill at every step of the way. On top of that came even a stronger power, Jay Gould. That eminent financier was then in control of the Union Pacific and had no stomach for a new road in the Pacific trade. Hill beat about him as best he could, but there finally came a time when Gould had things all his own way. This was when the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba reached the borders of the Indian reservations in North Dakota and Montana. To get across these the road required a special charter from Congress, and the granting of such a charter Mr. Gould managed to prevent, through the men whom he controlled in the House and Senate. Hill finally got desperate, and also very angry, a condition that is never comfortable for those upon whom his wrath falls. Ordinarily one of the quietest men in the world, he has, when unduly provoked, a temper that would blast all in his way. St. Paul still tells with glee the story of an occasion when, maddened by the persistent bad service of the Bell Telephone Company there, he tore its instrument from the wall, threw it out into the back yard, and kicked it to pieces. On another occasion, when, according to his notion, things were going all wrong in the Great Northern offices, he made a "journey of improvement" that is still remembered with a shudder. He went from department to department, kicking open the doors as he traveled, and sending the unfortunate employees, from the heads of bureaus to office boys, in terrorized flight before him. One door resisted because of a desk that stood in front of it on the other side. He shattered the door into splinters, and the desk when he got through with it was a wreck. It was in one of these rages that Hill started for New York to interview and reason with Gould. That gentleman, jumping carelessly to the conclusion that the man from the Northwest had come to capitulate, admitted him joyously to his presence. There was only one witness to this interview, and as he told me the story, it is absolutely unfit to print until after the tenth or twelfth minute. By that time the enraged visitor had delivered himself of a stream of language that reduced the great Wizard of Wall Street to a limp, shivering heap. Having carried diplomatic negotiations thus far, and having overcome all the efforts of Mr. Gould to talk back, Mr. Hill got down to the real business of the day in words something like this:

"You've played the —— hog in this matter just as long as you are going to be permitted. Unless you call off your —— Washington bushwhackers at once —— I'll tear down the whole —— business about your ears. I'll let the people and the press know what this opposition means. I'll go to Washington and camp there until I nail every one of your crooks to the doors of the Capitol by their —— ears. I'll——"

But Mr. Gould had had quite enough. As soon as he could make himself heard above the storm, he ventured that perhaps he had been a little persevering, and promised to see that it didn't occur again. On June 1, 1887, after this little session in the Wizard's office, Congress finally passed the bill granting to Mr. Hill's road the desired charter. Other troubles also pressed hard at this period. The road had by now grown entirely into a one-man affair. Mr. Hill had been made successively vice-president and president, while continuing as general manager. The whole burden of operation was on his shoulders, and in addition he was the chief financier. He had pledged his word and his credit to the people who were putting up the money for construction that they should have not only the interest on their bonds, but regular dividends on their stock. To work this out on a road running for much of its length through almost uninhabited country proved an appalling task, and it happened frequently that as interest and dividend day approached Mr. Hill became almost frantic.

"Many a time," one of his private secretaries once told me, "he has walked the floor all night, unable to sleep for wrestling with the problem of meeting his security holders' expectations. Toward morning Mr. Hill would send for me and go to work again without a wink of sleep, and somehow he would always end by solving the difficulty."

As though this were not enough to wear out the strongest, Mr. Hill had a trouble still greater during all these early years. Soon after he entered on his railroad career, on November 30, 1880, Farley, the former receiver of the St. Paul & Pacific road, entered suit against Mr. Hill and Com-

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modore Kittson for an accounting of the profits they had made out of the reorganization. Farley alleged that under a verbal contract he had been promised a joint interest with Hill and Kittson in the transaction, in consideration of his aid in furnishing the names and whereabouts of the various bondholders, their attitude toward the proposed reorganization, and such other data as he alone, owing to his position as receiver, could procure. It was a most sensational proceeding and for Hill especially, a most serious one. Read between the lines, Farley's complaint, if sustained, would make it appear that Hill and Kittson and Smith and Stephen had deliberately conspired to rob the St. Paul & Pacific bondholders, through collusion with Farley, and that John S. Kennedy, trustee for the bondholders, pledged to protect their interests to the utmost, had been a party to the plot.

For thirteen years this suit dragged along. Twice it reached the Supreme Court of the United States. It hung like a dark cloud over Hill during all the years of his bitterest struggles for success. He had started out to build up his road into a great property, to make it one of the important railways of the world. To do this he required the absolute confidence of his stockholders and of the financial world. If the courts should decide that he had entered into the alleged deal with Farley, that he had cradled his railroad career in a huge fraud, his reputation would be blasted, the confidence of his stockholders withdrawn, and his character forever smirched. The strain of living for thirteen years under this shadow may be imagined. But this man of iron never allowed it to swerve him from his work. Finally he had his reward. On December 11, 1893, the Supreme Court at Washington laid the shadow forever by handing down a decision sustaining the lower court, which after a lengthy trial had dismissed Farley's suit on the ground that he had failed to sustain any of his allegations, and that even if he had sustained them, he could not win, because to have entered into such an agreement would have been on his part a fraud on the court and an abuse of his trust.

With the dismissal of the Farley suit Mr. Hill's last serious trouble passed away. The Manitoba road had been organized into the Great Northern. The financial troubles of 1893, which wrecked so many of his competitors, left him unscathed, owing to the soundness with which he had built. Under the last reorganization of the Northern Pacific, after the receivership, he had come into control of that property through an alliance with the J. P. Morgan interests, and thus removed very dangerous competition. He was in fact, as well as in name, the King of the Northwest, the real ruler of the empire he had labored so hard to build up. The battles that followed, the fierce strife of "Blue Thursday," and the other encounters came simply in the course of solidifying and strengthening his empire. The period of doubt and danger was past.

His stockholders followed him blindly. His directors met simply to ratify his decrees. The financiers who had scoffed at his "crazy dreams" scrambled for his favor. The public acclaimed him the greatest railroad builder in the world. Honor and wealth were showered on him from all sides. Nothing could add further to his glory or reputation. He was at the zenith of possible human achievement. And then, when the world had settled down to the belief that the man's career was at last rounded out, that he had reached the mellow time of rest, there came the most wonderful thing of all, a thing so amazing, so extraordinary, that it paralyzed the imagination. As a husbandman might kick away the straw from a cache of winter potatoes, undreamed of by his delighted family, so Hill calmly kicked away the earth, one morning last October, from a cache he had, all unknown, been garnering for the Great Northern stockholders. And there was revealed to their delighted gaze a deposit of wealth to make the world gasp. The uncovering of this cache came as an ordinary piece of news through the daily papers.

"James J. Hill," they announced, "has completed a deal with the United States Steel Company for the sale of over seven hundred million tons of iron ore in Minnesota. This sale will yield between $450,000,000 and $600,000,000 to the Great Northern."

Can you grasp these figures? Here was more than enough to run the Government of the United States, with its eighty million people, for a year. It represented the total yield of gold throughout the world for nearly two years. It was more than five times as large as the entire national debt at the beginning of the Civil War in 1861. Only a handful of cities in this, "the richest country on earth," could show a total property assessment reaching these figures. Divided among 100,000 people it would give them

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each $5,000, in many instances enough to support them for the remainder of their lives. It made the Western "bonanzas" that had peopled the Pacific coast with millionaires seem almost like ash heaps by comparison. Tales of romance, fairy stories, heated dreams—where are they beside this magic wonder, worked at the end of his strenuous career by this man sprung from the sleepy little Canadian hamlet?

Every one knew of the vast iron deposits—few dreamed of the possibilities that lay in them. The lands for a quarter of a century had kicked around the back yards of the lumbermen. No one wanted them. Experts who examined them declared the iron ore that they contained not worth at the time over five cents a ton, and they were to be had almost for the asking and the taxes. Mr. Hill got his first lot "thrown in" with the purchase of a little lumber road that he bought from Wright & Davis. As the timber was cut on other tracts he bought these, too, from the lumbermen, who were glad enough to take anything for the "worthless remainder." And so the huge deposits were piled up, until there came the time when, suddenly, scientific development of the steel business made these iron beds more valuable than any gold mine in the world.

Mr. Hill has many faults. He is undoubtedly arbitrary, bitter where his prejudices are concerned, utterly lacking in sympathy or understanding for those weaker than himself. He has developed to a degree abnormal even in men of his class, the conviction that rights of property overshadow entirely the rights of the individual and of society. He feels it right that men, regardless of their own desires, should be driven to do that which he deems wise and proper. He does not scruple to use the institution that, above all others, should be left free and untrammeled, the public press, to mold the mass of the people to his views, and for that purpose has owned and controlled various newspapers along the line of his road from St. Paul to Seattle.

But with all this he is clean in his methods, as such things go these days. He does not buy or corrupt courts and legislatures and city and state governments as so many of his fellows have done. He is also personally clean and has always been. He is simple in his habits, democratic in his manner, accessible at all times to all who have business with him. He has always kept himself free from the taint of speculation, whether in Wall Street or elsewhere, though he has had opportunities beyond most men. He would scorn to do as his most distinguished competitor did recently—misuse his information as head of the roads over which he has control to filch millions from the public and his stockholders by manipulating dividends. He is loyal to the point of fanaticism to the people who have invested in his properties. For twenty years he has served them without salary as president of the Great Northern, without commissions of any kind, or even repayment of personal expenses incurred while traveling on company business. He has no interests that are not the interests of his stockholders, no "good things" that he does not share with them. Over $65,000,000 in straight dividends have been divided among his stockholders besides the granting of "rights" in new stock subscriptions having an aggregate market value of $251 a share. Add to this the enormous amount granted the stockholders out of the iron ore deposits, and it is clear why Mr. Hill ranks high in the opinion of investors in his securities. He has always been a builder-up, a developer, a creator, never a destroyer or a wrecker. He has never allowed any watering of Great Northern stock. Every dollar of capitalization, stocks as well as bonds, represents a dollar actually spent in construction. If he has made a great fortune for himself, he has made an infinitely greater for those associated with him, and in proportion to the wealth he has created for the nation and the state, his own wealth is infinitesimal.

He has been a good, loving husband and a careful father. Like his wife, he has encouraged his children to remain good true Americans, putting sterling qualities of manhood and womanhood above all else. He has always given freely of his time and his money toward the upbuilding of good citizenship among his fellows, and by example and precept has led in movements for right living and right working. More than any other single man or force he has helped to bring about advanced methods in farming, as he has in railroading, and the credit for the long-continued prosperity of the American farmer is due in no small measure to his ceaseless propagandism and practical helpfulness.

Altogether, the life of this man who came unheralded and unknown out of the rustic life of Canada, has been well worth while to his adopted country. His faults are so far overshadowed by his virtues and achievements that they hardly need be reckoned.

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The Secret of Serenity

by Dorothy Canfield

With Illustrations in Color by Charles B. Falls

ONCE upon a time there was a kingdom full of very unhappy people, who had a great many reasons to find life delightful, but who were so given to worrying and looking on the dark side of things that they never found time really to enjoy themselves. When it rained they worried for fear of floods. When the sun shone they worried for fear of drought. When they had bad servants they worried about their stealing, and when they had good ones they worried about their leaving.

Well, one day a Wise Man came to the top of the mountain overlooking the valley, and gazing down on the hurrying throngs of unhappy people below him, he was filled with pity, and he said to himself: "I will go down and rescue these people from the woe that overwhelms them. I will take them my wonderful 'Secret of Serenity.'"

Now you are to remember about this man that he was really wonderfully, astonishingly wise.

The first person he came upon was a man sitting in an attitude of despair beside the road. The Wise Man accosted him. "What's up, my friend?" he said in a cheery tone. The other raised his head and looked at him with lack-luster eyes. "Nothing is up and everything is down, as it always is," he said drearily. "I am the court barber and I have just learned that a pearl-handled razor that I ordered for the crown prince cannot be finished when I thought it would. I am the most unhappy man in the world."

The Wise Man gazed at him in thoughtful silence, and then: "Listen, friend! I have a sure and unfailing recipe for serenity. Knowing it, you simply cannot worry any more than you can pick up quicksilver with a needle."

The court barber looked at him skeptically. "That may do for some one who has no real troubles, but what good would it do me when my razors do not arrive on time!" and at the thought he groaned aloud. The Wise Man approached him mysteriously, and whispered that he would sell the secret for a sum that made the barber give a start of surprise, it was so tremendously big. He thought for a moment and then said briskly: "Come, you tell me now what it is and I'll pay you when we reach the city."

"Good Heavens! You don't suppose so tremendous a secret can be babbled on the highway!" said the other reproachfully. "You must go home and prepare yourself for three days by fasting and meditation and then it takes two whole days to learn the mighty secret. You must approach it in a reverent spirit."

The barber looked greatly abashed at this rebuke and a little alarmed at the notion of learning so deep a mystery, and the two walked along in a solemn silence.

All was done as the Wise Man commanded. The barber fasted and meditated for three days and on the fourth presented himself to the Wise Man. Then, before he was allowed to part the blood-red curtains that hung before the door, he was made to swear by all that he held sacred that he would not betray the secret. Giving a last look at the cheerful sun and the familiar out-of-doors, he took the final step and with a palpitating heart entered the House of Mystery. No one saw anything of him for two days, but then he opened the door and stepped out another man. Tranquillity shone upon his brow and his eyes beamed in a glad content. People stared after him in the street in amazement,

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"I am the most unhappy man in the world"

very much as they would do now if any one should walk along looking like that.

When he went to shave the royal family he found the king's uncle in a desperate frame of mind, his old face so full of careworn wrinkles that the barber found it difficult to shave him.

"How can anybody look pleased in such an exasperating world as this!" snapped the grand duke crossly. "It gets worse and worse! It does seem to me that, old man as I am, I might be allowed a few things that I want, instead of being balked and baffled at every turn. Here I had ordered up the royal yacht for a ride in the harbor, and the engineer has the total lack of consideration for my gray hairs to come and say that there is something the matter with the boilers. I cannot go until to-morrow. It's always that way with me! To-morrow it'll rain, I'll warrant."

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The barber's heart was filled with pity for the poor unhappy old man and, pausing with his brush full of lather, he told him about the wonderful magician who had just arrived with his marvelous secret.

You can easily imagine what happened after the king's uncle had emerged from the House of Mystery with beaming face and uplifted heart. There was a regular rush to the Wise Man and people stood in line to wait their turn. The Wise Man became so wealthy that he did not have room enough to store all his gold, and the people of that country so cheerful that the name of the valley was changed to the "Happy Land." By and by when there was no more of the royal family, the Wise Man was made king. And for a long time everything went to perfection.

But the Wise Man had a son and, like other wise people, when it came to his own family his wisdom disappeared. He allowed this boy to study anything and everything he pleased, and only smiled indulgently when his councilors told him of the quaint and whimsical ideas of his son.

"Why, he thinks that every one should tell the truth!" they cried in dismay. "And he doesn't believe in allowing a grain of superstition to remain! And he says that compromise with reality is sin!"

The old king laughed outright at this. "He's young! He's young! Give him time and he'll get some sense." (As a matter of fact the prince was young, under twenty-one, which was the age set for those inhabitants of the Happy Land who could afford it, to learn the Secret of Serenity.) "When he's of age I'll have a serious talk with him, tell him about the secret, get things straightened out, and you'll see what a sensible man he'll make. I was just so at his age."

But the unexpected happened, as it will even to wise people, and the day before the prince's twenty-first birthday the old king died and left the kingdom to be governed by the prince without his having learned the Secret of Serenity.

It is possible that if the prince had learned it from the old king, who understood the true nature of it, all might have been well; but he was initiated by a circle of white-bearded old wiseacres, and he came out from the House of Mystery with crude scorn on his face and a sore and misunderstanding contempt for his father in his foolish young heart. "It's a farce, a fraud, the most hoary of superstitions!" he cried to all who would hear him. "And my first duty to my people is to disabuse them of this error."

For this was the secret:

I can't stop to tell you all the rites and ceremonies by which it was approached, but when you got there, the actual formula was this: When something troubled you—when you found the cat asleep in your best hat; or when, right in church, you thought with a pang that you'd given your stenographer the wrong amount on a consignment of iron rails; or when, driving back from town, you suddenly thought of a neglected errand; or when, while you were taking tea with a neighbor, you remembered that you had forgotten to tell the cook to use the three tomatoes in the corner of the ice-box for soup . . . when any of the thousand worries that draw your face into fretful lines came into your mind, you were to go through the following process:

"Think carefully of a rabbit jumping over a brush fence, forward and back, lippety-lop, three times; think of three black hens in the snow; think of an apple-tree all rosy in spring; and try to remember how sweet it smells in the woods after a rain. Then suddenly think again of the worry that afflicts you and at once apply every energy of your mind to thinking, saying, and feeling with all your might, 'What *of* it? What *of* it?' "

Thus, suppose you are sitting in church, and you think of the three tomatoes. You start, and say fretfully, "Oh, bother! The cook will never find those tomatoes, and she won't have sense enough to use them for soup if she does!" At once you begin, run rapidly over the formula, and end with, "Well, what *of* it? What if she doesn't?" If you are an inveterate worrier, you may still frown irritably and say to yourself, "Why, by to-morrow they'll be too old to use." Again the formula, and again, "Well, what *of* it? What if they are?" Usually this makes you smile at the sudden view of the smallness of the matter, but some there are who have to apply the formula still further. If there is still in your mind the wail, "Why, I'll have to throw them away! Three tomatoes!" the formula continues its healing work, "What *of* it? What if I do? Three tomatoes!" And there are very few who, at this, cannot sit back contentedly to listen to

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the words of wisdom that the minister is speaking.

This was the great secret, and this was what so revolted the hot-headed young prince. "Think of making poor people *pay* for such a simple thing as that! For you can't deceive *me* with your hugger-mugger of black hens and jumping rabbits," he shouted, shaking his excited young fist in the faces of the old men who were regarding him sadly. "All there is to it, is to say, 'What *of* it?' Just suppose a switchman should say calmly, 'Oh, I've forgotten to shut the switch and the express will crash into the freight, but "what *of* it"? I sha'n't stir from my fire.'"

The old councilors looked at one another in dismay. Said one: "Sire, we be old men and you must allow that we have learned a little wisdom. No one ever supposed the magic formula would apply to everything. Indeed, that is its chief value, to act as a touchstone to distinguish between real and fancied worries. For if you had lived but a very few years longer you would know that it is the small and imaginary worries that poison human life. Great and real troubles but sweeten and ripen people. The switchman springs to his feet in horror as he sees the possible consequences of his action; and he moves with ten times the energy and force he would have if he had worried equally over an open switch and over losing his penknife. As to the black hens and apple-trees you so rashly despise, they serve a threefold purpose. First, they convince the candidates of the complicated and therefore profound nature of the formula. Second, they divert the candidates' minds from the trifling worry that afflicts them. And third, in flowering apple-trees and fragrant forests, they make the worriers think of something infinitely pleasing before coming to the vital point. And as to the mysteries of initiation and the cost therefor, it is scarcely possible that your Majesty is so young and has seen so little of the world as to fancy that people will value what is given them freely or what they can readily understand."

The young king looked at them in disgust. "You are like all old people," he said in cold scorn. "You have lost your faith in human nature and you degrade truth by mixing it with superstition. I have trust in my people, and the first act of my reign shall be to call my subjects together and tell them all there is to your formula. No more cheating of ignorant, hard-working people for *me!*" he cried in a fine burst of pig-headed altruism. "The truth! The truth!"

The next day in all the highways and by-paths of the kingdom there rode heralds of the king, drawing the people about them and electrifying everybody by announcing that on the next evening at eight o'clock by the cathedral clock, the king would proclaim from the balcony of his palace the mighty Secret of Serenity, which had hitherto been sold at so high a price. You can imagine the stir this made. By nightfall the public square was packed with an expectant throng, gazing up at the palace with eager eyes. The young king stepped hurriedly out on the balcony and raised his hand. Breathless, the great crowd looked up at him. "My people," he said in solemn tones, "I am about to put a great trust in you: I am going to give you in a pure and truthful form the great secret that has so long been sold in a corrupt version. This is the secret." A great sigh of emotion went up from the crowd. "When anything worries you, simply think, 'What *of* it?'"

Even as he spoke, although he *was* so young and exalted, the king was aware that something was lacking. It did not sound convincing. "That is all," he went on, rather lamely. "You just say, 'What *of* it?' and think how, after all, your worry is a small one, and it will disappear."

The people were perfectly silent for a moment. The young king had expected this, but he had not expected the angry babel that broke out an instant later. Furious shouts of disappointment and anger at what they considered a cruel practical joke rose to his astonished ears, mingled with triumphant cries from those who had previously learned the secret of "No! No! Don't believe him. He hasn't learned all of it. That is only a part. It is a great and sacred mystery."

To these last the king answered hotly: "You poor deluded fools! Your rabbits and your black hens and your red curtains and your fasting and all, are simple nonsense! The high priests of the mystery have told me so themselves. They are only to throw dust in your eyes."

At this the believers fell suddenly silent, hurt to the heart. All their lives they had known and trusted in that formula, and it had saved them

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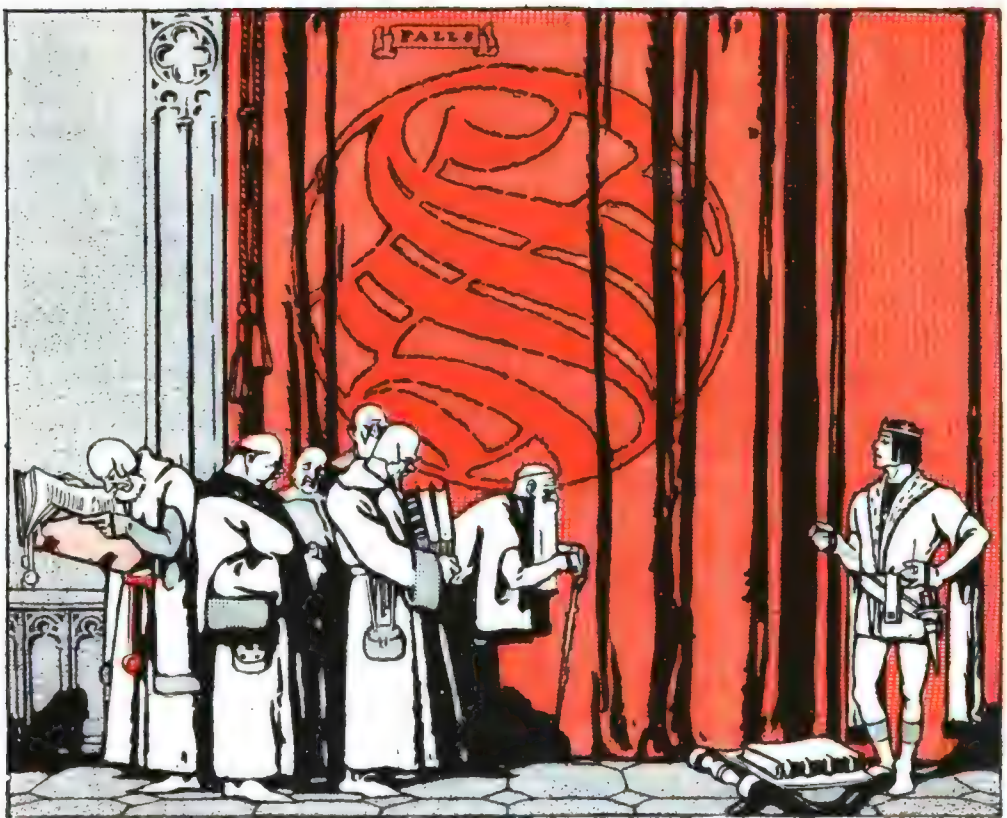

"You are like all old people" he said.

from the roughnesses of life. Now at one stroke to have it shorn of mystery and ridiculed by the king himself shook them with a rending pain of disillusion. With shouts of rage they too joined the rioters who were storming the doors of the palace, crying for revenge on the heartless, mocking young king, who had so played with their most sacred feelings.

Inside, the young man stood aghast and dismayed. The white-haired old councilors moaned unhappily, and his world, his foolish, study-book, imaginary world fell in pieces about his head.

But wisdom came too late to save his kingdom. After the crowd withdrew, sullen and tired of trying in vain to enter the palace —even after they had gone back peaceably enough to their work, he found them a changed people. Gloomy, fretful faces surrounded him on every hand. At one jump his country had gone back to its former state, and by common consent the name was changed to "The Unhappy Kingdom." The king was as miserable as his subjects, and was known as "Lurenoff of the Gloomy Face." He was in despair over his mistake; he groaned aloud in the night-time, but there was no remedy. With one sweep of his rash young hand he had shattered the edifice that it had taken his father years to build and it could no more be restored than a burst soap-bubble. Once he tried to repair the damage done by getting the people together and explaining to them, but they were so exasperated by the mere mention of the matter that they mobbed his heralds

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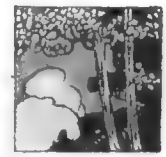
in the highway and he was forced to give it up.



Long years he lived and reigned, a broken-hearted man, seeing no cheerful face in all his kingdom, and hearing naught but despairing and fretful voices. One day, however, as he was riding sadly along through a narrow, hedge-bordered road, he heard some one singing in so joyous a tone, with so merry an accent, that he stopped, amazed, sweet memories of his lost childhood crowding into his heart.

An old, old man, bent with infirmities, was walking along, pushing a heavy barrow, stumbling and tripping weakly as he labored, but always pouring out this flood of happy melody. Beside him walked another with the morose visage of irritation and discontent that the king saw on all his people. He was young and strong and the world was all glorious about him, but he glowered fretfully at the king and said with a savage accent of gloom: "Well, I'm glad to see somebody I can exchange a word with. I was looking forward to a pleasant day, though I might have known that we can never have that in *this* world. And now I remember that we've taken the longest road to get to the village and so have lost as much as twenty minutes."

The king brushed this to one side with the greatest impatience, and asked eagerly: "What makes that old man so cheerful when he's old and poor and must work so hard?"

The young man spoke with a sort of culmination of exasperation: "Oh, he's an old fool who still believes in that exploded Secret of Serenity. He learned it when he was young, and by the time the young king told us what a fraud it was, he had grown stone-deaf, and as he can't read, he's never learned that it doesn't amount to anything."

The king looked in silence at the old man, who, giving him a cheery nod of greeting as he passed, went singing gaily down the road. Long after the hedges had hidden him from sight, the sound of his light-hearted song hung in the air.

The end.

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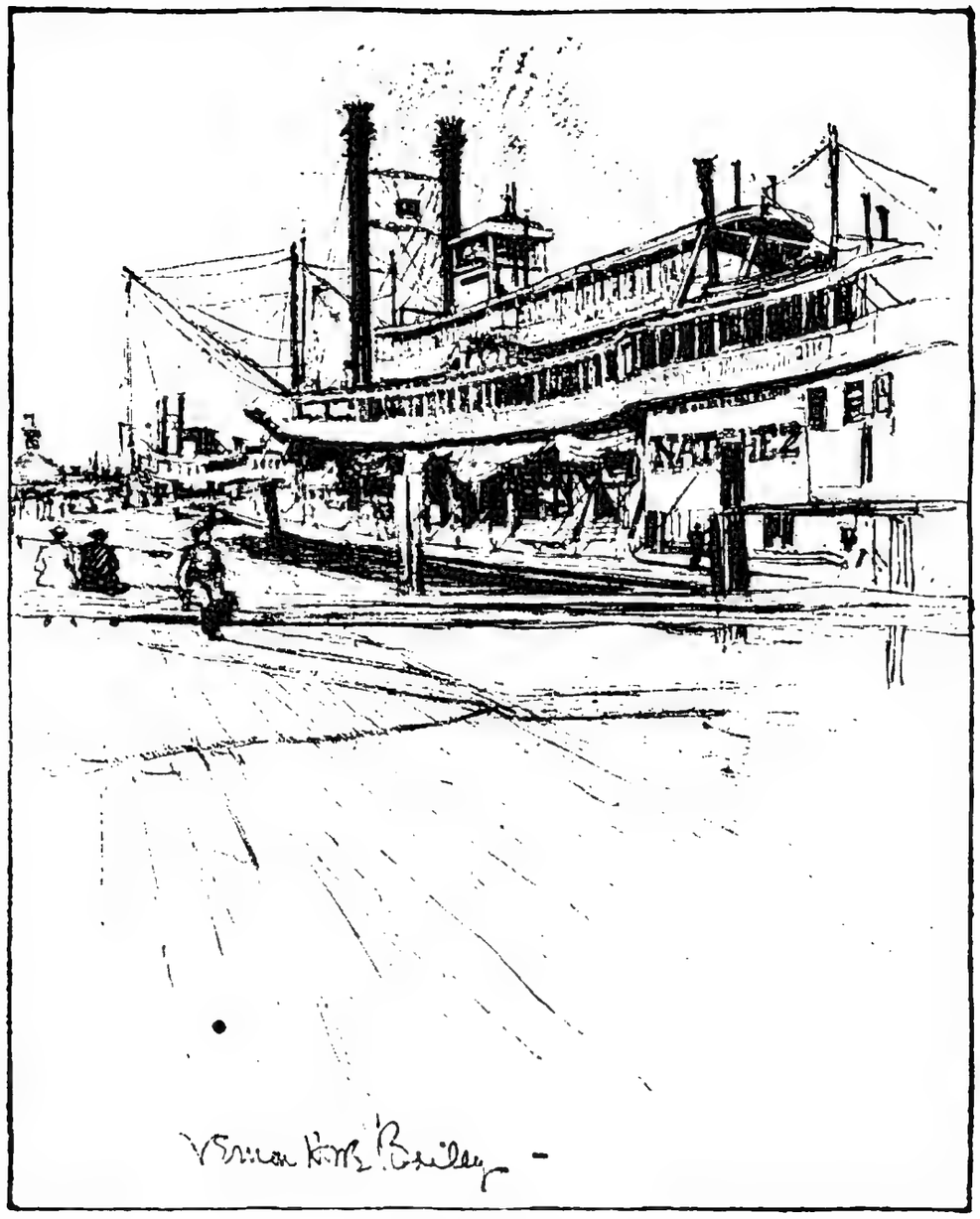

ALONG THE LEVEES.

The City of New Orleans

Drawings in Pencil

By VERNON HOWE BAILEY

New Orleans, at the gateway of the Mississippi Valley, is the second export city in the Union—being exceeded only by New York—and the greatest sugar market in the United States. It lies ten feet below the level of the Gulf, and so far below the high-water level of the Mississippi that in places levees twenty feet high are necessary to protect it from overflows. The Port of New Orleans is one of the finest harbors in the world. For fifteen miles along the city front extends an almost unbroken line of wharves and docks; and owing to the great depth of the Mississippi, ships are able to lie close alongside the bank and load cargo through all hatches at once. The second largest drydock in existence was recently constructed here by the United States Government. The scenes along the levees are characteristic of the city's life. Cotton, rice, grain, fruit, coffee, molasses and sugar are shipped from here to all parts of the world. Vessels crowd the harbor the year round, from stately river packets shown in the drawing, which in the old days were the principal means of conveyance from plantation to plantation—to monster ocean steamers from every port in the world.

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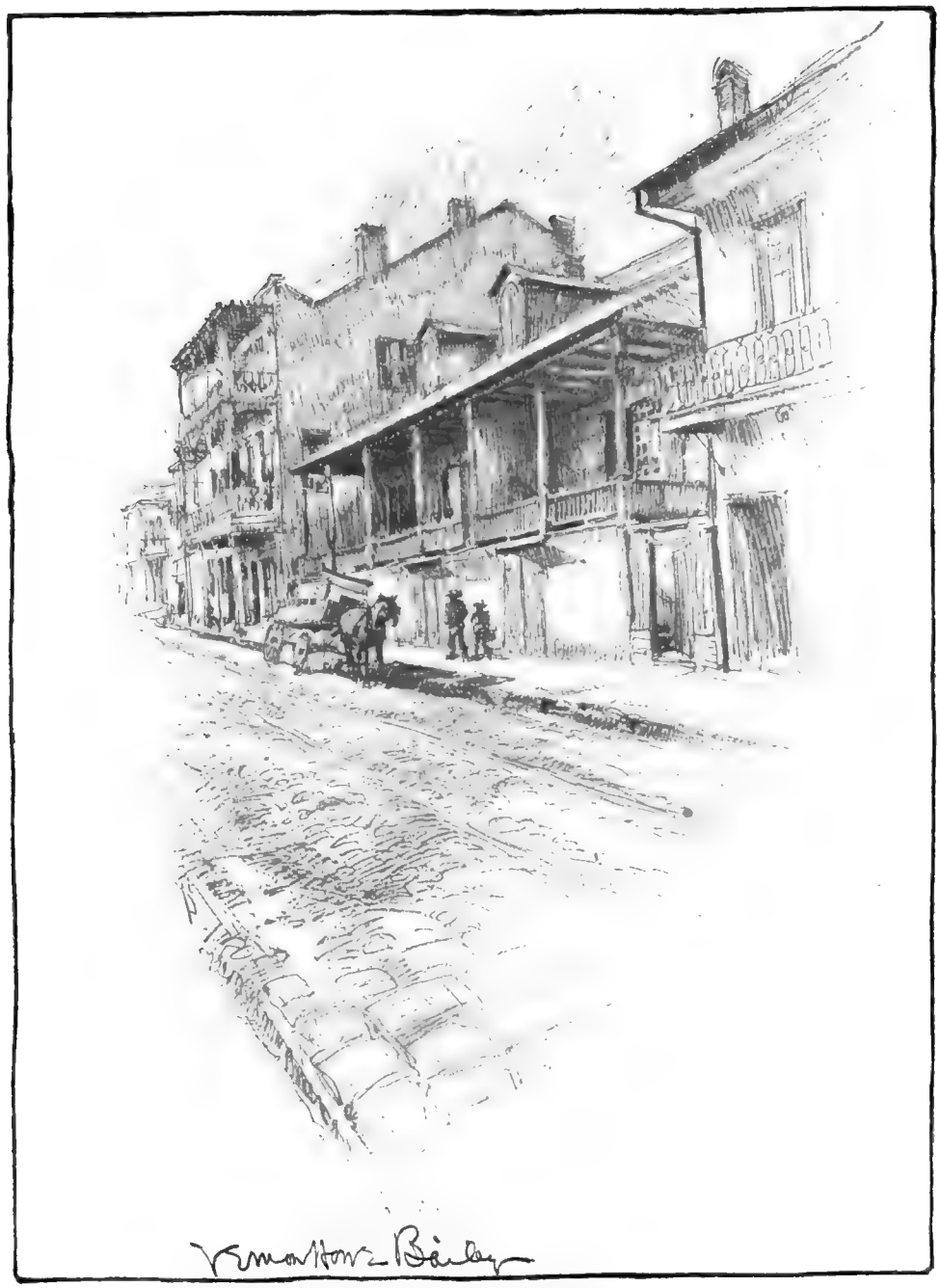

THE RUE DUMAINE.

One of the original streets in the old walled town. New Orleans is divided by Canal Street into two distinct sections —the American Quarter, above the boundary line, where are handsome residences, office buildings, and great business houses; and the French Quarter, below the line, the *Vieux Carré*. In the rue Dumaine are typical examples of the French and Spanish architecture which gives this part of the city its air of old-world quaintness and its foreign atmosphere. Throughout this section French customs are still observed; and French is still spoken as the mother tongue, out of which has grown the liquid Creole, that has become in itself almost a distinctive language. The total extent of streets in New Orleans is seven hundred miles, of which only two hundred and four are paved.

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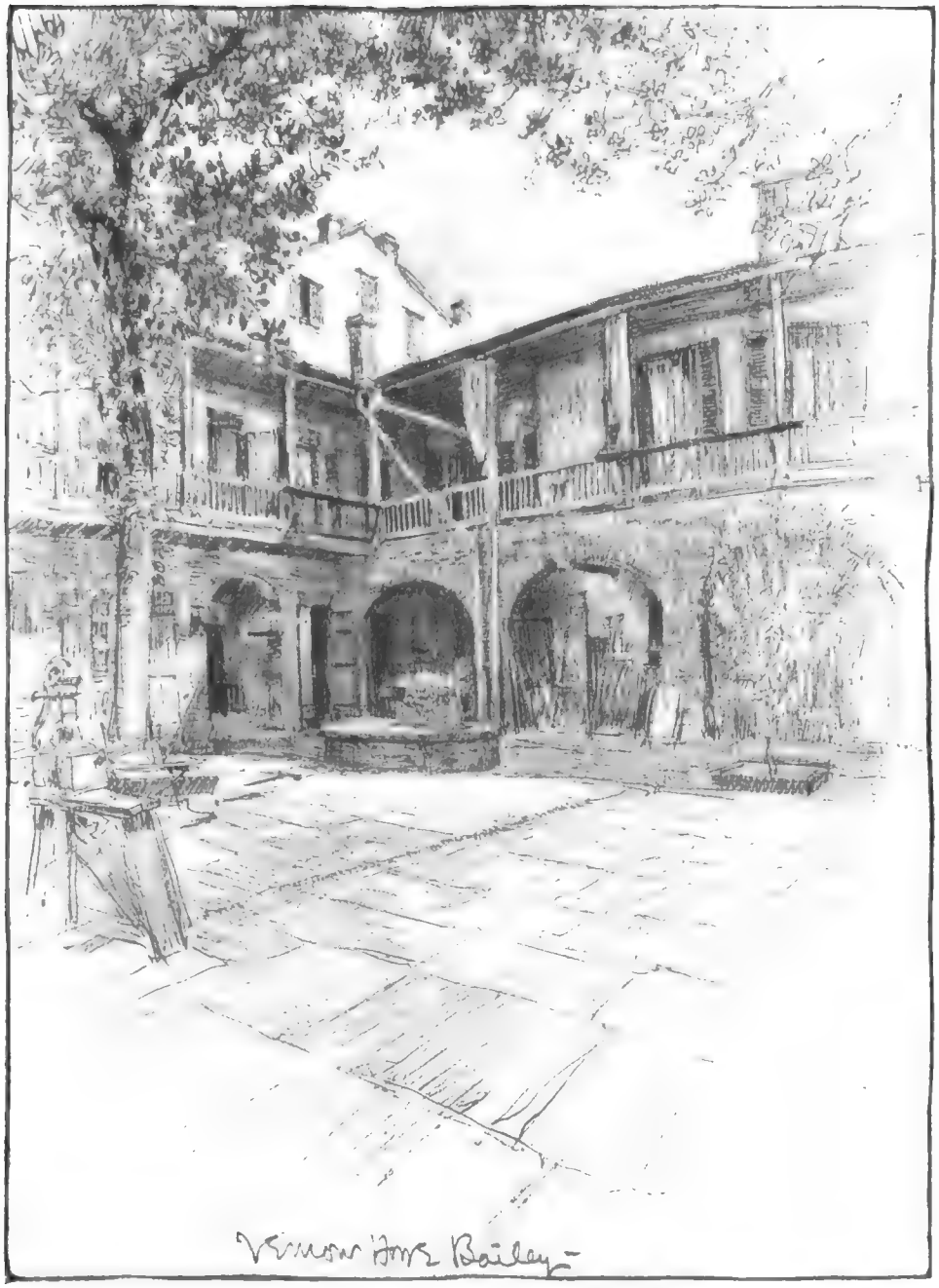

AN OLD FRENCH COURTYARD, RUE ROYAL.

Most of the houses in the French Quarter are entered from the street through a paved archway. Thus, one reaches the inner court, or garden, also paved, always picturesque, often beautiful with growing palms and magnolias. Across the court is the entrance proper, frequently guarded by great wrought-iron gates of superb workmanship. The galleries, upon which open the rooms of the main floor, one flight above street level, are a distinctive and attractive feature of Creole architecture. The courtyard here pictured, in No. 147, is noted as one of the most picturesque spots in the city.

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THE ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL.

The history of this stately old Spanish church may almost be said to be the history of New Orleans. It occupies the site of the first church ever erected in the Louisiana Purchase. It was built by a Spanish nobleman, Don Andres Almonasta y Roxas, at his own expense, on condition that mass should be said in perpetuity every Sunday for the repose of his soul. Here solemn high mass was offered by Bishop Dubourg at the request of General Jackson, after the latter's famous victory at Chalmette in 1815. Adjoining the Cathedral may be seen the Cabildo, where, in 1803, took place the formal transfer of the Province of Louisiana from France to the United States.

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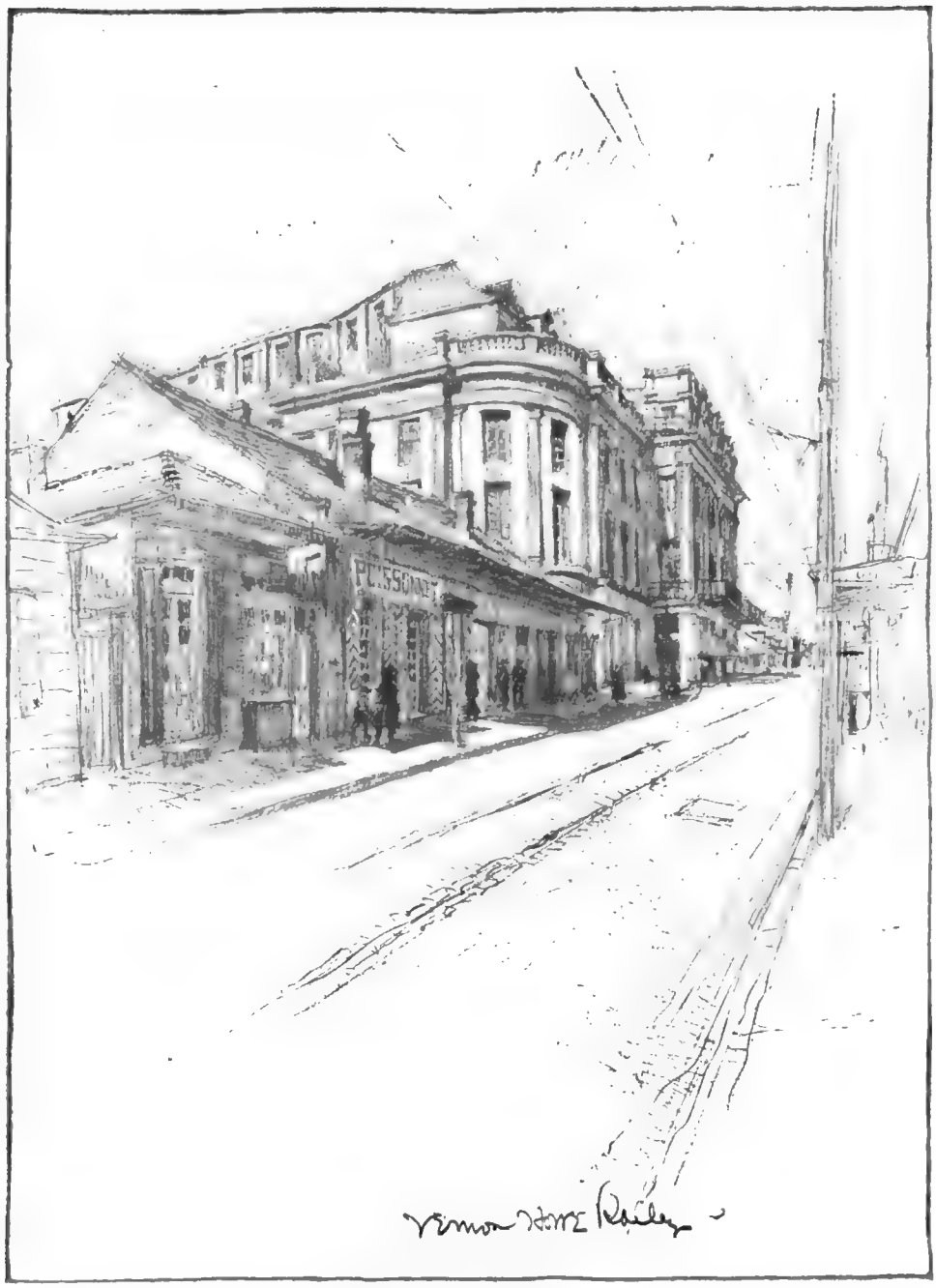

FRENCH OPERA-HOUSE.

New Orleans has always been famous for its French opera. For forty years before the Civil War opera companies were brought over from France. During the war the opera was suspended, but was revived in 1868, and has continued almost uninterruptedly ever since. The immense structure of the opera-house, built in 1860 from a design by the noted local architect, Gallier, seats about 2,800 persons. It contains magnificent collections of music in manuscript, and of scenery—among the latter the original sets for Aïda, as produced in Egypt before the Empress Eugénie. Adelina Patti made her début here in "Le Pardon de Ploermel." The great Mardi Gras balls take place in this building.

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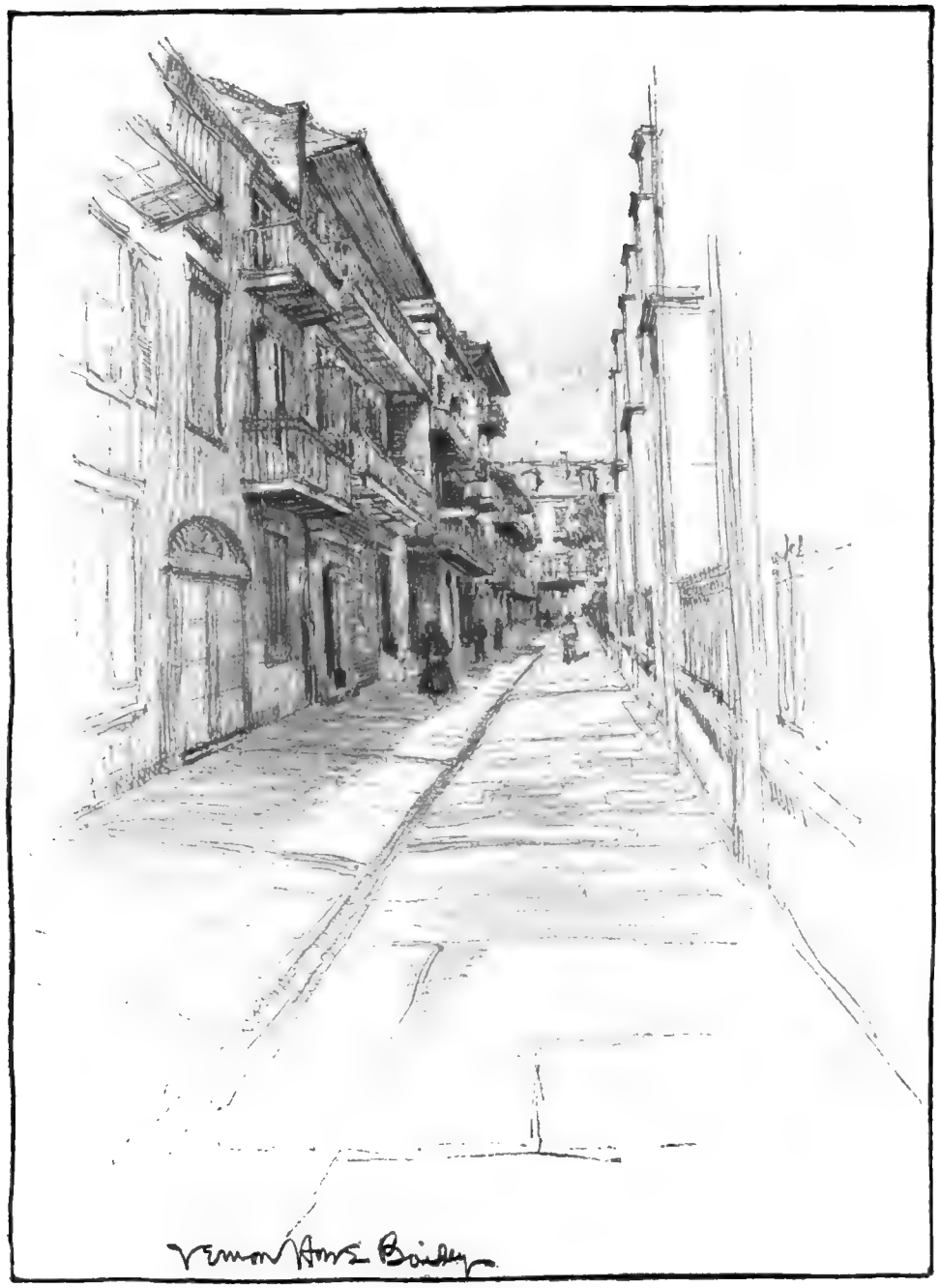

ORLEANS ALLEY.

One of the most interesting of the streets in the old town. Owing to the course of the river, most of the streets do not run at right angles, but follow what is sometimes called the "line of beauty." Between the broader thoroughfares is a labyrinth of small and narrow streets, most bewildering to strangers. Orleans Alley runs between Chartres Street and Royal Street, at the side of the Cathedral. On the right-hand side of the illustration may be seen the railings which bound the Cathedral gardens. The street is overhung by the galleries and balconies of houses, giving a charming suggestion of old-world picturesqueness. The ironwork of these balconies is noteworthy, being wrought by hand in quaint and original designs.

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THE ORLEANS HOTEL.

The first, and once the most fashionable hotel of old New Orleans, this is still the quaintest, but its former place has been taken by the famous New Saint Charles. The drawing shows the interior court, where cakes and coffee are served in the open air. With its galleries and its outside stairway, once so common a feature of Southern buildings, it is a source of constant delight to Northern visitors. This stairway is entirely open, being shielded from the weather only by a huge screen which rises from ground to roof. Lafayette was once a guest of the hotel, and the room he occupied, with its huge canopied bed, is still proudly pointed out to visitors.

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A BUSY WINTER SCENE IN GOLDFIELD, NEVADA.

The Fight at Tonopah

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We admit that this is strong meat. But it happens to be the most virile piece of writing we have had since the first instalments of the Lawson series. Here is how it happened. Rex Beach, author of "The Spoilers," himself a pioneer of the Klondike and of Nome, wrote to us that the biggest story in the world at the moment was a first-of-the-year fist fight, under conditions absolutely unique, in Tonopah. "I wish to go," he wrote, "and do what has never been done before:—report the psychology of this affair; tell of the strange crowd that will gather there, and diagnose that strange kink in the human brain which leads men from all sections of this land into the most inaccessible part of it, to see two naked boys fight with padded fists, though public opinion is so against the sport that it is tabooed in all but one or two corners of the United States." We said, "Go!" Here you have his report. Take it—or leave it. There are 134 other pages in the magazine. The conditions that the author describes, and the types involved, are part of our national life. At Tonopah, "the last of the West," are gathered the brethren of the race of trappers and backwoodsmen who broke into Ohio and Kentucky; of the '49ers who started in prairie schooners across the mountains and the deserts to California, of the daring crew who cut in over the ice and snow of the Chilcoot to Dawson in 1896, and across the Alaskan tundras to Nome in 1899. The world's adventurers, bold, careless, impatient of kid-gloved convention and bookkeeping civilization; the pioneers of the race, who go out into the wilds when the gold thirst assails them—these men are to-day in the Nevada gold-camps, high up in the cold, desolate Funeral range. What are they like—these unconstrainable souls? What are their emotions? What lusty passions are awakened in them? Mr. Beach paints the things he saw on the first day of the year 1907.

IT was two hours after midnight when we piled out of the Pullman into the whirling snow that the desert wind whipped into our faces. I had always pictured a desert as the home of heat waves and burning sands, but this frozen gale flapped my fur coat about my legs, numbed my nose, and destroyed illusion utterly. Moreover, I was sleepy.

Up the slippery street we stumbled with our suit-cases, the millionaire, the heavy-weight champion, and I, while behind us toiled the 'Frisco sporting editors. They were cold and sleepy, too. As we went I endeavored to gain some idea of the town, for I was curious to learn what manner of mining-camp it is that will spend $100,000 to see two naked boys fight with padded fists for its New Year's Day amusement. But the night was thick and I detected only mountains on either hand, pricked here and there with lights, beneath which showed spider-like scaffoldings or bulky shaft-houses.

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Ahead of us opened a wide, well-lighted street, flanked by brick stores, above which, a block farther on, rose a five-storied stone office building. There was no hint of the frontier in this and I was disappointed, for they had told me that here in Tonopah, a gold-mining camp on the edge of the Nevada desert, was the last bit of our vanishing West.

"Stop at Riley's! He'll find a place for us to sleep," shouted one of the men behind; so we turned through storm-doors and into a big building. As we entered I saw that my fears had been ungrounded, that I had found the West again, and forthwith I harked back to Klondike days; for we came into a great saloon crowded like the Chicago Wheat Pit, jammed with men in motley garb, the air reeking with their breaths, the floor slippery with mud and melted snow. We elbowed our way past a long bar, past sundry gambling games and a bookmaker's blackboard, to a side room thick with smoke and guarded by a locked door.

Here I met Riley. Riley owns the place and he pulls off prize-fights, pulls them off on the Nevada scale, which means in a way that prize-fights have never been given elsewhere. Here also was his publicity bureau in full swing, rows of typewriters and a staff of high-priced newspaper men imported for the occasion, each pounding out his nightly story to the journals from Puyallup to Portland, Maine, from Cobalt to Kissimmee, for be it known that he who dallies with pugilistic promotions must enter journalism on a scale equal to that of Leopold of Belgium.

A short time ago Mr. Riley came into Tonopah and opened a saloon. It was a tent. His fixtures, I am told, consisted of one bar and two girls—of the dance hall variety. But he prospered in the way of the desert, and now his place is famed throughout Nevada, and his interests are legion, the promotion of prize-fights being but one. In his ballroom at the rear, a brass band makes loud music, while a small army of Amazons cash in percentage checks each morning, and two nimble bartenders work themselves to exhaustion during busy hours. Through folding-doors one comes forth into the main saloon, where it is the owner's proud boast that a man can get any game he wants from tiddle-dy-winks to faro-bank. Standing room is at a premium and at night the place looks like a riot. In two evenings while I was there Mr. Riley took in over the two bars $6,000; and the receipts of the gambling games were probably greater. In fact, Mr. Riley's business has grown so rapidly that he has been forced to adopt many expedients to protect his bank-roll from the covetous. As a precaution against hold-ups the rear wall of his

IN THE DANCE HALL AT GOLDFIELD

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gambling-room is pierced with peep-holes; and behind the wall sits an armed sharpshooter on constant watch, a Winchester across his knee and a brace of six-shooters at his hand. From this elevation the entire room is under surveillance, and the desperado who should undertake to "start something" in Mr. Riley's place would stand a fine chance of finishing before he began.

At the end of the ballroom floor was a stage, upon which the orchestra sat. On one side were tiers of curtained boxes, and along the other ran a raised gallery with drinking-tables and chairs. A railing held the crowd back from the dancers, but there were no hurdles between the onlookers and the bar. In fact from the way they gravitated thither I judged the floor to be on a slant. The place was thronged and very noisy. In the midst of a swinging two-step one of the musicians picked up a cow-bell from between his feet and jangled it loudly.

"What does that mean?" I asked. "A fight?"

"Oh, no!" said a man at my side, "the orchestra wants a drink," and I saw a white-aproned attendant scudding toward the stage to take their orders. At regular intervals the wild clamor of this bovine neck-charm broke out, and it never failed to gain attention.

When I told the newspaper men that I had come to Tonopah for the purpose of writing the story of the big fight for a monthly magazine they regarded me in wonder, till I said that to me the fight itself appealed but little, and that it had no news value whatever, its remarkable side being its psychology. The unusual conditions prevailing out there, where a breed of new-made millionaires are spending fortunes, not for love of prize-fighting but to advertise their mining-camps, had struck me as warranting a story. I cared to study the men who gave these functions, as well as those who participated in them. I wished to examine at closer range the curious kink in men's minds that makes them fond of fighting, that leads them from the cities and the deserts, from the mining-camps and from the lava hills, to sit on hard boards in a freezing atmosphere while a naked negro and a white boy drive blows to each other's bodies.

The heavyweight champion, who had come up from 'Frisco for the fight, had secured sleeping quarters, and now I heard him telephoning to have his six trunks sent up.

"Do you carry six trunks?" I inquired.

"That's all I brought on this trip," said he. "I left the other eighteen at Reno. Six trunks is plenty for a mining-camp. Don't you think so?"

I gazed at his immaculate, well-tailored length, then at my two bags, and agreed that a man might get along in a frontier town with six trunks, if he didn't stay too long.

Meanwhile, the millionaire had secured a room for me and now said:

ROAD WORK—A PART OF THE MONOTONY OF TRAINING.

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"Let's step around a bit and look over the place. I've been down at the Waldorf for a month and it seems good to get out here where there is something really worth while going on." So we took the champion with us and went out into the crowd to see what was the particular local color of this camp. I had met "Tex" on the Yukon when he was not known as a "multi," for we had chopped cord-wood together on the banks of that cheerful river when our pockets were as light as our worries; but he had more of the rover's blood than I and he had drifted far since then. He had made and lost a fortune in Nome, and two years ago he walked into Goldfield because he hadn't the stage fare. The desert was even kinder to him than the Northern snows had been, and it gave him a million or two. As he put it, dollars came to him like trained pigs.

On every hand I heard conversation on but two topics, Gold Mines and Prize-Fights, and so much of the latter that I grew amazed at the hold this sport has on the American people. For these were typical Americans, gathered from every quarter of our land. Not merely prospectors, but men from universities and farms and the cities of the East, of the kind who brush their teeth and polish their nails. Men have preached and railed and made laws against pugilism till its exponents are ostracized, and he who attends a fight takes chances with his social standing. It is the one athletic game that cannot be discussed in drawing-rooms, and from which women are barred, as a rule; and yet when the word goes out that on New Year's Day, in the heart of a Nevada desert, a white boy will fight a negro, men flock thither even from the edge of the Atlantic. In the journals countless columns are given to it. It is discussed in every club East and West, fortunes are wagered on its outcome, it shares importance in the press with wars and Presidential messages and stock-yard scandals. Moving pictures are taken and thousands pay to see them for months after. Is all this interest to be credited to man's inherent brutality, or is there perhaps after all some other curious quality of men's minds that makes prize-fighting attractive?

Of all the thousands who read EVERYBODY'S, probably not one per cent. cares for this forbidden sport, or believes it to be wholesome. Realizing this, my excuse for writing this story is that it deals with something strong, something vital, something human. It may give you a glimpse of man's nature of which you are ignorant. You condemn pugilism as brutal, debasing, demoralizing; but did you ever see a fight? If so, did you analyze your feelings, did you study the man at your elbow as intently as you did the man inside the ropes? Did you note the effect of the fight upon them both and upon yourself, at the time and afterward? In other words, did you think? To you who have a well-set prejudice against the game

JOE GANS, THE VICTOR.

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this story is told, not as an argument for or against, but as a picture. It is the author's province to observe, and perhaps to analyze a bit. I question his right to moralize much. It is the duty of us all to know the thing we condemn, to see it as it is, if not with our own, then with another's eyes. We are a strong race, willing to face truth, to know conditions. I give you what I saw. I do not draw conclusions; they are obvious. You are the judges.

Cartoonists have made us familiar with the pugilist as a type. We know the thick neck, the granite jaw, the conical head with ears far back, and the face of a simian. As a matter of fact, no real fighter ever looked like that. Indeed, in its entirety the popular idea of a prize-fighter is erroneous. The prize-fighter belongs to a distinguished and gentlemanly cult. He is rather a fine-appearing person, quite on a par with literary people, and much healthier.

On the following day I searched out Herman, the white fighter, and talked with him. I found a stocky lad, with humorous smile and boyish manner, living the life of a recluse. His trainers guarded him like a Russian duke, his habits were as temperate as those of a schoolgirl. Every day for six weeks he had mastered an endless routine of monotonous exercises, working with machine-like regularity, till his body had become a finely tempered weapon, his brain clear, his mind free. With him it seemed to be a game that he played for the love of it, as he had once played marbles and leap-frog and other games wherein the stakes were not so great. In private life "the kid" is a tobacconist.

GANS WHEN HE WAS TOLD THAT WOOD WAS $4.00 A CORD.

I watched his last workout, for the process interested me, and I wondered what were his thoughts: Whether he was nervous and whether he realized fully that on the morrow, before thousands of onlookers, he, a mere lad, was to match his cunning and strength and youth against the best pugilist in the world. He was doing "light work." By that is meant work that would incapacitate a trained athlete. Riley's dance hall had been transformed into a gymnasium, and its galleries were full of miners who watched him silently. He worked alone, punching the bag, twisting the wrist machine, skipping rope, doing strange backward and forward stiff-legged runs to strengthen his waist and back muscles, keeping always in motion like a boy in whom was the fret for movement and the exuberance of youth. He alternated these exercises with "shadow work," which consists in fighting an imaginary foe, striking, dodging, side-stepping, retreating, advancing. This is done during the last days of training to develop quickness and agility, as well as to save the fighter's hands.

"I don't see how any man of his weight can whip him," said I to O'Brien, the heavyweight champion, who sat with me.

"Don't judge till you've seen the other fellow," he cautioned, and together we hunted out the quarters of Mr. Gans. As we were admitted through its locked doors a roar as of a Gatling gun broke on our ears.

Gans was punching the bag and I marveled at the sight, for he presented the most perfect type of the fighting-machine I have ever seen. He was thin-flanked and keen as a race-horse, his back and shoulders lean with the leanness that comes from perfect form and years of careful building. Every ounce was bulked where it does the most good, above the line of the trunks. His head was shaved, and his whole body, from heel to crown, was like a beautiful bronze statue, rippling with life, poised and balanced with that skill which no sculptor can command and which comes from endless contests and tireless training. His face was thin and hawk-like in profile, with less expression than a mummy's. In fact, as I gazed, he reminded me of one of the Rameses I had seen somewhere. He worked as the other man had worked and he did the same things, but somehow there was a difference. I tried to analyze it and failed. Some things I noted: how he moved slowly, yet with just sufficient speed to accomplish what he wished; how every ounce of his body and every pound of strength were bunched behind each move; how his feet clung to the floor catlike; how, in short, he had mastered the economy of

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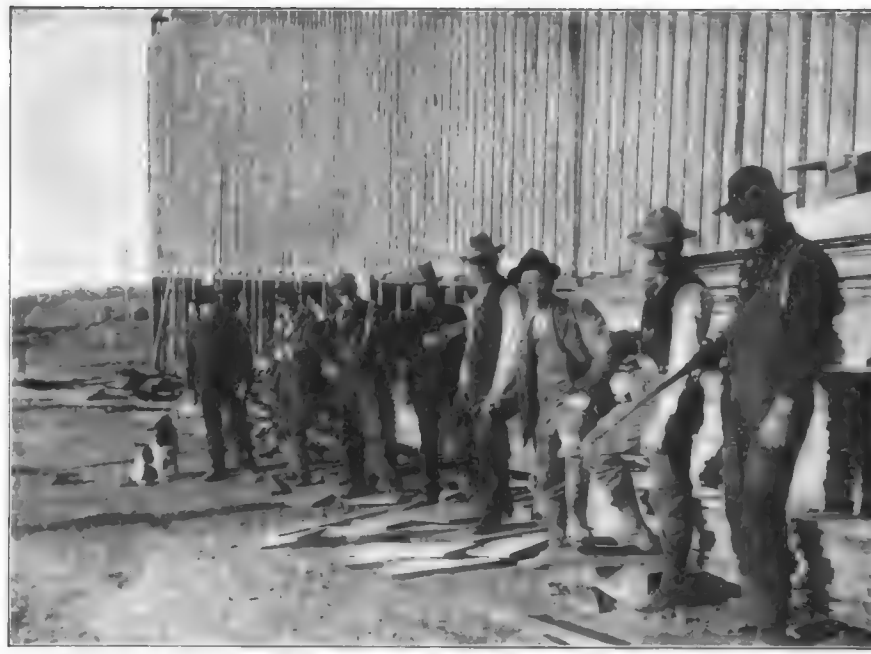

GUARDING LUMBER USED IN CONSTRUCTING THE ARENA.

effort, and yet how each least thing was done completely. There was no waste about him, either in body or in movement; but at every blow the leather bag roared and the platform shivered.

I noted, too, his apparent mental lassitude. He worked like a bookkeeper adding weary rows of figures. I remarked this to the heavyweight.

"Yes," said he. "The terrible part of this game is its monotony. The deadly routine of training is something fierce—every day the same stunts, the same work, the same exertions. A fellow's mind gets listless and tired of it all. Of course there's a little excitement when you get in the ring, but the training is mere maddening drudgery."

Although he has fought some hundred battles, Gans showed no marks save one. His features were as perfect as when he began, his nose as straight and firm. He bore no scars on head or face or limb, his teeth were as white and even as if cast from porcelain, no vein on his body was enlarged or broken. His skin was like brown satin, his joints as small and true as ever. Only in one spot did he show a trace. The bones at the back of his hands were bunched and crooked where he had shattered them and driven them together. Name a football player who has played one season on varsity with as clean a body. Show a baseball player who has made the university letter and who is maimed as little. As to his face, I saw nothing brutal in it. He impressed me as a quiet, well-mannered, intelligent colored man, humorous and shrewdly observant. At times a plaintive wrinkle puckered his brow, as if this were all a very tiresome proposition and not worth the punishment it entailed.

Most men are in some sort courageous, but courage is a variable quantity. He who will go shouting into battle may grow faint and sick and feel his heart-throbs swaying him when he stands alone before another man who is raging to get at him. Men are generally cowards also as to physical pain. A doctor's lancet will cause a hero to quail, and a dentist's forceps will send some big-limbed athlete quivering into the anteroom.

Gans told me his nostrils were slightly closed and required surgical attention.

"But," said he, "I just can't stand the sight of a doctor. Lord! when I see that steel flashing in the light I quit like a dog."

"I dare say you would rather enter the ring knowing you were about to be mauled into insensibility than to step up to a doctor's office and have a nick cut out of your nose."

"Certainly I would," he said, shivering at

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the thought, while O'Brien, who stood by, shuddered in sympathy and said "Ouch! None of that for mine."

In the same way, Kid Herman, a few days before, had been put astride a cow-pony and when it playfully laid back its ears and humped itself, the Kid yelled and begged to be taken off. It simply was not his game.

HERMAN "UP A TREE"—THE ONLY TREE IN TONOPAH.

Leaving the training quarters, we waded up through the snowdrifts to the building that had been raised for this fight. To the northward stretches the desert, a wide and waterless valley, begirt with barren hills. Everywhere is the same desolate outlook, a timberless monotony of rock and stunted sage-brush whitened by the snow. This Nevada plateau, which for all these years has been shunned by every living thing, even to lizards and rattlesnakes, is like a dead and burned-out world. In winter it is more forbidding than the Land of Little Sticks, or the tundras of the Arctic. On summer days the sun glares at it hatefully till its rocks glow with volcanic fury, and its sands at noontime will burst an automobile tire. With sunset the heat dies again and the traveler is forced to button up his overcoat. It is a land that has died a thousand deaths; and I marveled at the restless fret for gold that forced men forward into its parched and arid heart.

Six years ago a traveler camped here, close by a sand-clogged spring, and when morning came he found his burros gone. He discovered them feeding a few miles distant, climbing through rocks for forage where a blackish ledge had pushed its way up through the lava capping. The man took samples from the ledge, for it was strange to his eyes and showed at no other point; and thenceforth Nevada grew. So but for the hunger of a sad-eyed burro, Tonopah might not have been.

When it was decided to hold a prize-fight here this New Year's Day, there was no place in which to have it. There was no lumber with which to construct an amphitheatre and no means of getting it, for the railroad had more freight than it could handle; the side tracks throughout the state were jammed with an evergrowing line of cars, each waiting its turn to get to the gold-fields. There was, indeed, a hopeless congestion of every kind of traffic. Sawed boards brought prices like gold-leaf, and were harder to get. Wood was $40 a cord, coal $90 a ton, and none was to be obtained even at these prices. People had poured in till there were no beds for them, and they slept on saloon floors or walked the streets at night. Fuel and machinery came in by express, for there were men here who cared nothing for money—it was hours they wished to save.

To erect a structure for ten thousand people was no small job at best, but in these circumstances it became a work suited to Nevadans. Therefore Mr. Riley and his associates went to Reno, bought the lumber, and brought it through by a special train. Then they placed armed guards around it and hired every man they could find who had ever swung a hammer. The building went up overnight, a great, square, hip-roofed affair with banks of seats rising steeply to the eaves. It was built without an architect's plan or a drawing of any kind, by a man who had never done the like before, and it is the best coliseum I have ever entered. There is no post or pillar to obstruct the view of any spectator and every seat is a good one. There is no steel or squared timber in its make-up, and even the girders supporting the roof are of planks nailed side by side. Its cost approximated $40,000.

As we entered, an hour before the fight, the carpenters walked out on the opposite side.

Special trains brought in men from other camps, while out from the hidden valleys came many more, breaking through drifts or driving their cars across the desert. They came, in fur coats and chauffeur's leather, till the town, already full, bulged at its seams and leaked. In through tunnels beneath the banks of seats we jammed our way, out into the center where the ring stood, a rope-guarded platform padded with two inches of felt beneath a tight-stretched canvas which showed like a patch of snow. Around this

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were rows of stalls, the chairs in which sold for $25. The remaining seats diminished in price in an inverse ratio, the higher in location the lower in price, till the topmost ones brought $5. The shouting of program boys, the shifting of chairs, and the tramping of numberless thick-soled boots made the hollow floor rumble beneath the high roof like a splitting glacier.

Huddled in a hollow square close up against the ring were the newspaper men, fur-bundled and shivering, their breaths like steam, their pads and pencils before them. I elbowed my way into a seat beside the dean of sporting editors, and close beside the time-keeper's gong. At the left of the sporting editor was a stenographer, for he reports a fight by word of mouth, at the same time taking notes from which to write the "story" proper. The game was old to him, and he swore softly because his feet were cold. He blew upon his fingers, kicked his toes against the board wall beneath the ring, and growled:

"Riley ought to know better than to board up the bottom of a ring this way. In a mining-camp it ought to be left open underneath the platform. This is dangerous."

"Why?" I questioned.

"Suppose some guy back there got sore at the referee and made a gun-play, where could the newspaper men hide?"

He was large, gray-haired, and had the dignity of a Roman senator. The picture of him diving beneath the bench and kicking his way out of sight pleased me.

Farther along a man sat sidewise in his seat, with one limber finger on a clicking telegraph instrument, ticking out the story of the assembling crowd. He is known as the greatest telegraphic fight reporter in the world. Another spoke now and then into a telephone. I turned to the man on my right and was struck by the sight, for he looked like a corpse. His lips were stained as though from eating blueberry pie, while every vein and blemish in his face stood out in purple relief. His skin was muddy and horrid to behold, and as he smiled he displayed gums discolored like those of a scurvy patient.

"It's the Cooper-Hewitt lights," said he, and I glanced up overhead where fifteen racks of long mercury-filled tubes were swung down from the rafters, glowing with a peculiar pallid brightness, shedding over the place a penetrating glare that worked havoc with the optic nerve. The girders were cobwebbed with electric wires, which furnished the light of 175,000 candles, while half-way up the bank of seats before us the moving-picture machines were being tested. There were three of them set in a little pen, each loaded with a thousand-foot strip of films and provided with reserve rolls close at hand. These machines work at the rate of sixteen

A GAMBLING-ROOM AT GOLDFIELD.

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pictures per second, and as one runs out its film another takes up the record.

A handsome, modestly gowned mulatto woman forced her way into a ring-side box near by.

"That's Mrs. Gans," said my friend, "and she's the best-looking girl in the house. She double-discounts these hand-painted ones, doesn't she?"

HOUSE MADE OF BARRELS FILLED WITH SAND.

Scattered through the acres of white Stetson hats were women in furs of every color, in headgear of every style from shabby bonnets to opera hoods. Near by were two Englishmen, clean, ruddy fellows, in great coats of wombat fur, their red cheeks showing lurid and inflamed beneath the strange light. They were closely hedged about with other men, and yet they remained aloof and segregated from the rest by an indefinable line of demarcation. High up on our right sat a big man with long, drooping, comedy mustache who belched forth roar upon roar at regular intervals, the sound rising above other noises like the bellow of a bull walrus. Between yells he chewed gum excitedly. He saw no one about him, but gave tongue when the spirit moved.

A man clambered into the ring and, seeking the center, struck a pose, threw his chest out and his arm up in a gesture of command. A lighted cigar was clenched between his teeth. This he removed as the clamor died.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he cried in a voice of brass, "the management requests you to refrain from smoking, so as not to interfere with the moving pictures." He replaced the cigar in his lips and walked to the ring-side. A photographer took his place and set up a revolving camera. A gentleman in knee-boots made the rounds of the ring bellowing in a bad voice:

"Three thousand to one thousand that Gans wins."

The announcer interrupted him to introduce the referee and the preliminary fighters, two boys who were to fill in before the big battle. There was a moment of coming and going inside the ropes, then in a breath the space was cleared and in diagonal corners the two men stood facing each other, nude to the middle. The gong at my left clanged loudly, and they walked forward, touched their padded hands together clumsily, and stepped back a pace. The fight was on.

As they broke into action the spirit of the multitude entered into me and I was lifted out of myself and swayed by the breath of its excitement. The two clinched near me and one of them beat wickedly at the other's kidneys, three rapid chopping blows, at which purple marks leaped out upon the white skin. They drew apart and a moment later the younger led for his opponent's face. The man's head snapped back and a black streak stole down from his nose.

"A daylight fight is too brutal," said the man beside me. "At night all this is softened. It makes me rather sick during the first few minutes."

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"It's not the blood nor the brutality," said I. "It's the excitement. I feel the same."

In the front row, far forward in his seat, sat a young fellow who followed every motion of the fighters with his body. His head was thrown back, his eyes were glittering, his lips twitching. He jerked and jabbed his fists in sympathy with the movements he watched, while his shoulders heaved in unison with the combatants and his breath came heavily. I feared, at first, to stare at him too steadily, as I sat but an arm's length in front, till I found that he was drunk and blinded with what he saw.

The clang of the bell reminded me that a fight was going on, and I turned to see the men seeking their corners and their seconds crowding through the ropes.

As the consciousness of cold feet struck the audience the sound of ten thousand stamping heels arose. It lasted sixty seconds, when the voice of the gong cleared the ring again. I determined to watch the center this time, and ignore for a time the types about, but a face arrested me. It was that of a girl in black. She clapped her hands and cried at each blow:

"Oh! Oh! Good boy!"

A man beside her was whimpering:

"Underneath! Underneath! Upper-cut him!"

No one heard him, of course, least of all himself.

In a silent moment a woman among the $5 benches shrieked like a calliope. I could not see half I wanted to, for my eyes could cover only so much and on every side strange things were happening. As to the emotions displayed, I am not sure that brutality played a part, save perhaps in some of the women. I saw one, in plumes the length of a date-palm branch, in whose face was what I took for cruelty. She seemed to gladden at the sight of punishment. The men, on the other hand, seemed rather to thrill as at a game of skill and danger, and they cheered the science rather than its effect. For thirty minutes I studied these people, staring into their faces as unobserved as if I had been screened, and I did not tire. Then the fighters were led away and we realized that we were very cold.

When Herman and Gans came through the crowd, the man with the brazen larynx quieted the cheering and introduced them, then led forth my friend the heavyweight champion, who doffed his hat and in thin tones proceeded to advertise. When he had finished Riley appeared, in answer to repeated calls, wearing a sombrero and a pair of high boots, over which his trousers were rolled halfway to the knee. He had the air of a man who had just knocked off work, and had not washed up. Next the crowd demanded Rickard, my millionaire traveling companion, and he was forced protesting to the center. He liked it not and got away hurriedly. A week before, the Gotham papers had described him as walking Fifth Avenue clad in the free and flowing garb of the mines and, with sturdy independence, scorning the fashions of New York. Now that he had returned to Nevada he was clad with the immaculate care of a dilettante, from derby to patent leather.

Again the spieler broke into song, as usual prefacing his remarks with:

"LADIES—AND *gentlem'n*," drawling the first and chopping the last word. "On behalf of the city of Goldfield, Mr. 'Tex' Rickard offers $30,000 to the winner of this match for a fight in that place." A man leaned through the ropes and spoke, and the announcer cried aloud:

"The Athletic Club of Manhattan, Nevada, offers $40,000 for such a match"; then at a nod from Riley:

"The Casino Athletic Club of Tonopah offers $5,000 more than any other club in the WORLD."

During all this Gans had sat quietly in his corner as if insufferably bored. A second scurried about the ring, a cornucopia in his hand, strewing "prize-fighters' candy" upon the floor—powdered rosin, to prevent slipping. The photographer called the two principals aside; they stepped out of their bath robes and posed an instant in the freezing air, then were wrapped about again. Beneath the strange glow both bodies looked to be of nearly the same hue. The referee said a few words to them, the voice of the multitude died, he waved his hand and the ring cleared, leaving only those three inside. The gong sounded, and the fighters came forth naked to the waist like their predecessors.

I saw now of what stuff champions are made. The pair that had gone before had been clever, but these were different. Every muscle was full and rounded. They had no weakness in them anywhere, their bodies were like perfectly assembled machines. Moreover, this contest seemed to lack the brutality of the other, although I knew it to be

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actually more fierce. It was like the play of cats, in which grace and science hid the menace. They moved easily, quietly; hesitating, then clashing suddenly. They did not fight with their hands but with their whole bodies, and with an apparent abandon that really carried the greatest measure of caution. They came close to where I sat, and, at a fancied opening, Gans drove a fearful blow at the boy. With the effort his face, which had been a wooden mask till now, lighted fiercely, but as the Kid blocked, the blaze died out as suddenly as it had come. His eyes became brown glass of baffling dulness, without depth or feeling; only his brow was wrinkled plaintively.

I have noticed that a crowd will shout loudest at those blows that do not land or that are blocked in time, as if it gloried more in the impulse and the effort than in the effect.

On every side men were smiling. Some trembled and shook, but still they smiled. The wealth represented by the new-made millionaires in the boxes close by was staggering, for here was the flower of the desert; and I tried to study them as round after round passed by.

At one time the negro struck Herman after the bell had rung, whereupon they rose in their seats hissing and shouting "Foul." He had started the blow as the sound reached him and could not stop it, but apologized dumbly. Had the Kid been minded to stagger at this blow and fall, he would have won $12,000 in a breath, together with the Lightweight Championship of the World, for the decision would have gone to him without doubt. But instead he smiled and shook his head.

At another time I heard a shrill voice at my back screaming:

"Go it, Herman! Kill the nigger." A ten-year-old boy stood between his brother's knees, his tiny fists tight, his face flushed as with a fever. The sight sickened and shocked me more than anything I saw during the contest.

In a quiet interval between rounds I heard a reporter dictating high-class pugilistic literature:

"Herman's work in the fifth was classy and he fought all over the place. He stabbed the Dinge in the food-hopper three times and all but got his goat, then missed a right swing to the butler's pantry by an inch. If he had coupled, it would have been the sunset glow for Dahomey, but Gans didn't fall for the gag, not hardly. He ripped an upper through the Yiddish lad and put him on the hop with a right cross."

I had turned from the ring, having lost track of the rounds, when the man at my side dug his elbow into me. His words were lost, as pandemonium had camped in the place long since, but I saw that he was leaning forward, gripping the board in front of him. A change had come over the fighters. The negro moved as easily as ever, the bunches in his back rose, swelled, and died away as freely, and he struck with the same snake-like viciousness; but the other had slowed slightly and reeled a bit as he retreated to a corner. Gans followed cautiously, and when the youngster strove to beat his way out into the clear he drove him back. The Kid shielded his face in his arms and tried again, but I saw that his opponent had become a burden which he could not shake off. He was a weight too heavy to keep at bay.

The boy burst through at last, but was forced back into another corner, and though he fought his way out desperately, a body blow like the swing of a sledge-hammer sent him back to the ropes. He returned fighting with every ounce left in him, when suddenly that instant came for which this dead-eyed, mummified, mahogany machine had waited. He whipped through a blow that landed square and clean upon the jaw and flung the Kid back upon the hemp, which sagged outward, then threw him forward at his conqueror. He swung a moment on his heels, reached out blindly, and fell. The referee bent over him, beating a pantomimic measure with extended arm, while a second ran around outside the ropes and, falling beside him, counted the fatal numbers into his deaf ears.

Even as he struck and before his man had fallen, Gans dropped his hands, the tension died from his muscles, and he turned his back. His work was done. Of all the yelling thousands, the calmest man was this gaunt, unsmiling negro who stood with his back to the ropes, the plaintive wrinkle puckering his brow suggesting that this was work for which he had no fondness.

His wife had sat unmoved throughout the contest, but as the white lad groped blindly for support before his collapse, she wrung her hands and cried:

"My God!"

It was the only note of pity I heard throughout that day.

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EVOLUTION

By WALTER PRITCHARD EATON

Illustrations by J. A. Williams

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost.

"AND to think," said Miss Elizabeth Dwight, with mock solemnity, "that in this very house Welcome Amidon (was that his funny name?) wooed and won the fair Elizabeth!"

"The other fair Elizabeth," I corrected, a little sulkily.

"Don't pay me compliments, if it hurts you," said Miss Elizabeth Dwight, looking at an ancient photograph on the wall. "Do you suppose this is a picture of—of the other Elizabeth?" she asked.

"Probably. Photography had reached a high state of development in Revolutionary times," I remarked sarcastically.

"Oh," said she, peeping at me out of the corner of her eye, "I suppose not!"

I nursed my grievance silently, gazing into the huge fireplace where the kettle hung on its crane over the great birch logs that awaited the winter. It was a little hard to have brought Miss Elizabeth some miles up the valley expressly to show her the ancient, elm-buried town where my New England ancestors had read their Bibles and drunk their cider with one eye open for Indians, and very expressly to show her the house where Welcome Amidon, a famous captain of our line, had conducted his hardest siege against the thrice craftily fortified heart of the fair Elizabeth Allen—only to have Elizabeth Dwight take it all lightly. If she wasn't impressed because Welcome Amidon was my progenitor, she might at least have shown a glimmer of serious interest because Elizabeth Allen was a great-aunt of one of hers! I'm very sure that if I had been making my first visit to the spot where a branch of my family had lived and loved and borne children and left its mark on trees and houses a hundred years ago and more, I should have been not only interested but a little awed and reverential. Of course, I didn't really expect anything more personal of her, but I did expect that. But here was Miss Elizabeth pretending to be serious in the most frivolously ironical manner. I maintain that my vexation was quite justified, and that if I continued to look into the age-blackened fireplace in silence, paying no visible attention to her, it was no more than she deserved.

"You might tell me about the door-mat man and his Elizabeth," said a penitent voice behind my shoulder.

"The what?" said I, choosing to ignore the almost imperceptible emphasis on the "his."

"The door-mat man. You know those brown, scratchy door mats in hardware shops frequently say 'Welcome' on them in large red letters," chuckled Miss Elizabeth.

"I thought for a moment," said I, "that you were experiencing some contrition for your conduct, but I see you were not, since you choose to make game of my progenitor."

"I don't know why I should be contrite," said she. "Besides, contrition is the final aspect of timidity."

"'I would rather feel contrition than know the definition thereof,'" I retorted severely.

"That's quoted from somebody," said Miss Elizabeth, knitting her brows.

"It is," said I; "from Thomas à Kempis, an excellent, godly man."

"And forgiving, too. He would have told me the story."

"You've heard the story a dozen times," said I.

"I've forgotten it," said Miss Elizabeth.

I looked at her reproachfully, but she met my eyes with a wondering glance as if to say, What is the matter? I sighed despairingly. Miss Elizabeth sat down on the mahogany footstool upholstered in black haircloth with red roses embroidered upon it. She propped her chin in her hands like a child awaiting a fairy tale.

"It was in 1785—" I began.

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"'YOUNG AND IMPETUOUS'—THAT'S FINE!" SAID MY AUDIENCE.

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"I thought it was '84," said Miss Elizabeth demurely.

I looked at her again, feeling of a sudden foolishly happy. She was gazing into the great fireplace, a tiny smile on her lips. "The story, please," she prompted.

"It was soon after Yorktown, then," I began again, "that Captain Amidon, young and impetuous, renewed his boyhood suit for the hand of the fair Elizabeth Allen."

"'Young and impetuous'—that's fine!" said my audience. "I'm sure there ought to be a 'brave' in there, too."

"That is implied in the statement that he wooed the fair Elizabeth," said I.

"Oh!" said she.

"He had distinguished himself during the later years of the war for youthful courage and a cool-headedness and strategic skill beyond his years," I went on; "but we don't need to go into the details of his military exploits, do we?"

"I suppose they're not the important part of the story," Miss Elizabeth reflected. "Still, they would be interesting," she added brightly.

"We will omit them," said I. "The captain went away to war a boy and very much in love with Elizabeth Allen. He came back a man and more in love with her than ever."

"What a funny man!" said Elizabeth Dwight.

"Was he?" said I.

She examined the warming-pan which stood by the hearth.

"Was he?" I asked again, leaning forward to catch her eye.

"I never knew one like him," she said, suddenly giving me look for look.

I resumed my narrative somewhat less enthusiastically. "Elizabeth Allen lived in this house—doubtless often sat on that footstool and warmed her bed in winter with that warming-pan"—my companion was peeping inside of it—"and the captain rode his big black horse up the valley and clattered down the quiet street to see her, I'd hate to say how often. Everybody knew he loved her; if they didn't he told them. But what her feelings toward him were nobody could find out for sure, least of all the captain. There used to be other horses at the door, other wooers within, and that made the captain sulk. He was said to be very handsome when he sulked; like a thundercloud. However, Miss Elizabeth Allen, your great-aunt, would but torment him the worse. The others never received so much encouragement as when he was sulking, his big body taking up half the chimney-corner."

"He was a great ninny," said Miss Elizabeth.

"He was a brave soldier," said I.

"Pooh!" said she.

"Anyhow," I went on, "sulking or happy, in despair or in hope, he kept at his wooing. When he was in despair she would suddenly melt to him; when his hopes ran high she would suddenly turn ice. And no answer could he get, either yes or no, for one mortal year."

"Only a year?" laughed Miss Elizabeth.

"A year is a long time to keep a man on the rack," I replied. "Only a pretty woman could be cruel enough to do it—and for no crime than loving her too well."

"She might want to find out if his love were really constant."

"Pooh!" said I. "That false platitude again! A platitude is the last extremity of the feminine bluff."

"Mercy!" cried Miss Elizabeth. "I won't do it again!"

"Well, one winter afternoon," I resumed more confidently, "the captain drove up to the door in his sleigh. His tormentor came out, looking, I have no doubt, more tormenting than ever with her pert, flower-like face peeping from the encircling furs, and they drove northward together over the frozen crust. Tradition says that the captain's face was grimly determined, though how tradition knows is a mystery, for they met nobody. Soon they began to climb through a winding gorge into the high hills. The Connecticut valley disappeared behind and below them. The shadows of the primeval hemlocks darkened their track. And, 'Where are we going?' said Elizabeth Allen. 'To Canada, maybe,' answered the captain, and clucked to his horses. Elizabeth sat up very straight and looked at him. 'Sir, this has ceased to be a joke,' said she. 'Madam, for once we are in perfect accord,' was his reply. And again he clucked to the horses. 'What do you want?' said the girl, flaming with anger. 'Your answer—Will you marry me?—Yes or no,' said Captain Welcome Amidon. 'No!' cried she. 'Now, sir, take me home.'"

"He didn't gain much by that cave man proceeding," remarked Miss Elizabeth Dwight.

"No?" said I. "Well, he merely replied

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that if her answer was 'No,' he'd have to give her time to reconsider it, and he clucked the horses on again northward. 'I hate you,' said Miss Elizabeth. 'You love me,' said the captain, 'or you will before we get through the Green Mountains.' So they rode on and on, through clearing and forests, over frozen streams and past the lonely mountain farms, always northward, silent, will clashing against will in wordless conflict. Night came on and it was bitter cold. Some wild thing crashed through the underbrush close to their path. It was miles to the nearest town in Vermont and no return was possible from there till the next day. Tongues would talk. Miss Elizabeth stormed; the captain clucked to his horses. It grew blacker. She wept and begged; he urged the strong span northward. Again there was silence. The road grew steeper; the forest swallowed up the trail in gloom. 'Yes,' the captain heard a sudden whisper in his ear. They still point out the spot where he turned the sleigh in its tracks."

"Thank you," said Miss Elizabeth Dwight. "Your progenitor was a cave man, just the same."

"Perhaps," said I, rising and looking at my watch. "But maybe the Big Stick is as useful in love as anywhere else. If you've seen enough of the house that became the home of my cave man and your great-aunt, let us say good-by to the folks and depart."

"This great, snorting thing is a desecration in this sleepy, time-touched street," said Elizabeth, as we climbed into the car. "Now, if it were only a sleigh——"

"If he lived to-day, the captain would use a motor-car," said I, with conviction.

She shook her head. "No," she said, "he would do nothing so unromantic. Even a cave man has a sense of romance."

"Romance consists in making the practical serve an ideal end," said I. "An automobile will do as well as the chariot of the sun." I put over the lever as I spoke and headed northward.

"This is not the way home!" cried Miss Elizabeth in a startled voice.

"I'm going to take you down the valley by another road, for variety," I answered in a matter-of-fact tone, with just a shade of surprise in it at her exclamation. She sank back reassured. We whizzed over a State road and a steel bridge where the captain had used the fields and ice, chugged through a thriving, busy town where he had skirted a farming hamlet; but as we began to climb the winding gorge into the hills, a second generation of hemlocks came down the slope to meet us, as their predecessors had met him; the Connecticut valley slipped lower and lower, and the far blue hills came up one by one over the horizon.

"This is lovely, glorious!" exclaimed Miss Elizabeth. "But it's a funny way home," she suddenly added, as the river disappeared from sight.

"It's the captain's road to Canada," said I.

"O Jack, don't be a silly boy!" she said, with a laugh. "We'll be late to tea if you're not careful."

But I noticed that there was a shade of uncertainty in her laugh. The machine lunged up over the last thank-you-marm in silence and sped along the level. A farmer was standing in his barn.

"Waal," he hailed us, "didn't git stuck, did ye?"

"No," said I. "She's eighty horse-power and will take Mount Washington without lying down. But she's pretty heavy to handle coming back to the bottom."

"'S that so?" he replied. "I reckon it might be. Ye'd better watch out on the hill jist ahead. 'Bout a hundred rods down thar's a sharp turn and ye might have a few regrets if ye went off'n the bank."

I thanked him more heartily than he knew and sped on. Peeping at Miss Elizabeth, I saw that she looked annoyed, and a bit frightened, too. "For Heaven's sake, don't be a goose," she said. "Turn back. It's getting late and the hills are piling up in front. Look, you can see them."

"I don't need to see them to know they are there," I answered. "I wish they were higher, though."

The machine took the first pitch of the incline with a sickening lurch. Miss Elizabeth braced back and gritted her teeth. "What do you want, anyway?" she said.

"You," I replied calmly, my eye on the road.

"You've taken a nice, gentlemanly way to get me, I must say!" she sniffed.

"It's effective for the present, at least," I replied, as I worked the car slowly around the ugly turn where the road hung over the rocks, and then let her out. The wind flew by our faces.

"What if we should meet a team coming up in this narrow road? Are you mad?" she cried.

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THE MACHINE TOOK THE FIRST PITCH OF THE INCLINE WITH A SICKENING LURCH.

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"No, just come to my senses," I replied, easing the brake some more.

"You think the formula that worked on one woman when applied by your cave man ancestor will work on another when applied by you, do you?" She was sneering now, between her gasps of terror as we sagged and rose over the thank-you-marms.

I screeched the horn madly. "You bet it will work, or it's Canada by morning!" I shouted as we struck the sand at the bottom, skidded a sickening moment, righted, and cut northward between the great boles of the sugar maples at fifty miles an hour.

"Jack," she said, touching my sleeve, "I have always liked you."

I blew the horn to break her sentence. "Whether you have liked me, do like me, or will like me," I cut in, "is a matter of complete indifference to me. Liking is not what I want, as you very well know and as you have very well known for a year."

"If you keep up this nonsense I shall hate you," she said, her cheeks reddening.

"At least," said I, "that will be something definite."

We came around a corner at a criminal speed and narrowly missed a bad mix-up with a farmer's wagon. The horse took fright and disappeared in a cloud of dust, the driver sawing and tugging on the reins. Before us was another plunge, longer and steeper than the last, and across the valley yet more hills piled up and up, rosy in the level sunlight that now passed above the valley and left the lowlands in a faint dusk. "Jack, dear Jack, are you going to take this hill at such a break-neck speed?" she pleaded. "You'll kill us both. Please don't do it!"

"Will you marry me?" I asked.

"No!" she said, turning deadly white as I shoved the lever over.

We were alive and whole at the bottom, the angel of fools and lovers alone knows how, but Elizabeth was ghastly. My heart smote me and my purpose almost failed. But I steeled myself somehow and kept on.

"Will you turn back?" she finally moaned.

"Somewhere on that hill we passed the captain's turning-point," I replied. "But I will not turn till I have his reason."

"I'm faint and hungry and ill," she besought me, and her words did not belie her. "If we don't get back I don't know what the family will do. And what will people say? How can we ever explain it? O Jack, *please*, if you love me take me home!"

I got out and lighted the lamps. Then I looked in the tanks. "Water and fuel enough for the next town," I said.

"What is the next town?" came from the machine.

I named it truthfully. "Oh, please, please!" she pleaded. "I didn't know we were so far into Vermont!"

"Will you marry me?" said I, climbing back beside her.

"You beast, you ugly beast!" she cried. Then she grew softer. "I'll tell you to-morrow, honestly I will; I'll tell you early in the morning."

"If you tell me in the morning it will be in Canada," I answered, as we shot northward through the fast deepening night.

The increasing peril of the road and my constant efforts to hedge secretly eastward toward the Connecticut valley allowed me no time for conversation, had I been disposed to talk. We bumped on in silence. The speed was down now, and I had to stop frequently to grope for the way, but it was reckless driving enough. Once we stopped to fill the tanks and buy food at a store. Presently the moon rose, and looking back southward Miss Elizabeth recognized the outline of Ascutney bulking up against the sky. "Why," she cried, "we are half-way up the State!"

"No, not more than a third," I answered. "But it's early evening yet."

"You might put back to Cornish and let me stay with the Russells, or somebody," she said with a sudden flicker of hope.

I shook my head. "It's home or Canada." And I put the speed up a notch over a gleaming straightaway. The night air was getting very chill and I felt Elizabeth shiver. Perhaps she leaned a little against me that I might feel it better. "You can be very stubborn—Jack," she said.

"The stake is very big and very dear to me," I muttered.

"You can't get home now, anyway," she said plaintively, "not down all those terrible hills."

"I know the river road like a book and this moonlight is as good as day," said I. "I can get you home at midnight easy. An hour from now, though, we'll be up in the Woodstock Mountains, and there I'm a total stranger to the roads. And the grades are worse than anything we've struck yet."

Even as I spoke we saw through the trees ahead the break of a valley, and, beyond, the

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THE NEXT MORNING I FOUND HER INSPECTING THE DUSTY MACHINE.

hills piling up once more. A mountain loomed dimly across our northward track. The car sagged over an ugly rut and one side went into the gully. Elizabeth caught my arm convulsively and a nervous sob escaped her. Then something snapped—whatever mysterious nerve it is that keeps the will at fighting tension—and she wept. "You—you may t-take me home," she said, between her sobs.

Almost in front of the house where Captain Welcome Amidon wooed the fair Elizabeth Allen and brought her home from their fateful sleigh-ride, two of my sore-taxed tires sank wearily down on the rims. I roused my sleepy and astonished relations and half-carried my Elizabeth, wrapped in my coat and all the robes in the car, into the house. Then I plodded to the railroad and flagged the night train down the valley to reassure her family.

The next morning I found her inspecting the dusty machine. She put both hands in mine. "I slept in Elizabeth Allen's chamber," she said, "and dreamed the loveliest dream!"

"About what?" I asked.

"About a great brute of a cave man," she answered, "who dragged off his bride by the hair."

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THE ADVENTURER

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

Joint Author with Robert Louis Stevenson of "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb-Tide"; author of "Motormaniacs," "Baby Bullet," etc.

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENT.—Lewis Kirkpatrick, by nature a wanderer and adventurer, is stranded in London—only a few shillings in his pocket, and all his outfit lost in the selling up of his landlady's goods. Hunting gloomily through the newspaper "want" columns, he comes upon a singular advertisement, signed "Des-perate Enterprise," calling for well-educated young men inured to hardship and danger. Kirk applies; and after an anxious, hungry wait, receives an answer appointing an interview with a man wearing a green tie, at a Vienna bakery. Arrived there, he finds a Mr. Smith, who puts him through a stiff examination, assures him of a favorable report, and fixes the time and place for a second meeting. With high hopes, on the following morning Kirk knocks at the designated door.

CHAPTER III (*Continued*)

THE door, almost to his surprise, was promptly opened to him by a maid. She was a very pretty woman in the usual cap and print dress—a startlingly pretty woman—and Kirk could hardly keep his eyes off her as he told her he wanted to see Mr. Smith. Her voice was as pretty as herself, with a far-away suspicion of a lisp in it, and Kirk was not at all offended at being asked to repeat his question. He did so quickly, still looking at her in admiration.

"You are to come in and wait," she said. "Mr. Smith is busy at present, but he will be pleased to see you in a few minutes."

Kirk followed her into a bare hall. There was no carpet on the floor, no furniture, not a sign of habitation. Above them an uncarpeted stairway lost itself in gloom. Had it not been for a jet of gas, burning at the end of the passage, he would have found himself in utter darkness. It was a ghostly business, to trail after the housemaid, and guide himself by the wall as she led the way up-stairs—a dim figure, outstripping him with her light feet. One flight—two flights—and there she was, panting a little, as she opened the door of a back room. It, too, was lighted artificially, and was as starkly bare as the rest of the house. Here Kirk was left, assured again that he would not be kept waiting long.

Greatly wondering, he went to the window and peeped out at the side of the blind. Below him was a dingy back garden, walled in with brick, and abutting on an alley. Corresponding back gardens, identical in size, met his eye in a series up and down the block. He turned away from the depressing sight, attracted by the sound of voices above him. A faint murmur reached him, and once the sudden scraping of a chair. Though he could make out no words, the conversation sounded smoothly on his ears—unexcited, matter of fact, almost droning. He seated himself tailor fashion on the floor and put his unlit pipe to his mouth. He did not dare to smoke, but the familiar action soothed him, and he found satisfaction in breathing in air through the pipe. He was not exactly uneasy, but the circumstances were so strange and the veil of mystery so profound that his heart beat a little thickly, and his nerves twitched with impatience and suspense.

After a while—a long while it seemed to Kirk—the door opened, and the pretty housemaid signaled him to come out.

"They are ready for you now," she said.

Kirk, in silence, followed her up another flight, and permitted himself to be ushered into the room in front. The gas was brightly burning. At a common deal table, stacked with papers and with here and there some medical instruments, sat a small, dark, youngish man, scribbling on a pad. He was rather smartly dressed in a frock coat, light-colored waistcoat, and a large Ascot tie pinned with a diamond horseshoe. At his side, tilting backward, was the bulky, friendly form of Mr. Smith, with a cigar in the corner of his mouth, and the same quizzical, good-natured expression that Kirk remembered so well.

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Smith, without rising, greeted Kirk with a cheerful, offhand: "My dear man—glad to see you!"—and indicated the only other chair in the room. Kirk smiled and took it, while the dark young man for the first time raised his eyes.

"Dr. Jones," said Mr. Smith expansively, by way of an introduction. "Charming fellow—pride of the medical profession—can find more things the matter with a well man than you could in a whole hospital!"

"Kindly divest yourself of your coat, waistcoat, and shirt," said Dr. Jones succinctly.

Kirk, very much embarrassed, proceeded to obey. Mr. Smith blew smoke rings, and smiled ambiguously at the ceiling. The doctor filled up the interval by resuming his scribbling.

The examination didn't take long, but it was pretty brisk while it lasted. Kirk was thumped, prodded, stethoscoped, and generally inquired into. The doctor, in a colorless professional tone, asked those unblushing questions that in any one else would be resented with a blow. Asked them with an air of quiet incredulity, as though lies were his daily portion — verifying Kirk's answers by unexpected pinches and taps. Mr. Smith's pronounced indifference was a great consolation to Kirk. Mr. Smith did not seem to care a doit, and yawned throughout the proceedings with undisguised boredom. Tilted back in his chair, and dreamily eying the ceiling through clouds of tobacco smoke, he settled himself like a man at a railway station condemned to wait for his train.

At last his train arrived. Dr. Jones begged Kirk to put on his clothes again, and turning to Mr. Smith remarked: "Strong as a horse—of superior intelligence—nervous and high-strung, but with the good qualities that belong to this class of subject. You will probably find him one of your best men. I pass him with pleasure!"

These unexpected compliments made Kirk glow with satisfaction. The little dark doctor had given no indication that his judgment would be so favorable. His praise, as dispassionate as that of a judge at a poultry show, had the calm sincerity of an expert to whom the fowl itself was of supreme unim-

THE DOOR OPENED AND THE PRETTY HOUSEMAID SIGNALED HIM TO COME OUT.

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portance. Mr. Smith awoke to interest; settled his chair on four legs; removed the cigar from his mouth, and bluffly took up the task now resigned to him by Dr. Jones.

"Have you ever seen a thing like this before?" he asked, as he passed Kirk what seemed to be a bank-note.

Kirk took it, and examined it attentively. He had to live up to his "superior intelligence," and was prepared for some kind of trap. But to all intents and purposes the bill was one for a hundred pounds—a crisp, new Bank of England note which rustled most agreeably as he felt and twisted it between his finger and thumb. If it were a forgery he might well be forgiven for thinking it genuine.

"A hundred pounds," added Mr. Smith. "Put it in your pocket, my dear man. It is yours!"

"But what's it for?" demanded Kirk, very much mystified. "What am I to do with it?"

"Anything you please," replied Mr. Smith. "My dear man, you have successfully passed two stages of our sifting process. This note is number three!"

"But am I not to be told yet?"

"Told? Told what?"

"The meaning of the whole affair? What it is you want of me, Mr. Smith?"

Mr. Smith burst out laughing. Even the doctor appeared to enjoy the sight of Kirk's disturbed and surprised countenance.

"My dear man," began Mr. Smith, controlling himself with difficulty, "let me explain a little further. That note is yours—to do exactly what you like with. Go away. Spend it on cards or women or ginger beer—or salt it down in the Post-Office Savings Bank. Only, if on Monday afternoon you cannot bring it back here intact—intact, mind you—the people I represent have no use for your services. It is the final test of your character and self-control, and you may find it the hardest one of all. No question of honor is involved, nor honesty, nor anything of that sort. We make you a present of that hundred pounds. Only, as I said before, if you don't bring it back to us on Monday afternoon we shall decide that you're not the man for us. And when I say a hundred pounds, I mean a hundred pounds, and not a penny less. Don't bring us any sad tale of how you were unavoidably compelled to eat up eleven shillings of it—or ninepence of it—or even threepence halfpenny of it. We want the whole note or nothing. Got the idea?"

"I think I have," said Kirk in a maze.

"You may find," continued Mr. Smith, "that weighed against an unknown enterprise, of an admittedly hazardous character, with risks and hardships swollen by imagination—that a hundred pounds in the hand is worth a lot of birds in the bush!"

"Let's get on to that," said Kirk. "Not that I'm attempting to force your confidence, Mr. Smith, or learn what I can plainly see you will not tell me. But there are two questions I consider I have a right to put. First: Is there anything criminal in this enterprise?"

Mr. Smith brought his hand down on his fat leg with a resounding smack. "Not by a jugful!"

"Question number two," went on Kirk. "What is there in it for me?"

Mr. Smith paused impressively before replying.

"Possibly nothing," he responded at last. "Possibly nothing at all."

"Oh!" exclaimed Kirk.

Mr. Smith raised his hand as though to stop him.

"Possibly—even probably—a fair-sized fortune."

"A fair-sized fortune? What do you call a fair-sized fortune?"

Mr. Smith's voice grew suddenly serious.

"Well, say from ten thousand to one hundred thousand pounds!"

Kirk stuffed the note into his trousers pocket. The action spoke volumes. Even as he did so the dazzling housemaid tapped at the door, and informed Mr. Smith that Joseph Gill was below, waiting to see him.

"Mr. Smith," said Kirk, breathless with excitement, "if I'm not here Monday, it will be because I'm dead. If you have nothing else to ask of me, I will say good morning!"

Mr. Smith gave him his hand. The doctor looked up from his pad and nodded. A minute later the front door closed on Kirk, and he found himself in Ledworth Street in a tumult of the most indescribable emotions. His hand closed tightly on the hundred-pound note, and he walked rapidly away.

CHAPTER IV

We have said that Kirk's hand closed on the hundred-pound note. But touching that note also and jostling it was the sum

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KIRK WANDERED INTO THE GRAVEYARD AND SET HIMSELF TO A TASK.

of one shilling and tenpence halfpenny—the most of it in coppers. One shilling and tenpence halfpenny to carry him through what remained of Friday, all of Saturday and Sunday, and at least a breakfast for Monday morning. Any idea of a bed he had to put away from him. Even for food it was going to be a ticklish operation to spread a shilling and tenpence halfpenny over—how many meals? At the standard number—three a day—there were ten to be provided for. Ten, with a lunch on Monday. Nine, with no lunch on Monday. Well, say ten! One shilling and tenpence halfpenny in American money amounted to about forty-five cents, or a shade over four cents a meal!

At this rate it was possible to keep body and soul together. Not exactly lapped in luxury, perhaps—but still together. Though it was early in November the weather had not turned very cold, and to a hardy fellow like Kirk the prospect of a few nights out of doors was less dreadful than might be imagined. The safety of the hundred pounds was a much more serious consideration. What on earth was he to do with it? Where was he to hide it? Horror of horrors, suppose some of his nighthawk companions were to hold him up and rob him! That was the worst of tucking into a packing-case, or prowling up some dark riverside alley where barrels and lumber were apt to be found. Yet he couldn't well

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entrust it to anybody to keep for him. He thought of the grim young lady in the free reading-room, and his heart sank. What of a police station? They'd probably think him a thief and lock him up. It wasn't a story that would be readily believed. A dirty, starving scarecrow with a hundred-pound note! No, there was no help there.

He remembered St. Stephen's Church. It was a queer old place, with extraordinarily high, old-fashioned pews. When you sat down in one of them you disappeared from view as completely as though you'd entered an unroofed shed. It would be an easy matter to go in at some evening service, and then crouch down and hide while the others were going out. "Safe as a church!" The words had a new significance for him now. But was there any evening service—on week nights? Well, why not find out? Kirk had an indistinct recollection of a notice board with something on it about daily matins and evensong. He had wondered at the time what these unfamiliar words meant. Great Scott, he'd go and find out.

Later he congratulated himself on having done so. There was a service every evening at nine—"praise and prayer" it said on the board, which likewise offered him the address of the sexton in gilt letters even bigger. Kirk wandered into the graveyard, and finding it deserted, set himself to a task that had been on his mind for some little time. Namely, as a precaution, to sew the one-hundred-pound note into the lining of his waistcoat. All he had to do it with was some string and his old knife, but they both served well enough to effect his purpose—though it was a clumsy job, and ill disguised. Still, the note was now far safer than it had been in his pocket, and besides, no one was likely to suspect that such a poor, sloshy-footed tramp possessed anything more than the shilling and the coppers that Kirk was quite willing to risk.

The rest of the day passed with grinding monotony. Dusk brought supper. Then more monotony, more aimless attempts to kill time, more futile walks and loiterings. To a vigorous, energetic man there is no work so hard as idleness. Not the idleness of ease, of books, of pleasant rooms, with distractions for every minute—but the hopeless, soul-depressing idleness of the streets. Kirk was thankful when at last he heard the church bell tolling, and could assure himself of his night's rest. He slunk into St. Stephen's, hoping to lose himself in the crowd, and discreetly sink out of sight in one of the box pews.

But there was no crowd. The dim, cold church was empty. The ghostly pews showed no heads above their paneled sides. Kirk hurriedly popped into one of them, and doubled himself up out of sight. The bell tolled the endless refrain that haunted him. *Three pounds ten, three pounds ten, three pounds ten!* Minutes passed. The bells ceased, and then the invading steps of another wayfarer were heard. Here at last was the congregation. A false hope, alas! The steps were those of the clergyman, and Kirk heard the creak of ancient boards as he mounted into the pulpit. The pulpit was very high, and placed almost in the center of the church. The clergyman, to make matters worse, was unusually tall. He took a most unsportsmanlike advantage of Kirk by rising on his toes and peering down. Kirk held his breath with apprehension, wondering if he had been detected. It almost seemed as though he had escaped. The clergyman cleared his throat, settled back on his feet, and in a high-pitched, quavering voice began:

"Dearly beloved br-brother—we're gathered together, you and I!—the Scripture moveth us in sundry places to——"

There was no good trying to make a hotel of that church. The clergyman had Kirk under constant supervision, and at the end of the service shamelessly waited for him to walk out. This Kirk did, like a dog with its tail between its legs. Very little the better, I'm afraid, for his share of that evensong. It was nearly a quarter of ten as he found himself once more treading the streets, and pitifully undecided as to where he should betake himself. He determined on the Salvation shelter. He liked the Salvationists. They could be awfully good to a man that was down on his luck. They would do something for him, he knew that. They would not turn him away.

But it was a night of misfortunes. There was an enormous crowd in the street. Policemen were everywhere. The place was all puddled up with water, and Kirk found his progress peremptorily barred.

"Stand back! Keep 'orf! No passage-way 'ere!"

"What is the matter?"

"Fire!"

A bystander volunteered the information

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A PAIR OF HANDS WERE THROTTLING HIS LIFE OUT, WHILE ANOTHER PAIR WERE PINIONING HIS LEGS.

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that a drunken man had set his cot in flames, and that the Salvation barrack had gone up in smoke.

"A rare sight," said the man. "You ought to have seen them a-jumping from the windows! W'y, with my own heyes I saw two of them go squash on the bloody pavement." Kirk turned back, sick at heart. The ever-present thought of that hundred pounds made him timorous for the first time in his life. He dreaded more than ever those cut-throat purlieus on the waterside where shelter was most likely to be obtained. There seemed nothing for it but the Embankment—that wide, stately boulevard that bordered the Thames, studded at intervals with green benches and policemen. He had often seen people asleep on the benches. He had read allusions in the newspapers to people sleeping on them. He had familiarized himself with the idea of himself sleeping on one of them if actually driven to it. It was well policed—that was the great thing. He knew it was well policed. Rows of police!

So he made his way to the Embankment through a network of small, dark, and confusing streets. The next trouble was to find a bench that was empty. The raw damp weather had not thinned the ranks of the disinherited. Bench after bench was occupied—not always by recumbent figures, however. On one was a drunken woman, gabbling incoherently to herself. On another a pair of such wicked-looking hooligans, taking alternate puffs of the same cigarette, that Kirk shivered for his hundred pounds till he was well past them. It was strange what a coward this money made him. He distrusted everybody but the stalwart men in blue—who seemed to him fewer and much farther between than he had anticipated. At last he saw an empty bench, and hurried to seize it before it might be snapped up by some one else. He was dog tired, and it was pleasant to stretch himself out at length after that long, long day. But he decided not to go to sleep. He did not dare to go to sleep. Fool that he'd been not to get the address of another Army shelter. "It was all the fault of that church!" Kirk cursed it heartily, and then had a laugh. "Dearly beloved brother!" What a joke it would be in days to come—happier days—"from ten to a hundred thousand pounds," said Mr. Smith. A hundred thousand pounds was half a million dollars! The bench seemed suddenly less hard; the whole situation less miserable. Five hundred thousand dollars!—was it not worth a little discomfort!

Then he dozed off, awaking after an unknown interval to a penetrating realization of cold and achiness. He was disgusted at the treachery of his body, which had faithfully promised not to go to sleep. It had lied to him shamefully. Oh, dear, how sleepy he was! Perhaps if he sat up he could better resist these overwhelming waves of slumber. Accordingly he sat up, and blinked at the lights across the river. Blinked, till no exertion of will power seemed able to keep his eyes open. He dozed off again, dreaming in the most positive manner that he was awake; dreaming of policemen, of Mr. Smith, of lighting his pipe with a hundred-pound note.

There was a terrible weight on his chest. Bound and gagged, he was lying under a ten-ton trip-hammer that was slowly squeezing him to death—struggle as he might. He opened his eyes, and in an instant returned to consciousness. A pair of hands was throttling his life out, while another pair was pinioning his legs. Still another hand was roving through his trousers pockets. Kirk was a powerful man, quick, cunning, and resourceful in the face of danger. He tore away the fellow from his throat, sprang over sideways, and landing a vigorous kick into something soft, managed to scramble to his feet. There ensued a random, indiscriminate punching. Kirk, yelling murder at the top of his lungs, staggered backward, reeling from a blow in the mouth. But even as he did so he hit out right and left, smashing one of his assailants headlong to the pavement. But the second one pressed him hard, and from behind he could hear a third, breathing violently through his teeth, and awaiting a chance to spring on him. A voice cried out: "Slug him, Bill! My Gawd, why don't you slug him!" Kirk fell on his knees, turned, and grabbed the fellow behind him by the legs. They both went over with a crash, twisting and writhing in a death-battle. Kirk had a momentary peep at the stars—then at a hobnailed boot descending. A skinny hand was gripping his throat in a vise, while he was desperately hammering his elbow into what he hoped were human ribs. The hobnailed boot missed him by an inch, thanks to a convulsive effort that taxed every atom of his strength. The hobnailed boot rose again, aiming another vicious stamp.

"Murder, help, murder!"

Peep, peep, peep!

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It was a policeman's whistle. The sound was taken up and repeated from several quarters. Elephantine footsteps approached running. But there was the hobnailed boot still smashing at him. Peep, peep, peep. He dodged it once. Dodged it twice. Peep, peep, peep!

Then oblivion.

He awoke in a sort of dormitory, the occupant of one of a long row of cots. He was extraordinarily tired, extraordinarily confused and dizzy. His eyes rested dully on the white-clad figure of a nurse. She came over to him instantly, and her kind, good face was comforting just to look at. Her voice was low and pleasant, and her hand, as she laid it on his throbbing temple, gave him a childish contentment.

"You are better?" she asked.

Kirk smiled and nodded. He felt for his head and was thunderstruck to find that he no longer had any hair. Bandages, but no hair. What the devil had become of his hair? Why bandages? Then, with a wave of recollection the whole affair of the Embankment recurred to him.

"Nurse," he said feebly, "am I much hurt?"

She cooed over him in clotted-cream English accents.

"And the hundred pounds?" he cried out. "My God, what became of the hundred pounds?"

"You mustn't get excited," she said, ignoring his question.

Then another thought struck him.

"What day is it?" he demanded.

"Sunday!"

He sat up in bed, greatly to her astonishment. He felt shaky and sick, but able, nevertheless, to get up and dress. He had to get up and dress.

"I'm not delirious," he said. "I had a hundred-pound note sewed up in the lining of my vest. I cannot remain here without knowing whether it is safe!"

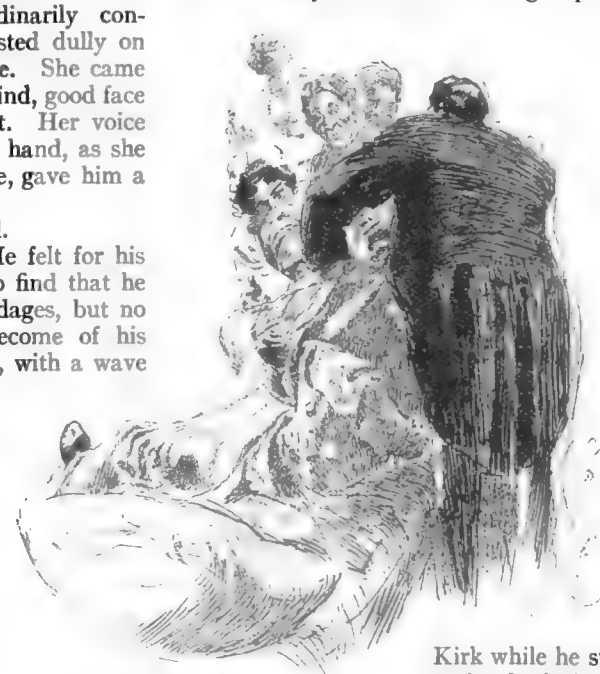
More professional coos of the poor-dear-man-do-be-quiet order.

But the poor dear man roared for his clothes, and raised such an outcry and hullabaloo that a doctor came running in from the next ward. He exchanged a few words with Kirk; tried ineffectually to boss him into submission; and then very grudgingly gave way.

"You're a foolhardy fellow," he said. "You've just shaved concussion of the brain. You'll come back here on a stretcher!"

"Bring me my clothes!" roared Kirk. "I haven't concussion of the brain. I want my clothes!"

A dresser arrived on the scene. Also some convalescents with brooms. Also another nurse. They formed a little group about Kirk while he still ferociously insisted on his clothes.



THE DOCTOR HELD OUT THE COAT FOR KIRK TO SLIP HIS ARMS INTO.

"Oh, well, then, get him his clothes," said the doctor.

There was an interminable delay while they were being brought. Kirk devoured some calves'-foot jelly, and fiercely repeated the tale of the hundred-pound note sewed in the lining of his vest. It was met by a row of incredulous faces. So incredulous, indeed, that for a moment he wondered whether the whole affair were not a dream—Mr. Smith—the house in Ledworth Street—the Desperate Enterprise—everything. Then a man appeared with the clothes. But why had they changed from blue to a dingy yellow? Kirk gazed at them in bewilderment.

"They are not mine at all!" he exclaimed. "Good heaven, those are not my clothes!"

"Yes, they are," said the man. "You can see the number for yourself—9699—just as

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they were stripped off you and ticketed. I ought to know, for I did it myself!"

The whole party regarded Kirk as though he were delirious. He heard something in an undertone about a "strait-jacket."

"Give me that coat," he cried defiantly. "I'll soon show you whether it's mine or not. Great Scott, can't you see it's made for a man nine sizes smaller than I am! Here, put it on."

With the air of humoring a very sick patient, the doctor held out the coat for Kirk to slip his arms into. He managed to get them in, but that was the most that could be done. Everybody laughed. It might have been a boy's, while Kirk was a broad-shouldered, deep-chested man. The absurdity of its being Kirk's coat was patent.

"Johnson, there's some mistake here," said the doctor.

"Why, I took it off myself, sir," cried Johnson. "Look at the ticket, sir! Number 9699. The coat's all right, sir; it's the man what's changed."

Then one of the convalescents broke in.

"You've got the figures upside down," he said. "You've gone and give this poor fellow's duds to 6696!"

Johnson faltered, and muttered something under his breath.

The doctor flushed angrily.

"Johnson, I'm going to have this thing sifted to the bottom," he cried. "And sifted here and now!"

Johnson threw up the sponge.

"It must have been that hemorrhage case, yesterday," he quavered. "He did make a most awful hubbub, I remember, and went away swearing like the old Nick. But it was his ticket, and I made him take them."

"But do you know his name? Do you know where he went to? Have you got his address?"

Kirk bellowed these questions like a maniac. His eyes were flashing, and his fists closing convulsively on the coverlet.

"You'll find all that in the book," said Johnson, with lamblike meekness. "Leastways it orter be in the book. But the book not being in my department," he went on, "I really cannot positively definitely say for certain."

"Bring the book directly," shouted the doctor. "If this matter is not cleared up instanter, I'll have you dismissed!"

Johnson slowly turned, and in a most wobegone manner walked down the ward toward the door.

"Don't get excited, dear," said the nurse to Kirk. "If you allow yourself to get excited you'll become delirious again, and have to have ice put on your poor head! Won't he, doctor?"

CHAPTER V

About three o'clock on that same Sunday afternoon, Kirk—very pale and determined—might have been seen emerging from the hospital in a suit of Mr. Johnson's own. Too short in the arms; far too ample in the waist; baggy and threadbare—these habiliments of the unfortunate Johnson hung upon Kirk with a scarecrow effect that caused the passers-by to turn and stare. In one of Mr. Johnson's pockets there rattled one shilling and eight pence—(the halfpenny having unaccountably disappeared)—and in another was a sheet of paper, inscribed in pencil: "Betts, Edmund George. Admitted September 7th. Advanced phthisis. Hemorrhages. Weight 8 stone 6. Occupation, picturemaker, framemaker. Address, 17 Henrietta Street, Soho. Discharged incurable November 3d."

Number seventeen was a small dark shop in a mean, dark neighborhood. The window held an easel, on which, enlarged from a *carte-de-visite*, and encased in a gimcrack frame, was one of the granite-faced ancestors of the poor. On one side of this was a chromo of a Swiss lake; on the other, a lady, apparently unclothed, floating limply on the bosom of an ocean. A lion, a comic motor picture, a despairing female clinging to a cross, a pair of clamps, and a key-saw completed the dreary ensemble. Within the shop was Mr. Betts himself, a shambling, dwarfish creature, with a heavy stoop, who, beside a glue-pot, and with a picture between his legs, was engaged in the active exercise of his profession. He raised his eyes as Kirk entered, and stared at him queerly.

"Are you named Betts?" inquired Kirk, "Edmund George Betts?"

Mr. Betts, in a surly, husky tone, admitted that he was. "And wot of it?" he demanded.

"You were discharged yesterday from St. Mark's Hospital?"

Mr. Betts looked as if he would gladly have denied it. His dull, wasted face, the hue of dirty plaster, took on a most forbidding expression. He seemed to apprehend what was coming, and was evidently nerving himself for a hostile interview.

"I don't see that it's any business of yours,"

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he said. "Wot is it to you if I was?" And then he added, apparently quite at random and very belligerently: "I'm a hard-working man."

"See here, Betts," said Kirk, "you were given my clothes by mistake. Where are they? I want them!"

Mr. Betts went through with a very creditable performance of indignant astonishment, broken by a fit of coughing.

"I don't know wot you're talking about," he replied at last. "These are all the clothes I've got. If you don't believe they're mine, just walk across the street and arsk the tailor who made them."

There was a battle of looks. Betts's effrontery increased as he perceived Kirk's helplessness. He made stage-play over the frame, and sand-papered vigorously.

"I'm going to stay here till I get my clothes," Kirk announced.

"You're crazy," said Betts.

"I tell you, I'm going to have my clothes," said Kirk.

"There's a policeman at the end of this street," said Betts, grinning evilly. "You and he ought to know each other. If you go on bothering me, I fancy you soon will!"

Betts hammered at his frame, master of the situation. Kirk, dizzy and ill, wondered what on earth he was to do. The creature's defiance enraged him, and yet he seemed utterly powerless. After all, it wasn't the clothes—it was the hundred-pound note he wanted. It was plainly within his power to force the restitution of his clothes. But the restitution of the note was a very different matter.

It could be denied, first of all, that he had ever possessed such a note. Secondly, it would be impossible to connect Betts with the theft of it. The sly consumptive had the whip hand of him. Was there ever anything so infuriating! Kirk gazed blankly at the glue-pot, bubbling over a gas-burner, and tried to think. Betts, elaborately unconcerned, measured distances with his thumb, and began to unscrew the clamps.

"There was a hundred-pound note sewed in that vest," said Kirk, "and you've got it!"

"Wot's the man talking about?" inquired Betts confidentially of a bottle of bronze solution. "First it was his clothes—and now it's his hundred-pound note! Next it will be a diamond tarara with the initials V. I!" As he said this, he gazed meaningly into the street, and again addressing the air, wondered what could be detaining Mr. Thompson, the policeman.

"He always passes about this time," he observed. "I'm looking for him every minute now. Shall call him in to see if he can't do anything for a hard-working man, pestered by a disorderly person, who won't go away when he's told!"

Goaded beyond endurance, Kirk snatched up the pot of boiling glue, and seizing the fellow's collar with his left hand, delivered an ultimatum:

"If you don't make a clean breast of it I'm going to pour this all over your head!"

Betts squealed, and toppled backward, with Kirk on top of him. The man was as weak as a child, and his attempt to cry out brought on a fit of horrible coughing. Kirk pinned him to the floor, and threatened him with the upraised glue-pot. A few drops, spilt in the struggle, trickled down the sides of the pot, and fell one by one on Bett's skinny neck.

"My money! My money!" thundered Kirk, tilting the pot till his own hand scorched. "Or I swear I'll burn your face off!"

The framemaker, coughing and strangling, rolled his eyes in terror. He ceased his ineffectual struggles, lest he might himself contribute to a catastrophe, gasping out something that sounded like a surrender. Kirk assisted him to sit up, and then waited sternly for the paroxysm to pass. Betts painfully regained his breath, and wiped his mouth with a dirty handkerchief.

"Now then, where are my clothes?"

"Burnt!"

"But the note, what did you do with the note?"

Betts eyes wandered about the shop like a hunted rat's. At last they settled dismally on the glue-pot. It was a signal for Kirk to raise it again threateningly.

"Oh, my God!" screamed the creature. "Don't, don't, don't!"

"Where's my money?" reiterated Kirk.

"How was I to know who it belonged to?" moaned the framemaker. "I told him they weren't my clothes, but he forced me to take them. They hung all over me, and I had to turn up the cuffs—yet he still insisted they were mine. At first I didn't believe it was a good note at all. I nearly took it back to the hospital. But the tailor across the way said it was a good one, and that as I was forced to take the clothes the note was lawfully mine.

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He said he'd cash it for me for a quid, and told me to go out and spend it fast before anybody could come down on me!"

All the fight had gone out of Betts. He was whimpering and pleading like a child. His voice scarcely rose above a whisper. He seemed to regard himself as a victim of an immense injustice. The note had been none of his own seeking. It had been thrust upon him with violence and contumely. And here now was Kirk, adding insult to injury—with melted glue.

Kirk watched him as he rose and staggered to a corner of the room, where, from beneath a heap of rubbish, he drew out a paper bag.

"Here's all that's left of it," he said. "I don't know how much I've spent—and the tailor he got a pound."

Kirk emptied out a mass of notes, gold, and silver, and feverishly set himself to count them. Betts looked on with an air of nervous detachment and attempted to disarm criticism by retelling the whole story. It buzzed mournfully in Kirk's ears as he stacked sovereigns in fives, ranged the notes, and vaguely forecasted the shortage. His face grew so ominous that Betts felt in his pockets, and cascaded the contents of his purse into the heap. With this addition the whole reached ninety-one pounds eighteen shillings and fourpence.

Betts had to account for a little more than eight pounds!

Kirk stuck the money into his pocket, and imperiously ordered Betts to make up the difference.

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Betts with unaffected sincerity. "I haven't a bob in the world!"

"Then you'll have to sell something," said Kirk, grinding his teeth. "You owe me eight pounds one and eightpence, and, by heaven, I'm going to have it!"

"You can't get blood out of a stone," protested Betts, shrinking from him in terror. "I've been eight weeks in hospital—the whole stock ain't worth over twenty pounds—you can see that for yourself—and the most of it's owed for. Why, I haven't even a bed to sleep on. All up the spout, every end and stick of it!"

"You must have got something for that eight pounds?"

Betts produced a post-office receipt for five pounds.

"I sent this to my wife down at Wapping," he said. "She and the two kids are staying with her mother, who's a lodging-house keeper in a poor way. A quid for the tailor makes six. The rest just slipped through my fingers—like money will when you're flush of it!"

Kirk groaned as he perceived the uselessness of attempting to regain another penny. Mr. Betts snuffled audibly, and murmured something about having been honest brought up, and always able to look the world in the face.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said at last. "I'll write you out a paper, promising to make up the balance on weekly instalments of seven and sixpence!"

Kirk brushed the suggestion aside. Tomorrow would be Monday, the day on which he was pledged to return to 82 Ledworth Street with the hundred-pound note intact. Weekly instalments of seven and sixpence were too derisive to be entertained for an instant. He had a fleeting notion of extracting that pound from the rascally tailor, and then as quickly resigned it. What even was another pound? He felt dizzy and ill, and in no state for a further drain on his energies. Somehow or other he had to raise eight pounds by the next afternoon, or forego any share in Mr. Smith's desperate enterprise. He had to think, and think hard, and must needs pull himself together. Nothing of the kind was possible in that stuffy little workshop with its penetrating smell of glue, squalor, and disease. An uncontrollable disgust overwhelmed him. Without another word he passed out into the street, and hastened away, asking himself miserably what on earth he was to do.

He was tempted to seek out Mr. Smith and throw himself on his mercy. Mr. Smith surely could not blame him for such a terrible train of accidents? But then Mr. Smith mightn't believe him. Besides, too, the latter's warning had been so explicit. Kirk remembered the upraised finger, and the serious, almost cynical, voice. Mr. Smith had been more than prepared for his backsliding. With all his appearance of easy good nature there was a streak of iron in that man. Kirk could almost hear the interview in imagination, the urbanity, the sympathy—and the door! No, he did not dare make the attempt. If it were to be made at all it must be as the last resort. There were still eighteen hours before him in which to raise the deficit. Surely in a city of six million inhabitants it was possible to find or borrow or beg eight pounds!

He followed street after street at random.

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Money, money, money everywhere—in banks, in shuttered shops, in the pockets of well-dressed people. Money strolling; money driving rapidly past in hansom cabs; money nonchalantly leaving clubs, or standing undecidedly on the steps of magnificent hotels. Eight pounds! Eight pounds! Oh, the mockery of this affluence on every side—this ocean in which he had not a drop to drink! He was glad to strike across meaner neighborhoods where there was less to agonize him. He was hardly able to drag his feet along. Never had he been so tired—so utterly exhausted.

His head swam, and it was only by indomitable resolution that he could put temptation by him—the temptation to enter the first likely hotel; eat, bathe, sleep, and ignobly surrender to his physical needs—resigning all idea of getting the eight pounds, resigning all hope of sharing in that desperate enterprise, acquiescing in defeat and accepting it as inevitable. But, no, no, no, he would not give in. He would rest in the free reading-room, whip up his jaded faculties, and somehow or other find a way out.

For an hour he sat apathetic in his chair. Dusk fell, the lights were lit, and still he was not one whit nearer the eight pounds. Then, in the queer, unexpected way that such things happen, he began to get a glimmer of an idea. An idea necessitating a three-weeks-old number of the *Sporting and Dramatic Record*. He found it with difficulty, and rapidly turning over the pages, at length laid his finger on what he sought.

It was an interview with Homer Kittredge, the literary lion of the hour; Homer Kittredge, that astounding young man, who had taken London by storm with his Indian stories. Kirk, also, had been taken by storm, and cherished a tremendous admiration for the great author—so much so, indeed, that he had previously read the interview with avidity, and remembered it well. Here it was—portrait and all—Kittredge's lodgings, Kittredge's modesty, Kittredge's breakfast, Kittredge's views on things in general. The interview was flippant and silly, but all the same it represented Kittredge in a delightful light—broad, tolerant, generous, and human. Kittredge had been induced to talk of his early struggles, of his bitter fight with poverty, of his walking through the streets, just as Kirk had done, trying to keep his hands from snatching at diamond stickpins. It was humorously expressed—it was laughable, and intended to be so—but it gave Kirk an extraordinary fellow-feeling with the novelist—a friendship, a tenderness. Here, best of all, was the astounding young man's address: 11 Rye Row, Charing Cross.

Half an hour later Kirk descended from a hansom, and found himself in a dirty little side street off one of the greatest thoroughfares of London. The house before him was as dirty and unprepossessing as the street it fronted on. Kirk remembered that Kittredge was busy on a novel dealing with low life in London, and this explained his choice of a slum to live in. He was breathing the same air as his characters, and could gaze down on their heads from his second-story window. It showed what a thorough fellow Kittredge was, and proved his determination to get down to brass tacks. But even conceding all this it seemed a strange abode for a man who had the whole of London at his feet; and the general aspect of grime and poverty fell like a chill on Kirk's eager hopes. Now that the die was about to be cast he discovered that his courage was all gone, and as he knocked he trembled. A slatternly girl opened the door. She listened with contempt to Kirk's request to see Mr. Kittredge. He spoke low and pleadingly, and at once confirmed the suspicions engendered by his disreputable clothes and haggard, unshaven face.

"No beggars!" she exclaimed, and would have slammed the door in his face, had he not, with surprising presence of mind, stuck in his sloppy boot to prevent her. She kicked at it viciously from within. Kirk rapped loudly on the panel, and expostulated fiercely. The young woman screamed. A crowd sprang up from nowhere. Inside the house heavy footsteps could be heard descending the stairs two steps at a time, hastening to the defense.

The door was flung wide open, and Kirk saw before him a bristly haired, broad-shouldered, very angry young man in gold spectacles.

"What's all this?" he demanded, with the glitter of battle in his eyes. "What do you mean by sticking your foot in my door?"

"I want to see Mr. Kittredge."

"I'm Mr. Kittredge."

Kirk faltered. The words he meant to say died on his lips. He was silent.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" cried the novelist. "A big sturdy man like you begging. I won't give you a penny, and if you don't clear out I'll punch your head!"

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Kirk did not budge. His white face, his evident distress, the glisten of real tears in his eyes—all struck the novelist with a sudden contrition.

"Oh, well, here's a shilling," he cried. "Take it, and get!"

Kirk, in a broken voice, refused the alms.

"Mr. Kittredge," he said, "it is true I am a beggar—but not that kind of beggar. Look here!" and with that he plumped his hand in his pocket, and drew it out brimming with gold.

The sight staggered Homer Kittredge. His face changed to an extraordinary interest. Still holding the shilling, he studied Kirk from top to toe, his amazement increasing as he contrasted the latter's disheveled and unkempt appearance with the shining sovereigns.

"Then what do you want?" he demanded at last.

"Eight pounds," said Kirk.

"But, my dear fellow, why in heaven's name should I give you eight pounds?"

"If you'll let me come in I'll tell you why," said Kirk. "Oh, Mr. Kittredge, please let me come in!"

The great writer still stared at him. He seemed at a loss to know how to answer. The master of imaginary romances stood spellbound before the real thing.

"All right—come along," he said. "I won't promise you eight pounds, but I'll give you ten minutes of my time. Mind the step, old fellow!"

And thus invited, Kirk followed Homer Kittredge into the dark and uninviting passage.

"*The Adventurer*" will be continued in the May number.

The Plough

By V. F. BOYSON

I AM a worker.
Sleep on and take your rest
Though my sharp coulter shows white in the dawn:
Beating through wind and rain,
Furrowing hill and plain
Till twilight dims the west
And I stand darkly against the night sky.
I am a worker, I, the plough.

I feed the peoples.
Eagerly wait on me
High-born and low-born, pale children of want:
Kingdoms may rise and wane,
War claim her tithe of slain,
Hands are outstretched to me.
Master of men am I, seeming a slave,
I feed the peoples, I, the plough.

I prove God's words true—
Toiling that earth may give
Fruit men shall gather with songs in the sun.
Where sleeps the hidden grain
Corn-fields shall wave again;
Showing that while men live
Nor seed nor harvest time ever will cease.
I prove God's words true, I, the plough.

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I SAID STRAIGHT OUT, "WHAT CLASS DO YOU WANT ME TO TEACH?"

The Quarantine at Alexander Abraham's

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Illustrations by Rollin Kirby

I REFUSED to take that Sunday-school class the first time I was asked. Not that I objected to teaching in the Sunday-school. On the contrary, I rather liked the idea; but it was the Rev. Aaron Crickett who asked me and it had always been a matter of principle with me never to do anything a man asked me to do if I could help it. It saves so much trouble and simplifies everything so beautifully. I had always disliked men. It must have been born in me, because, as far back as I can remember, an antipathy to men and dogs was one of my strongest characteristics. My experiences through life only served to deepen it. The more I saw of men, the more I cared for cats.

So of course when the Rev. Aaron asked me to take a Sunday-school class I said no in a fashion calculated to chasten him wholesomely. If he had sent his wife the first time, as he did the second, it would have been wiser.

Mrs. Crickett talked smoothly for half an hour before she mentioned Sunday-school, and paid me several compliments. Mrs. Crickett is noted for her tact. Tact is a faculty for meandering around to a given point by the longest way instead of making a bee-line. I have no tact. As soon as Mrs. Crickett's conversation came in sight of the Sunday-school I said straight out, "What class do you want me to teach?"

Mrs. Crickett was so surprised that she forgot to be tactful and answered plainly for once in her life:

"There are two classes—one of boys and one of girls. You may have your choice, Miss MacNicol."

"Then I'll take the boys," I said decidedly. "Since they have to grow up to be men it's as

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well to train them properly. Nuisances they are bound to become in any circumstances; but if they are taken in hand young enough they may not grow up to be such nuisances as they otherwise would, and that will be some unfortunate woman's gain."

Mrs. Crickett looked dubious.

"They are a very wild set of boys," she said.

"I never knew boys who weren't," I retorted.

"I—I—think perhaps you would like the girls best," said Mrs. Crickett hesitatingly.

"It is not what *I* like best that must be considered, Mrs. Crickett," I said rebukingly. "It is what is best for those boys. I feel that *I* shall be best for *them*."

"Oh, I've no doubt of that, Miss MacNicol," said Mrs. Crickett. It was a fib for her, minister's wife though she was. She *had* doubt. She thought I would be a dismal failure as teacher of a boys' class.

But I wasn't. I am not often a dismal failure when I make up my mind to do a thing.

"It is wonderful what a reformation you have worked in that class, Miss MacNicol—wonderful," said the Rev. Mr. Crickett some weeks later. He didn't mean to show how amazing a thing he thought it that an old maid noted for being a man-hater should have managed it, but his face betrayed him.

"Where does Jimmy Fraser live?" I asked him crisply. "He came one Sunday three weeks ago and hasn't been back since. I mean to find out why."

Mr. Crickett coughed.

"I believe he is hired as handy boy with Alexander Abraham Bennett, out on the Oriental road," he said.

"Then I am going out to Alexander Abraham Bennett's on the Oriental road to see why Jimmy Fraser doesn't come to Sunday-school," I said firmly.

Mr. Crickett's eye twinkled ever so slightly.

"Possibly Mr. Bennett won't appreciate your kind interest. He has—ah!—a singular aversion to your sex, I understand. No woman has ever been known to get inside of Mr. Bennett's house since his sister died twenty years ago."

"Oh, he's the one, is he?" I said, remembering. "He is the woman-hater who threatens that if a woman comes into his yard he'll chase her out with a pitchfork. Well, he won't chase *me* out!"

Mr. Crickett gave a chuckle—a ministerial chuckle, but still a chuckle. It irritated me slightly because it seemed to imply that he thought Alexander Abraham Bennett would be too much for me. But I did not show Mr. Crickett that it annoyed me. It is always a big mistake to let a man see that he can vex you.

The next afternoon I harnessed my sorrel pony to the buggy and drove out to Alexander Abraham Bennett's. As usual, I took William Adolphus with me for company. He sat up on the seat beside me and looked far more like a Christian than many a man I've seen in a similar position.

Alexander Abraham's place was about three miles out from the village. I knew the house as soon as I came to it by its neglected appearance. Plainly there was no woman about *that* place. Still, it was a nice house and the barns were splendid.

"Alexander Abraham may be a woman-hater, but he evidently knows how to run a farm," I remarked to William Adolphus as I got out and tied the pony to the railing. I had driven up to the house from behind, and now I was opposite a side door opening on the veranda. I thought I might as well go to it, so I tucked William Adolphus under my arm and marched up the path. Just as I was half-way up a dog swooped around the front corner and made straight for me. He was the ugliest dog I had ever seen, and he didn't even bark—just came silently and speedily on, with a businesslike eye. I never stop to argue matters with a dog that doesn't bark. I know when discretion is the better part of valor. Firmly clasping William Adolphus I ran—not to the door, for the dog was between me and it, but to a big, low-branching cherry-tree at the back corner of the house. I reached it in time and no more. First thrusting William Adolphus on to a limb above my head, I scrambled up into that blessed tree without stopping to think how it might look to Alexander Abraham if he happened to be watching.

My time for reflection came when I found myself perched half-way up the tree with William Adolphus, quite calm and unruffled, beside me. The dog was sitting on the ground below, watching us, and it was quite plain from his leisurely manner that it was not his busy day. He bared his teeth and growled when he caught my eye. "You *look* like a woman-hater's dog," I told him.

Then I set myself to solving the question, "How am I to get out of this predicament?"

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I decided not to scream. There was probably no one to hear me except perhaps Alexander Abraham, and I had my painful doubts about his tender mercies. It was impossible to go down. Was it, then, possible to go up?

I looked up. Just above my head was an open window with a tolerably stout branch right across it. Without hesitation I picked up William Adolphus and began to climb, while the dog ran in circles about the tree and looked things not lawful to be uttered. It probably would have been a relief to him to bark if it hadn't been so against his principles.

I got in by a window easily enough, and found myself in a bedroom the like of which for disorder and dust and general awfulness I had never seen in my life. But I did not pause to gather details. With William Adolphus under my arm I marched down-stairs, fervently hoping I should meet no one on the way.

I did not. The hall below was empty and dusty. I opened the first door I came to and walked boldly in. A man was sitting by the window looking out moodily. I should have known him for Alexander Abraham anywhere. He had just the same uncared-for, ragged appearance that the house had; and yet, like the house, it seemed that he would not be bad-looking if he were trimmed up a little. His hair didn't seem ever to have been combed and his whiskers were wild in the extreme. He looked at me with blank amazement in his countenance.

"Where is Jimmy?" I demanded. "I've come to see him."

"How did that dog ever let you in?" asked the man, staring at me.

"He didn't let me in," I retorted. "He chased me all over the lawn and I only saved myself from being torn to pieces by scrambling up a tree. Then I climbed in by the window and came down-stairs. You ought to be prosecuted for keeping such a dog. Where is Jimmy?"

Instead of answering, Alexander Abraham began to laugh—not much externally, but internally, as I could see.

"Trust a woman for getting into a man's house if she's made up her mind to," he said disagreeably.

Seeing that it was his intention to vex me, I remained cool and collected.

"Oh, I wasn't particular about getting into your house, Mr. Bennett," I said calmly. "I hadn't much choice in the matter—it was get in lest a worse fate befall me. It was not you or your house I wanted to see—although I admit it's worth seeing if a person is anxious to find out how dirty a place *can* be. It was Jimmy. For the third and last time—where is Jimmy?"

"Jimmy is not here," said Mr. Bennett. "He left last week and hired with a man down at Prestonville."

"In that case," I said, picking up William Adolphus, who was exploring the room, "I won't disturb you any longer. I will go."

"Yes, I think it would be the wisest thing," said Alexander Abraham—not disagreeably this time, but reflectively, as if there were some doubt about the matter. "I'll let you out by the back door. Then the—ahem!—the dog will not interfere with you. Please go away quietly and quickly."

I said nothing, thinking this the most dignified course of conduct, and followed Alexander Abraham out to the kitchen. That kitchen! Even William Adolphus gave a meow of protest as we passed through. Cat though he was, he understood that there was something uncanny about such a place. Alexander Abraham opened the door, which

"YOU LOOK LIKE A WOMAN-HATER'S DOG," I TOLD HIM.

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was locked, just as a buggy containing two men drove into the yard.

"Too late!" he exclaimed in a tragic tone. I understood that something dreadful had happened, but I did not care, since, as I fondly supposed, it did not concern me. I pushed out past Alexander Abraham—who was looking strangely guilty—and came face to face with the man who had sprung from the buggy. It was old Dr. Nicholson, and he was looking at me as if he had caught me shoplifting.

"My dear Peter," he said gravely, "I am very sorry to see you here—very sorry, indeed."

I admit that exasperated me. Besides, no man on earth, not even my old family doctor, has any right to "My dear Peter" me.

"There is no loud call for sorrow, doctor," I said loftily. "If a woman forty-five years of age, a member of the Presbyterian Church in good and regular standing, can't call upon one of her Sunday-school scholars without wrecking all the proprieties, how old must she be before she can?"

The doctor did not answer my question. Instead, he looked reproachfully at Alexander Abraham.

"Is this how you keep your word, Mr. Bennett?" he said. "I thought that you promised me that you would not let any one into the house."

"I didn't let her in," growled Mr. Bennett. "Good heavens, man, she climbed in at an up-stairs window despite the presence on my grounds of a policeman and a dog! What's to be done with a woman like that?"

"My dear Peter," said the doctor impressively, turning to me, "this house is under quarantine for smallpox. You will have to stay here."

Smallpox! For the first and last time in my life I openly lost my temper with a man. I wheeled furiously upon Alexander Abraham.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I cried.

"Tell you!" he said, glaring at me. "When I first saw you it was too late to tell you. I thought the kindest thing I could do was to hold my tongue and let you get away in happy ignorance. This will teach you to take a man's house by storm, madam."

"Now, now, don't quarrel, my good people," interposed the doctor seriously—but I am sure I saw a grin in his eye—"you'll have to spend some time together under the same roof and you won't improve the situation by disagreeing. You see, Peter, it was this way: Mr. Bennett was in town yesterday—where, as you are aware, there is a bad outbreak of smallpox—and took dinner in a boarding-house where one of the maids was ill. Last night she developed unmistakable symptoms of smallpox. The Board of Health at once got after all the people who were in the house yesterday, so far as they could locate them, and put them under quarantine. I came out here this morning and explained the matter to Mr. Bennett and vaccinated him. I brought Jeremiah Jeffries to guard the front of the house, and Mr. Bennett gave me his word of honor he would not let any one in by the back way while I went to get another policeman and make all the necessary arrangements. I have brought Thomas Wright and have secured the services of another man to attend to Mr. Bennett's barn work and bring provisions to the house. Jacob Green and Cleophas Yeo will watch at night. I don't think that there is much danger of Mr. Bennett's taking the smallpox, but until we are sure you must remain here, Peter. Have you been vaccinated?"

While listening to the doctor I had been thinking. It was the most distressing predicament that I had ever got into in my life, but there was no use making it worse.

"Very well, doctor," I said calmly. "Yes, I was vaccinated a month ago when the news of the smallpox first came. When you go back to the village kindly go to Sarah Blenkhorn and ask her to live in my house during my absence and look after things, especially the cats. Tell her to give them new milk twice a day and a square inch of butter apiece once a week. Get her to put my two dark cotton wrappers, some aprons, and a change of underclothing in my third best valise and have it sent out to me. My pony is tied out there to the fence. Please take him home. That is all, I think."

"No, it isn't all," said Alexander Abraham grumpily. "Send that cat home too. I won't have a cat round the place—I'd rather have the smallpox."

I looked Alexander Abraham over gradually, beginning at his feet and traveling up to his head. Then I said gently:

"You may have both. Anyway, you'll have to have William Adolphus. He is under quarantine as well as you and I. Do you suppose I am going to have my cat ranging at large through Amberly, scattering smallpox germs among innocent people? I'll have to

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put up with that dog of yours. You will have to endure William Adolphus."

Alexander Abraham groaned, but I could see that the way I had looked him over had had its due effect. The doctor drove away and I went into the house, not choosing to be grinned at by Thomas Wright. I hung my coat up in the hall and laid my bonnet carefully on the sitting-room table, having first dusted a clean place for it with my handkerchief. I longed to fall upon that house at once and clean it up, but I had to wait until the doctor should come back with my wrappers. I could not clean house in my new suit and a silk shirt-waist.

Alexander Abraham was sitting on a chair looking at me. Presently he said, "I am not curious—but will you tell me why the doctor called you Peter?"

"Because that is my name, I suppose," I answered, shaking up a cushion for William Adolphus to lie on and thereby disturbing the dust of years.

Alexander Abraham coughed gently. "Isn't that a — ahem! — a rather peculiar name for a woman?"

HE HAD JUST THE SAME UNCARED-FOR, RAGGED APPEARANCE THAT THE HOUSE HAD.

"It is," I said, wondering how much soap, if any, there was in the house.

"I am *not* curious," said Alexander Abraham, "but would you mind telling me how you came to be called Peter?"

"If I had been a boy my parents intended to call me Peter in honor of a rich uncle. When I—fortunately—turned out to be a girl, my mother insisted that I should be called Angelina. They gave me both names and called me Angelina, but as soon as I grew old enough I determined to be called Peter. It was bad enough, but not as bad as Angelina."

"I should say it was more appropriate," said Alexander Abraham, intending, as I perceived, to be disagreeable.

"Precisely," I agreed calmly. "My last name is MacNicol and I live at Spinster's Glory in Amberly. As you are not curious, that will be all the information you will need about me."

"Ah!" Alexander Abraham looked as if light had broken in on him. "I've heard of you. You—ah—pretend to dislike men."

Pretend! Goodness only knows what would have happened to Alexander Abraham just then if a diversion had not taken place. But the door was pushed open and a dog came in—*the* dog. I suppose he had got tired of waiting under the cherry-tree. He was even uglier indoors than out.

"Ah, Mr. Riley, Mr. Riley, see what you have let me in for," said Alexander Abraham reproachfully.

But Mr. Riley—since that was the brute's name—paid no attention to Alexander Abraham. He had caught sight of William Adolphus curled up on the cushion and he started across the room to investigate him. William Adolphus sat up and began to take notice.

"Call off that dog," I said warningly to Alexander Abraham.

"Call him off yourself," he retorted. "Since you've brought that cat here you can protect him."

"Oh, it wasn't for the cat's sake I spoke,"

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I said ominously. "William Adolphus can protect himself."

William Adolphus could and did. He humped his back, flattened his ears, swore once, and then made a flying leap for Mr. Riley, who by that time was quite close. William Adolphus landed squarely on Mr. Riley's brindled back and promptly took fast hold, spitting and clawing and caterwauling.

You never saw a more astonished dog than Mr. Riley. With a yell of terror he bolted out to the kitchen, out of the kitchen into the hall, through the hall into the room, and so into the kitchen and round again. With each circuit he went faster and faster till he looked like a brindled streak with a dash of black and white on top. Such a racket and commotion I never heard and I laughed until the tears came into my eyes. Mr. Riley flew around and around and William Adolphus held on grimly and clawed. Alexander Abraham turned purple with rage.

"Woman, call off that infernal cat before he kills my dog," he shouted above the din of yelps and yowls.

"Oh, he won't kill him," I called reassuringly, "and he's going too fast to hear me if I did call him. If you can stop the dog, Mr. Bennett, I'll guarantee to make William Adolphus listen to reason, but there's no use trying to argue with a lightning flash."

Alexander Abraham made a frantic lunge at the brindled streak as it whirled past him, with the result that he overbalanced himself and went sprawling on the floor with a crash. When he picked himself up, he said viciously, "I wish you and your fiend of a cat were in—in——"

"Amberly," I finished quickly. "So do I, Mr. Bennett, but since we are not, let us make the best of it like sensible people."

With this the end came and I was thankful, for the noise those two animals made was so terrific that I expected the policemen would be rushing in, smallpox or no smallpox, to see if Alexander Abraham and I were trying to murder each other. Mr. Riley suddenly veered in his mad course and bolted into a dark corner between the stove and the woodbox. William Adolphus let go just in time.

There was never any more trouble with Mr. Riley after that. A meeker, more thoroughly chastened dog you could not find. William Adolphus had the best of it and he kept it.

Seeing that things had calmed down and that it was five o'clock I decided to get tea. I told Alexander Abraham that I would prepare it if he would show me where the eatables were.

"You needn't mind," said Alexander Abraham viciously. "I've been in the habit of getting my own tea for twenty years."

"I dare say; but you haven't been in the habit of getting mine," I said firmly. "I wouldn't eat anything you cooked if I starved to death. If you want some occupation you'd better get some salve and anoint the scratches on that dog's back."

Alexander Abraham said something that I prudently did not hear. Seeing that he had no information to hand out I went on an exploring expedition into the pantry. The place was awful beyond description, and for the first time a vague sentiment of pity for Alexander Abraham glimmered in my breast. When a man had to live in such surroundings the wonder was, not that he hated women, but that he didn't hate the whole human race.

But I got a supper up somehow. I made good tea and excellent toast and I found a can of peaches in the pantry, which, being bought, I wasn't afraid to eat. As for the bread, it looked decent and I took it on faith.

That tea and toast mellowed Alexander Abraham in spite of himself. He ate the last crust and didn't growl when I gave William Adolphus all the cream that was left. By this time the doctor's boy had arrived with my valise. Alexander Abraham gave me to understand that there was a spare room across the hall and that I might take possession of it, since I had to be put somewhere. I went to it and put on one of my wrappers.

"Now," I said briskly, returning to the kitchen, "I'm going to clean up and I'm going to begin with this kitchen. You'd better betake yourself to the sitting-room, Mr. Bennett, so's to be out of the way."

Alexander Abraham glared at me.

"I'm not going to have my house meddled with," he snapped. "It suits me. If you don't like it, you can leave it."

"No, I can't. That is just the trouble," I said pleasantly. "If I could leave it I shouldn't be here a minute. Since I can't, it simply has to be cleaned. Go into the sitting-room."

Alexander Abraham went. As he closed the door I heard him say, "What an awful woman!"

I cleaned that kitchen and the pantry ad-

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ANYTHING MORE SARCASTIC THAN THAT MAN DURING HIS CONVALESCENCE YOU COULDN'T IMAGINE.

joining. It was ten o'clock when I finished, and Alexander Abraham had gone to bed without deigning further speech. I locked Mr. Riley in one room and William Adolphus in another and went to bed too. I never felt so dead tired in my life.

But I was up bright and early the next morning and got a tip-top breakfast, which Alexander Abraham condescended to eat. When the provision man came into the yard I called to him from the window to bring me a box of soap in the afternoon, and then I tackled the sitting-room. It took me the best part of a week to get that house in order, but I did it thoroughly, and at the end of the time it was clean from garret to cellar. Alexander Abraham made no comments on my operations, though he groaned loud and often and said caustic things to poor Mr. Riley, who hadn't the spirit to answer back after his drubbing by William Adolphus. I made allowances for Alexander Abraham because his vaccination had taken and his arm was real sore; and I cooked elegant meals, not having much else to do once I got things scoured up. The house was full of provisions—Alexander Abraham wasn't mean about such things, I will say that for him. Altogether, I was more comfortable than I had expected to be. When Alexander Abraham wouldn't talk I let him alone; and when he would, I said just as sarcastic things as he did, only I said them smiling and pleasant. I could see he had a wholesome awe of me.

One day Alexander Abraham astonished me by appearing at the dinner-table with his hair brushed and a white collar on. We had a tip-top dinner that day and I had made a pudding that was positively wasted on a woman-hater. When Alexander Abraham had disposed of two platefuls of it he sighed and said: "You can certainly cook. It's a pity you are such a detestable crank in other respects."

"It's kind of convenient being a crank," I said. "People are careful how they meddle with you. Haven't you found that out in your own experience?"

"I am *not* a crank," growled Alexander Abraham resentfully. "All I ask is to be let alone."

"That's the very crankiest kind of a crank," I said. "A person who wants to be let alone flies in the face of Providence, who decreed that folks for their own good were not to be let alone. But cheer up, Mr. Bennett. The quarantine will be up on Tuesday and then you'll certainly be let alone for the rest of

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your natural life so far as William Adolphus and I are concerned. You may then return to your wallowing in the mire and be as dirty and comfortable as of yore."

Alexander Abraham growled again. The prospect didn't seem to cheer him up as much as I'd expected. Then he did an amazing thing. He poured some cream into a saucer and set it down before William Adolphus.

Neither Alexander Abraham nor I had worried much about the smallpox. We didn't believe he would take it for he hadn't even seen the girl who was sick. But the very next morning I heard him calling me from the up-stairs landing.

"Miss MacNicol," he said in a voice so uncommonly mild and polite that it gave me a jump, "what are the symptoms of smallpox?"

"Chills and flushes, pain in the limbs and back, nausea and vomiting," I answered promptly, for I had been reading them up in a patent-medicine almanac.

"I've got them all," said Alexander Abraham solemnly.

I didn't feel as much scared as I should have expected. After enduring a woman-hater and a brindled dog and the early disorder of that house, smallpox seemed rather insignificant. I went to the window and called to Thomas Wright to send for the doctor.

The doctor came down from Alexander Abraham's room looking grave.

"It is impossible to pronounce on his disease yet," he said. "There is no certainty until the eruption appears. But of course there is every likelihood that it is the smallpox. It is very unfortunate. I am afraid that it will be very difficult to get a nurse. All the nurses in town who will take smallpox cases are overbusy now, for the epidemic is still raging there. However, I'll go into town to-night and do my best. Meanwhile, as Mr. Bennett does not require any attendance at present, you must not go near him, Peter."

I wasn't going to take orders from any man and as soon as the doctor had gone I marched straight up to Alexander Abraham's room with some dinner for him on a tray. There was a lemon cream that I thought he could eat even if he had the smallpox.

"You shouldn't come near me," he growled. "You are risking your life."

"I'm not going to see a fellow creature starve to death, even if he is a man," I retorted.

"The worst of it all," groaned Alexander Abraham between mouthfuls of lemon cream, "is that the doctor says I've got to have a nurse. I've got so kind of used to you being in the house that I don't mind you, but the thought of another woman coming here is too much. Did you give my poor dog anything to eat?"

"He has had a better dinner than many a Christian," I said severely.

Alexander Abraham need not have worried about another woman coming in. The doctor came back that night with care on his brow.

"I don't know what is to be done," he said. "I can't get a soul to come here."

"*I* will nurse Mr. Bennett," I said with dignity. "It is my duty and, thank Heaven, I never shirk my duty. He is a man and he has smallpox and he keeps a vile dog, but I'm not going to see him die for want of attendance for all that."

"Well, if you're not afraid to take the risk," said the doctor, looking relieved, manlike, as soon as he found a woman to shoulder the responsibility.

I nursed Alexander Abraham through the smallpox and I didn't mind it much. He was much more amiable sick than well and he had the disease in a very mild form. Below stairs I reigned supreme, and Mr. Riley and William Adolphus lay down together like the lion and the lamb. I fed Mr. Riley regularly and once, seeing him looking lonesome, I patted him gingerly. It was nicer than I'd thought it would be.

When Alexander Abraham got able to sit up he began to make up for the time he'd lost being pleasant. Anything more sarcastic than that man during his convalescence you couldn't imagine. I just laughed at him, having found out that that could be depended on to irritate him. To irritate him still further I cleaned the house all over again. But what vexed him most of all was that Mr. Riley took to following me about and wagging what he had of a tail at me.

"It wasn't enough that you should come into my peaceful home and turn it upside down, but you have to alienate the affections of my dog," complained Alexander Abraham.

"He'll get fond of you again when I go home," I said comfortingly. "Dogs aren't very particular that way. What they want is

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bones. Cats now, they love disinterestedly. William Adolphus has never swerved in his allegiance to me although you do give him cream on the sly."

Alexander Abraham looked foolish. He hadn't thought I knew that.

I didn't take the smallpox, and in another week the doctor came out and sent the policemen home. I was disinfected and William Adolphus was fumigated and then we were free to go.

"Good-by, Mr. Bennett," I said, offering to shake hands in a forgiving spirit. "I've no doubt that you're glad to be rid of me, but you're no gladder than I am to go. I suppose this house will be dirtier than ever in a month's time and Mr. Riley will have discarded the little polish his manners have taken on. Reformation with men and dogs never goes very deep."

With this Parthian shaft I walked out of that house, supposing that I had seen the last of it and of Alexander Abraham.

I was glad to get back home, of course; but it did seem queer and lonesome. The cats hardly knew me and William Adolphus roamed around forlornly and appeared to feel like an exile. I didn't take as much pleasure in cooking as usual, for it seemed kind of foolish to be fussing over oneself. The neighbors avoided me pointedly, for they couldn't get rid of the fear that I might erupt into smallpox at any moment; my Sunday-school class had been given to another woman, and altogether I felt as if I didn't belong anywhere.

I had existed like this for a week when Alexander Abraham suddenly appeared. He walked in one evening at dusk, but at first sight I didn't know him, he was so spruced and barbered up. But William Adolphus knew him. Will you believe it, William Adolphus, my own William Adolphus, rubbed up against that man's trouser leg with an undisguised purr of satisfaction?

"I had to come, Angelina," said Alexander Abraham. "I couldn't stand it any longer."

"My name is Peter," I said coldly, although I was feeling ridiculously glad about something.

"It isn't," said Alexander Abraham stubbornly. "It is Angelina for me and always will be. I will never call you Peter. Angelina just suits you exactly. And Angelina Bennett would suit you still better. You've got to come back, Angelina. Mr. Riley is moping for you and I can't get along without somebody to appreciate my sarcasms, now that you've accustomed me to the luxury."

"What about the other five cats?" I demanded.

Alexander Abraham sighed.

"I suppose they'll have to come too," he said. "It's awful to think of living with six cats, but it's worse to think of living without you. How soon can you be ready to marry me?"

"I haven't said that I am going to marry you at all, have I?" I said tartly, just to be consistent. For I wasn't feeling tart.

"No, but you will, won't you?" said Alexander Abraham anxiously. "Because if you won't I wish you'd let me die of the smallpox. Do, dear Angelina."

To think that a man should dare to call me his "dear Angelina"! And to think that I shouldn't mind!

A March Morn

By VINCENT VAN MARTER BEEDE

THE cloud hares are running
Along the blue sky;
The wind hounds are after—
I hear their shrill cry!
The elm trees are sweeping
The air wondrous clean;
Oh, this is the blithest
March morn ever seen!

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The Growing Railway Death Roll: Who is Responsible?

By CARL SNYDER

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Following the Terra Cotta disaster, near Washington, on December 30, 1906, President James J. Hill said to a member of the Cabinet: "Every time I undertake a railway journey nowadays, I expect it to be my last; the thing has grown so uncertain." This astonishing statement from the world's foremost authority on railway construction and management compels attention. Why is such a shocking condition permitted to continue? Where lies the remedy? Mr. Carl Snyder has searched deeply into the subject, obtaining his material largely from the railway officials themselves, and he finds Mr. Hill's fears well grounded. But he finds no excuse for their continuance. He finds, on the contrary, an appalling lack of progress, of system, of anything approaching our boasted American enterprise. He finds railway managers incapacitated for keeping pace with an average of 15 per cent. annual increase in their business, a condition that would bankrupt an ordinary butcher or grocer. He finds workmen so indifferent to orders that they destroy themselves, one another, and the traveling public. And he finds well-tested remedies so simple, so surely life-saving, and, withal, so comparatively inexpensive, that to neglect them should be made a criminal offense.

THE truth about the loss of life from railway accidents in America is unequivocally unpleasant. There is no need to distort it; it is impossible to disguise it. On a close comparison it will be found that there are perhaps two nations in the world that in this respect are worse than the United States. One is Spain, decadent, a country on the downgrade; the other is Russia, still largely a barbarian land. New Zealand, whose ways Mr. Russell holds up for our admiration, is as bad as we are; so is Egypt. For the rest, our evil eminence is undisputed.

Roughly speaking, one is in about ten times as much danger of losing one's life as a passenger on an American railway train as on an English train. Roughly speaking, in respect to safety of passengers and employees and the outside public, American railways are twenty years behind England, Germany, France, and other civilized lands.

This is the fact, the brutal reality. But there is something about it worse than the fact, namely, that we do not seem to care. This is the part of the truth that I should like to state broadly, flatly, for I believe that this is the first thing, the greatest thing, that is wrong.

But more: the trainmen themselves, the engineers, the firemen, the switchmen, the brakemen—*they* do not seem specially to care. They kill one another, they kill passengers and pedestrians, they go to their own death, all with a kind of stoic fatalism, as if this amazing slaughter were inevitably a part of the industrial scheme. And when men of their own ranks run past plain-set danger signals, violate plain rules, thereby endangering human lives, and are found out and suspended or discharged, their unions appoint committees to demand the reinstatement of men guilty of criminal negligence.

In the nineteen years since the Interstate Commerce Commission began the collection of facts about accidents, nearly **6,000** passengers, over **48,000** employees, and nearly **90,000** other persons have been killed on American railways, and nearly **one million** more have been crippled or maimed, scalded or crushed, disfigured or invalided; and we still make no protest. For a country that has pride in itself and its "progress," this seems to me a humiliating situation. But

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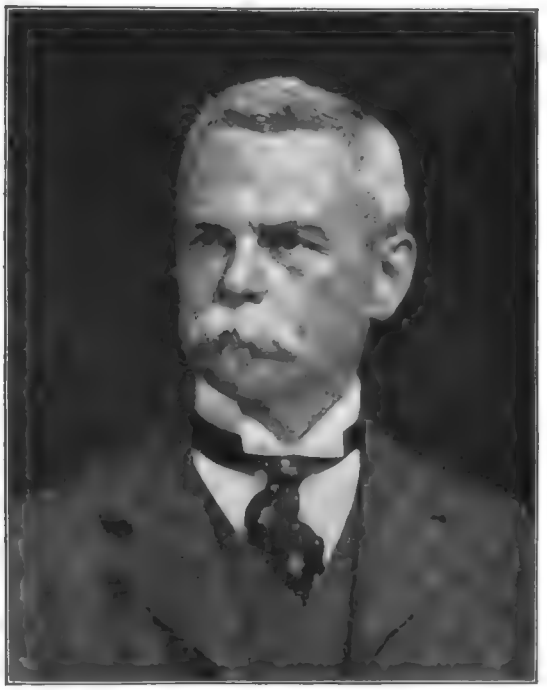
the still more humiliating fact is that conditions grow worse year by year.

In 1905 it was twice as dangerous to travel on a railway train or to work for a railway company in the United States as it was in 1895.

This is ten per cent. increase of risk a year. In 1907 it is still worse; and still little or nothing is done. There seems to have grown up a conviction, alike among the public, railway managers, and railway operatives, that little *can* be done.

Before this conviction crystallizes, let the public learn of what one man and one road, at least, *have* done. On another page you will find the portrait of a railway official of whom I should like to write more than I may. This is Colonel H. C. Hope, Superintendent of Telegraph and Signals on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway —more familiarly known as the Omaha road.



Photograph by Gessford, New York.

SAMUEL SPENCER.

President of the Southern Railway, who was recently killed on his own road.

There are somewhat over one hundred larger railway companies in the United States, operating about ninety-five per cent. of the total mileage. This gives an average of about two thousand miles of main track for each. The Omaha road has 1,700 miles; that is, its line would stretch from New York, through Omaha, into the middle of Nebraska. Its gross earnings last year were $7,645 per mile, a little above the average for the country. It carried 3,000,000 passengers a total distance of 145,000,000 passenger miles. In ten years the business of the company has had a very steady, but no extraordinary, increase.

In these ten years this road has never killed a passenger in an accident.

This record I believe to be due almost entirely to Colonel Hope and his methods.

I have learned of at least one other road that, up to a few months ago, held a similar record. This is the Delaware & Hudson. In ten years it carried some 60,000,000 passengers *eleven thousand million* passenger miles. And there was not one fatality in all this time. In one year, 1903, there was not even *a single injury* of any kind to a passenger. In the following year there was *one*. I have no doubt that there are other roads with records equally clean.

Still more remarkable is the tabulation sent me since the above was penned, by Mr. Slason Thompson of the General (Railway) Managers' Association of Chicago for the fiscal year 1906. This, translated, is what his figures mean:

THE RECORD

279 American roads covering more than half the total track mileage, carrying more than half the passenger mileage. Number of passengers killed in train accidents,	**None.**
All other roads less than half the track mileage, less than half the passenger mileage. Number of passengers killed,	**182**

These figures can have but one meaning. This is, that in 1906 on one-half the mileage of the country there was good management,

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care, respect for human life. On the other half there was not. From a fairly wide human experience I would venture to predict in advance that the managers of the latter half would say of the record made by the former half that it was "largely a matter of luck." Failures *always* believe in "luck."

The records for the better half of the mileage here are in reality simply a duplication of the conditions that prevail in Britain *generally*. As most folk who pay any attention to these matters know, there was one year, 1901, when not a single passenger was killed by train accidents on all the railways in the United Kingdom. This was on a total of 22,000 miles, the larger part of which was double track, and when 1,172,000,000 single-ticket passengers were carried, to say

Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF A SWITCH-TOWER, SHOWING THE NEW INTERLOCKING ELECTRIC SWITCH IN OPERATION; THIS SWITCH IS BELIEVED TO BE THE BEST STEP YET TAKEN TOWARD PERFECTION IN THE WAY OF A SAFETY DEVICE.

nothing of nearly two million season-ticket holders — probably meaning half again as many passengers actually carried. *This was rather more than double the number carried on all the railways of America, Canada and Mexico included.*

In the last five years, the number of English railway employees killed in train accidents in the United Kingdom has averaged *seven* per year. In the United States, the number in this same period has averaged between seven and eight hundred. This is the difference between English and American practice.

In 1895 our railways killed **170** passengers; **181** the year following. In 1905 they killed **537**. The number of passengers injured rose from **2,375** to **10,457**. Consider that the passenger mileage in these ten years increased ninety-six per cent. (though the actual number of passengers increased only forty-six per cent.), while the number of persons killed rose 216 per cent., and the total number killed and injured 332 per cent.

There is one way, and one way only, to test the efficiency of our passenger service or to determine the relative danger from accident. That is to divide the actual number of persons killed and wounded by the actual number of persons carried one mile. If you do this for the years 1895 and 1905, you will find that ten years ago the number of killed and wounded per million passenger miles was **.20**. In 1905 it was **.46**. This means that it is more than twice as dangerous to board a passenger train now than it was ten years ago.

All this is considering only "the public"—you and me who travel. Conditions for men who bear the brunt of it all, the railway employees, have not grown worse in quite an equal degree. Still, the change is marked enough. From 1895 to 1905 the number of railway employees has not quite doubled, while the number of killed and injured has risen from **27,507** to **70,194**. That is to say, the number of employees killed or injured each year rose from thirty-five per thousand to fifty per thousand, an increase of nearly fifty per cent.

These are conditions in our own country, on our own roads, compared, not with any foreign country "where conditions are so different," but *with themselves*. And may I

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Courtesy of the General Railway Signal Company.

A SIGNAL TOWER IN THE CHICAGO TERMINAL OF THE LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

note in passing that while the proportion of fatalities and injuries to the business done has doubled, dividends have been climbing at a much higher rate. It is almost impossible here to find a basis of comparison; but this much may be said: If you take the twenty-five largest railway companies, as I have done, you will find that the average dividend on their common stocks was 3.3 per cent. in 1900, and 6.8 per cent. in 1906. Taking the whole country, including all the worthless stocks of worthless roads, the average dividend in 1895 was 1.5 per cent.; in 1905, three per cent.

There are dozens of roads in the country that are now earning fifteen per cent. or more on their stock. Some roads, like the Lake Shore, earn nearer twenty-five per cent.; the Lackawanna, thirty or forty per cent. These facts are stated with no evil design, but simply in refutation of the idea, too frequently advanced, that American rates are so low that railways cannot afford to introduce safety appliances and safer methods of running.

Conditions in America are growing worse; they were bad enough at any time. Mr. Carroll W. Doten, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has prepared an elaborate series of tables,* the most exhaustive examination of the subject of which I know. These tables show that per million passengers carried, the number killed in 1903 by accidents was, in

United Kingdom	.07
German Empire	.08
Belgium	.05
Austria	.07
France	.02
United States	.51

The corresponding figure for the United States in 1905 was .72. This is to say, in the United States the number for 1905 was anywhere from *ten to thirty times* that of the leading European countries in 1903.

It is perfectly true that in this country the average distance carried is much greater than in Europe. On the other hand, the traffic density in Europe is enormously greater. All told, one thing balanced against the other, it is doubtful if the conditions over here present greater difficulties than those in Europe.

* American Statistical Association, March, 1905.

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Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

YARDS AT THE EASTERN TERMINAL OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILWAY, SHOWING THE MAZE OF TRACKS AND SWITCHES WITH WHICH THE MAN IN THE SWITCH-TOWER HAS TO BE CLEARLY FAMILIAR AND OVER WHICH HE EXERCISES CONTROL.

The absolute proof of this is that, as already noted, two typical *American* roads have shown results equal to the best that Europe can show.

What, then, is the trouble? What can be done? I have gone over the question with railway managers and with men who have studied the question deeply for years. There exists an acute diversity of opinion, which makes it perfectly plain, I think, that there is no one thing wrong, no one set of men to blame. But from a tangle of conflicting opinion, let us endeavor to disengage at least one clear fact:

It seems to be generally agreed that the block signal is an absolute necessity where traffic has become heavy. The proof of this is that there is not one great railway in the United States whose traffic is sufficient to necessitate *any considerable length of double track*, which would for a moment dream of operating without block signals.

In England under the law, *every mile* of passenger track on roads operating more than a single engine is covered with block signals. That law has been on the statute-book for *seventeen years*. In contrast with this, consider the fact as regards the United States as a whole:

In this country not one-quarter of the total mileage is covered by any block-signal system at all.

The Railway Age, of Chicago, in a recent issue, makes the tabulation. It shows that out of about 220,000 miles of main track, only 53,000 miles are protected, and of this, 41,227 miles, or nearly four-fifths, have simply the primitive manual telegraph-block, in which the block usually extends from one station to the other, one operator having no mechanical control of another, and which, be it said, in large part is utilized only in the daytime.

Of the modern automatic block, or what is known as the Controlled Manual block, there are only about 11,000 miles, all told, and of this about one-quarter is on one system—the Union Pacific–Southern Pacific.

All the rest, more than three-quarters of the whole, is operated by the antiquated and hopelessly inadequate "train-order" system; that is to say, by means of telegraphic orders, sent to the engineers and conductors by a

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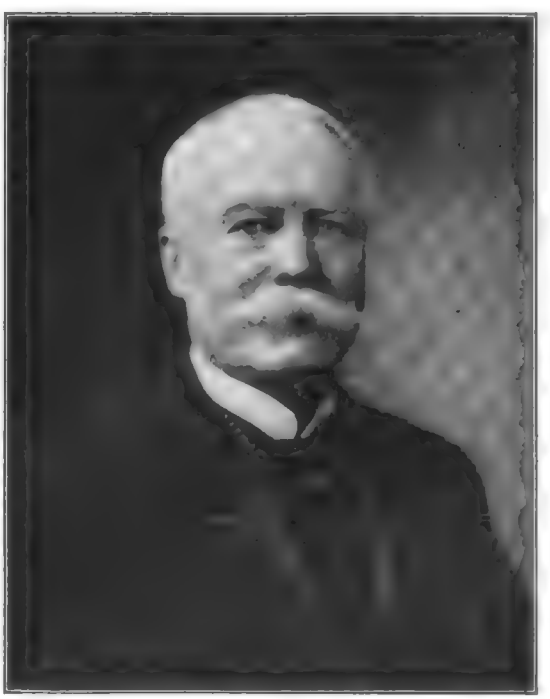
central train-despatcher; and these are often con using, frequently illegible, and hundreds and thousands of times misread. This system practically came into use with the introduction of the telegraph; that is, along about 1845. It is the best that three-quarters of the American roads can discover in 1907! We are about where England was twenty or thirty years ago.

Block signals are not new; nor are they confined to the older and more thickly settled parts of the country, as is evident from what I said as to the Union Pacific–Southern Pacific system. Moreover, according to *The Railway Age* tabulation, "America's Greatest Railroad," the Pennsylvania, has a total of only 1,640 miles of block on its "Lines East," 2,160 miles on the "Lines West"—3,800 miles in all; this on a system embracing nearly eleven thousand miles of main track. Of automatic block it reports only 329 miles; of Manual Controlled, 14 miles—343 miles of modern block in all. And the Pennsylvania Railroad has been paying dividends continuously, never missing a year, for sixty years. In this period it has paid out to its shareholders upward of a quarter of a billion dollars.

Or again: the Great Northern has averaged to its shareholders in dividends and cash value of "rights" about twenty-seven per cent. per annum for the last seven years—surely an adequate return; and on more than five thousand miles of track the Great Northern reports 180 miles of block, practically all of it simple telegraph block. The Chicago & Northwestern, a system not very different in size or in traffic density, reports 3,732 miles of block; the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, 2,996; while on practically the whole line, covering about 3,900 miles additional, positive block signals are maintained for passenger trains.

These citations are sufficient to indicate that the adoption of block-signaling is a matter neither of revenue, traffic density, territory, nor expense. It is as purely a matter of policy as, let us say, whether a road shall maintain its own sleeping-car system or its own refrigerating-cars, or whether it shall paint these cars red or blue, or whether it shall pay rebates or respect the law.

As to the expense involved, there are prevalent some extremely exaggerated notions. The expense is not great. According to the statements furnished me by the signal companies, the average cost of the most approved automatic block is from $600 to $1,500 per mile of single track; that of Controlled Manual, not more than half of this. Probably on less than one-half of the total mileage is modern block required; let us say on 100,000 miles of main track. To equip all the part now uncovered would require scarcely $60,000,000. To equip every mile of the remainder with ordinary telegraph block would cost perhaps not $15,000,000 more—at the outside $75,000,000 in all. This year the gross income of American railways will probably exceed two and one-half billions. Three per cent. of the entire sum (or one-tenth of the net earnings over and above operating expenses) would foot the bill for complete block-signaling. And it would be quite impossible to expend all this money within five years; there are not



Photograph by Kuhn.

COL. H. C. HOPE.

Superintendent of Telegraph and Signals on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway. In ten years this road has never killed a passenger from accident.

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enough signal factories to turn out the material and install it.

Seventy-five millions for philanthropy, for humanity? Very good, but would it pay? I have actually found, here and there, some doubts. But on lines where the block system is in practical use, there seems not the slightest question of its advantages; the doubts and objections come from elsewhere. The following opinion is supplied me by Mr. W. C. Brown, senior Vice-President and operating head of the New York Central system, certainly as high an authority and as conservative a railway official as there is in the United States:

> The use of block signals increases the capacity of railroads by making it safe to operate freight trains at shorter intervals and passenger trains at more uniformly sustained speed than would be practicable without such block signals. This is true of both single- and double-track lines; the percentage of increase being based on the space between block stations, which is of course governed by the density of traffic. On some of our lines we have estimated that the automatic block signals have increased the capacity of the line under normal movement fifteen to twenty per cent., and these figures could doubtless be doubled with sufficient train service and by increasing the number of blocks.

This is saying, in other words, that an expenditure of from one to four per cent., at the outside, on the original cost of the railway and its equipment, adds from twenty per cent. to forty per cent. to the traffic capacity of the line. The average cost of most American railways lies between $25,000 and $50,000 per mile; the cost of block signals is from $500 to $1,000 per mile (single track).

There seems no question whatever that the more uniformly sustained speed practicable under the block system means a very considerable saving in overtime charges; in other words, the movement of a greater amount of traffic, passenger and freight, with a less expenditure of human energy. As to definite figures for this and other advantages of the block system, I have inquired from many available sources, but though several roads report such figures as being now in process of tabulation, I was able to secure them only in one instance. This is a very remarkable tabulation. It gives the results from the installation of one hundred miles of modern block on one division of the principal railway system of the Mississippi Valley, recently much in the public eye. The report is from the superintendent of the division, covering operations for the fifteen months before and a like period following the installation. I give it without comment.

Without Block:		*With Block:*	
Four head-on, seven rear collisions—cost of damages	$32,040	One rear collision—cost of damages	$944
Overtime payments	44,070	Overtime payments	11,580

Total Saving (15 months):

Amount of collisions	$31,056
Decrease overtime charges	32,493
Total	$63,549
Costs of operations and maintenance	25,875
Net savings	$37,674
Cost of installation of block system	$20,554

It will be noted that this especial type of block (Controlled Manual) cost $200 per mile to install.

Still more remarkable is the opinion expressed by the officials of the Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific road, commonly known as the Queen & Crescent. This line has the distinction of being the only line in the world equipped for practically its entire length with automatic block signals. It is a single-track line; neither its traffic density nor its earnings are high. It is the general type of American road, which is, as a rule, not covered by any form of block-signaling whatever. The chief of signals on this system states:

> One of our chief train-despatchers figures that automatic block signals have increased the capacity of our track four times over the old method of telegraphic-block, while one of our chief division superintendents claims the capacity has increased seventy-

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five per cent. at night and fifty per cent. in the daytime, over what we could handle under the old method of telegraphic-block.

This officer sets the approximate cost of installing this signaling at about $600 per mile.

However, I have found, even among some operating officials, a curious doubt as to whether block signals really do make a great deal of difference as to the number of accidents. Here again, *The Railway Age* has recently made a valuable tabulation. This covers all of the serious accidents which have occurred in the five years since 1901, when the roads were required to give causes and particulars. It deals with 448 "serious collisions." Of the total, there were forty-nine accidents on lines covered by block signal of some sort, 399 where there was no block signal. Mile for mile, block signals did more than twice as well. But, as a matter of fact, the traffic movement of roads under block signals was enormously heavier, probably on the average two or three times as heavy, perhaps more; so that, traffic compared, probably there were not one-fifth of the accidents occurring under block-signal systems. Probably it would be no overstatement to say that complete block-signaling, such as obtains in England, would wipe out at least three-quarters of all collisions and fatalities resulting therefrom.

But it would be idle to suppose that the mere presence of block apparatus will do it all. That is clear enough from further results obtained by *The Railway Age's* analysis. It shows that of the 448 collisions under view, very near three-quarters were due to "negligence of trainmen and enginemen." "Negligence of despatchers and signal operators" accounted for 107 more. In other words, ninety-four per cent. of all collisions was due to disregard of orders, rules, or signals.

Of the forty-nine collisions that occurred on block-signaled lines, only two were due to the failure of the system, forty-seven to errors of the signalmen or disregard of the signals.

From all this stands forth what was clearly enough implied in the records of the St. Paul & Omaha and the Delaware & Hudson roads: that the reduction of the number of accidents is not a question of mechanics or of system so much as it is of discipline and of men.

Beyond question, the position of operating railway officials, especially within the last year or more, has been unenviable in the last degree. They have had more traffic to move than they could carry, they have had hard work to find men enough to move what they had equipment for.

It would be idle to inquire how far this could have been avoided. Railway officials are human, and in 1903 one of the greatest among them announced that "the crest of the wave of prosperity had been passed"; equipment orders were canceled wholesale; the business of the steel-mills fell off one-half. But the business of the country went right on increasing; the steel-mills and locomotive shops and car-works, whose product was cut down to the minimum four years ago, cannot now half keep up with the orders by working overtime, and prosperity is threatened because the roads cannot handle the traffic.

It is a matter of common notoriety that this has bred a demoralization of discipline that is probably in large part responsible for the increase of accidents within the last few years. The men are overworked; the human machine cannot stand from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, and so general has become the practise of working the men beyond their capacity that as I write a bill is before Congress, and has passed the Senate, prohibiting the employment of men beyond sixteen hours without adequate rest. It was shown in the inquiry into the Terra Cotta disaster, near Washington, on the Baltimore & Ohio, that the engineer responsible for the accident had been on duty something like forty hours out of forty-eight, with no chance for any adequate rest. An engineer in this condition may think he is awake, but his eyes and ears and mind fail to respond in the usual way; without knowing it, he runs past signals that stare him in the face. It was shown by the production of the time-sheets on this particular division of the Baltimore & Ohio that there were in the two preceding months over six hundred train crews that worked beyond fourteen hours continuously. This was an average of *ten per day*, on one division.

What is true of engineers is equally true of trainmen, trackmen, signalmen, and others; they are too tired to run back and flag trains; sometimes too weary to care whether they are smashed up or not. The accident on the Southern Railway, in which President Samuel Spencer lost his life, seems to have been the result of exactly such a condition.

It is a strange thing, however, that there seems as great a need for this time-limit law

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in slack periods as in brisk, and that it is in some sort a protection of the men against themselves. The former head of one of the great railway brotherhoods told me that while he was at the head of his order one of the hardest things he had to do was to try to keep his men, as he very emphatically expressed it, "from hogging it all"; he was speaking then of times when men were abundant and work not so much so. "There are," he said, "plenty of engineers and trainmen who will go on duty and stay on for twenty-four hours at a stretch, simply to earn overtime money; and this when very often there are extra men waiting about for a chance to earn a day's wage."

He added this: "No man is in full control of his faculties working under such conditions. I can remember that very well myself as a fireman, when we were on for long hours it was a part of my business from time to time to turn a hose into the engineer's face to freshen him up and keep him awake. When I turned engineer the same thing was done to me. It is next to impossible to keep awake in any other way."

Very penetrating, too, was the analysis given by the same official of the purely mechanical side of railway operations under such conditions as obtain now.

"When," he continued, "the traffic is congested, there is less time for repairs; operating men will take chances. A little something is wrong with an engine or with the brakes or with a car. Under ordinary conditions the engine or the car would be cut out and sent to the shop. Instead, the responsible men will take chances, hoping to get through somehow. Business is piling up so fast that it *must* be got through. The result many times is a breakdown, the train is stalled. Very often this leads to a smash. Then the whole line is stalled and everybody is turned out to work all day and all night to get the line clear."

But even after it has been conclusively shown that block signals and their like *mean* economy, these innovations have met with an astonishing opposition. We are growing to an acceptance of them slowly. But it is probably still true, however, as a railway official remarked a year or so ago, that though over twenty per cent. of American roads nominally has block systems, not ten per cent. operates its systems to anything like the maximum of efficiency.

It is but a few years since American roads began systematically the use of "surprise tests." These more or less directly grew out of an incident that occurred on one of the largest systems of the middle West. To test the operations of their signals some officials went out one night and leaving a signal set at "clear," simply removed the light. They watched ten or twelve trains go by and not one engineer stopped to inquire what was the trouble, as the rules demand. This same road reports that in 1906, 1,600 surprise tests were made without one resulting in failure. The figures are a little staggering; human nature is not usually so inerrant. But what is certain is that accidents on this line have been very materially reduced. The Pennsylvania has had an almost identical experience; and very recently the officials of the Lake Shore saw twenty-four out of twenty-five trains go by a signal purposely set with "lights out." Yet when the New York Central system began these surprise tests, they were threatened with a strike.

Even where it would seem that every available device has been employed to prevent mishap, there is always an element of human fallibility through which disaster may creep. This is well illustrated in an accident that occurred a few months ago on one of the largest systems, almost the model of all. Owing to the heavy movement of traffic at the beginning of the winter the following special order was issued by its operating head:

> The season of storms and fogs is upon us, and superintendents, trainmasters, conductors, and engineers should be admonished of the importance of the most strict observance of block and telegraph signals. Impress on every man in train, engine, and yard service the fact that safety must be the first consideration.
>
> Have it understood that the question of making time is of no importance as compared with the question of safety; that the failure to make schedule time when conditions are such as to render it unsafe to do so will never be questioned, but that the failure to observe and obey signals will never be overlooked, under any circumstances.
>
> If weather conditions are so bad as to make it impossible to see signals when moving at schedule speed, trains must stop and only proceed at such speed as will make accident impossible.
>
> Please see that these instructions are fully understood and rigidly adhered to by every man in train, engine, and yard service.

Surprise tests have been in use on this system for a considerable time, and it happened that on a Wednesday evening in January, at a point in Indiana, the inspecting officers pursued the usual device of setting the signal at "clear" and removing the light. The first engineer who passed stopped his

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train, an important passenger train, and inquired what was the trouble. It would not have been a heinous crime to run past, for as his headlight flashed upon the signal board, he could see that it was properly set, although the light was out. Of course, however, it would have been an infraction of the rules. On the Friday night following, this same engineer passed the same signal, set at danger and in working order, and in less than a mile crashed into another train. A score or more of lives were lost. This engineer had been on the line twenty-two years; he was accounted one of the safest and trustiest enginemen on the road. Nothing could better illustrate the difficulties under which railway operators labor and the almost uncontrollable elements against which they must struggle.

There is another matter of which I am fain to speak and concerning which it is very difficult to secure reliable information. That is the attitude of the labor-unions, or, more strictly, of some of their members. I have been told over and over again of such an occurrence as this:

> When a man is disciplined, an engineer or a flagman, it is not at all an uncommon procedure for a committee of the union to appear and say: "We should like to inquire why you happen to single out this man. You know very well that the offense for which he is charged is common enough on your road. Do you pick on him because he happens to be prominent in local No. 99? We want that man reinstated and full pay for all the days which he has been under suspension."

The alternative is not a strike, but if the demand is not complied with it will happen that when any differences arise, the men will say: "We are ready to deal with your road but not with Manager A, or Superintendent B, who is against our union." The result is very frequently the removal of the offending manager or superintendent, and the substitution of a more tactful and compliant man. Otherwise the road is pretty sure to have trouble.

I do not for one moment suggest that the higher officials of the railway unions encourage this sort of thing, nor that they are necessarily cognizant of it, but it would be surprising if they were wholly ignorant of it. It is obvious that discipline in such circumstances is next to impossible. This sort of thing is a menace. Nothing is clearer than that just in proportion as our railroads develop their traffic they must come more and more to be essentially military organizations, and that their effective operation is possible only under a practically military discipline.

In England this condition has been realized in a very considerable degree. There when a man undertakes railway service he signs a contract and a part of that contract provides that for all infractions of the rules he shall be fined and, if need be, heavily fined, the proceeds being turned into the railway hospital fund. Sooner or later this system must be introduced all over America. And when it is clearly recognized that trainmen and operators are essentially a part of the public service, then we may hope it will no longer be true that ninety-four per cent. of accidents is due to negligence or to disobedience of the rules.

Is it possible to go any further? Has mechanical ingenuity in the block signals and the interlocking devices that are now generally being introduced, reached its limit in the prevention of disaster? I believe it has not and that there is one further step yet to be taken. This is the introduction of the automatic stop.

On the Subway in New York City, and on the Boston Elevated, operating practically all the interurban service of that city, there is now, and for some time has been, in use a simple mechanism, a mechanical trip, by means of which when an engineer runs past a danger signal, the motive power is shut off and the brakes are set mechanically. This is what is known as the Kinsman stop. It has been highly successful and has permitted much freer and closer running of trains than had theretofore been deemed possible. It is a practical and demonstrated success.

This automatic stop is a purely mechanical device, much in the nature of a fixed ninepin which the front car knocks down as it passes over. Thus far it has been tried only under ideal conditions; that is to say, where it is not interfered with by snow or sleet or other obstructions. Probably this especial form of the device is not practicable on steam roads generally. But its inventor has likewise developed an electrical device of the same nature and this is now being tried by one or more steam roads. It is extremely simple. It consists merely of an inner guard-rail about 120 feet in length, forming part of an open circuit in connection with the ordinary block signal. Projecting from under the engine is a heavy steel arm strong enough to resist all breakages and fixed on a stiff but sufficiently

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flexible spring, so that it may be knocked about without danger. This arm scrapes along the guard-rail as the engine passes over it, thereby closing the circuit, and if the signal be at danger it automatically shuts the engine-throttle and throws on the brakes. It is set a little beyond the danger signal, so that if the engineer has obeyed the signal, it has no effect. If he has run past, the train is automatically stopped. With this device goes a very ingenious recording apparatus, which shows every time such an automatic stop is made; in other words, how often the engineer has gone by his signals. It is a mechanical "surprise test." This recording apparatus is under lock and key and is opened only by the inspectors at the end of the run.

This device operates only when, as a mechanician would say, it does positive work; that is to say, it performs its functions only when it is in working order and closes the circuit. This is directly the opposite of the principle of the automatic block signal, which shows danger when it is out of order in any way; that is, the track is clear only when the signal system is in proper condition. No doubt this is a weak point and probably in time a more effective device will be developed, working on the same principle as the block signals. But in the mean time I have failed to discover any better device, and so far as I can see, the Kinsman stop is well worth trying. Let us suppose it to be effective, say, only ninety per cent. or even seventy-five per cent. of the time. With this degree of efficiency, it would more than repay its cost and could scarce fail enormously to reduce the number of accidents. It is extremely simple to install, not expensive, and deserving, I believe, of more attention at the hands of railway men than it has thus far received.

There is yet another device which is being tried in England and likewise considered over here. This is the audible cab signal, which is a simple mechanism, electrical or otherwise, by which if an engineer runs past a danger signal, his whistle is blown violently. Probably something of the sort will be tried in time; but it may be remarked that if there is anything of this sort that will infallibly blow a whistle, it can also be made to shut the throttle and put on the brakes and stop the trains, just as the Kinsman automatic stop does. Whatever objection may be urged against the one certainly lies against the other.

The present writer has little sympathy with the indiscriminate abuse of and antagonism toward our railways, which makes it almost worth the price of a man's public life even to be open-minded and fair. So far as cheapness and swiftness of movement of traffic are concerned, our American railways have shown a development paralleled in no other country in the world. Our railways, on the whole, have been managed with high ability, and no single factor has contributed so largely to the industrial and commercial primacy that the United States now enjoys. Let us not lose sight of nor slightly value this achievement.

But an even and rounded development is rare, and the men who achieve extraordinary success in one direction are apt enough to be less successful in others. The same thing is true of our railways. They are solvent and prosperous, where the railways of England are practically bankrupt, and this at ton-mile rates that no country in Europe can show. But they are not as safe as English and Continental roads. We have purchased economy of movement at the price of human life. In this regard, our railway managers have simply shared in a prevalent national mania. We are rich enough, strong enough, now, to make a change. And it would pay.

Most of the progressive railway officials of the country are working strenuously toward this end. But they are dealing with an enormous and unwieldy machine. To effect a change means overcoming the natural prejudices and the mental inertia of more than a million human brains which are part of that machine. The work is not easy. But this is clear: the American "train-order" system is a failure. It is clumsy, costly, out of date. It is damned and doomed. I do not consider it the part of mere optimism to believe that ten years from now there will not be a stretch of 100 miles of track in the United States not covered by block signals of some sort. I believe that by that time most fast passenger trains will be equipped with some device that will make it humanly impossible for an engineer to run past a danger signal.

This change will not bankrupt our railways; it will not cripple them. It will enable them to move considerably greater traffic over a given length of road. They will operate more cheaply; they will not be killing 500 passengers and 4,000 employees a year, nor injuring 60,000 to 70,000 more. And their dividends will be higher, rather than lower.

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The Harder Case

By LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

I MADE for my home town, not from any sentiment, but because it was the nearest station on the railroad, and I was in a hurry. It was fifteen years since I had been in Mercedes, and as my folks were dead, and I had grown up and was looking so much the gentleman, I thought there wasn't much danger of being recognized. But the first man I saw, when I drove up to the hotel late that night, was Shaugnessy, the old livery-stable man. He had been my friend when I was a kid, and I knew if I let him get a glimpse of my face he'd recognize me fast enough, and probably be only too glad to give me up for $500.

That put the last touch to my run of bad luck. I lay awake all night thinking about it. I'd gone up to Sellars in the hope of a haul of $20,000 that I had heard was to be in the bank there overnight; but when I got there my lookout told me that it had already gone. Then somehow a rumor leaked out that I was in the county, and I had to put for the nearest station out. And who should I run plump into the first thing but the one man in the town who could identify me—and not a train out of the place until five o' clock the next morning! It was a ticklish fix when you thought about it; but the thing that worried me worst was money. I'd been counting on that haul to fix me up again; and here I was with hardly enough in my pocket to get me to Hornitos. I concluded some one in the hotel El Capitan would have to furnish the rest.

It was four o'clock in the morning, raining and blowing like the dickens and blacker than pitch when I got up, dressed, packed my bag, and took my electric torch. The room next mine was one of a suite, and I knew it was occupied, for I had heard some one moving about there in the evening. As soon as I got in I saw by the overcoat in the dressing-room that there ought to be money somewhere. I went through all the clothes. Not a cent! I put my hand into the last pocket and felt a watch. I got it out and held it in the eye of the torch. It was an old gold Swiss watch, not worth anything! At that moment the door into the bedroom opened and there stood some one with a light. I threw my torch at it. There was an awful flame—then darkness and a rattle of glass. I ran and heard some one running behind me. I whipped out of a side window on the lower floor and streaked it across the yard. In the storm not a soul could see or hear me, but that was all the shelter I had, for there wasn't a stick of timber within twenty-five miles. There was nothing for it but the railroad. I thanked heaven I knew the country and made the best time I could across the potato fields in the direction of the freight-siding.

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It was about a quarter of a mile below the station, and I knew that the 5.30 freight stopped there for water. I hung on to my bag hoping to pass at the worst as a man who'd missed the passenger and had pressing business down the line. I fetched up back of the freight shed as much under the lee of the roof as possible, and waited until I heard, above the wind, the whistle of the five-o'clock passenger. Then the headlight shot out of the dark, and twenty feet from me a long string of smaller lights, with indistinct faces showing under them, went swinging past me. The thought that there might be a plain-clothes man looking for me on that very train was the only satisfaction I had as I watched the tail-lights disappear.

I waited until the lanterns up the track had stopped swinging, and the rigs had stopped driving by on the road from the station, which passed within a few rods of where I stood, and then I crawled out on the freight platform. The roofs of the sheds were already beginning to show against the lightening sky, but I could not see a foot before my face, and all around me from the platform to the horizon was one mass of darkness. I leaned up against the freight-house and cursed my hard luck. Half an hour before I had thought to be leaving like a gentleman, slipping out of town on that lighted train with $20,000 to my credit. Instead, here I stood in the rain at a freight-siding with thirteen dollars in my pocket, and I didn't know how many one-horse policemen running around town looking for me, as if I were a petty-larceny fellow! I was pretty sick of myself! I thought if I'd got as low as this I might as well be run in now as another time.

Then I came up as tight as a steel spring. Up the track in the direction of the station I heard a sound. It was a dull, hard, hurried thud, thud, with now and then a "sqush" as of a heavy body going into mud. It was getting nearer, louder. It was at the siding, and, with a leap, a big body came up over the edge of the platform, and I knew a man was standing a few feet from me, though I couldn't see him.

I out with my gun to put it in his face.

"Hello," he said; "who's there?" And I knew by his voice that he wasn't looking for any one. I thought he sounded a little cautious.

I slid the revolver back into my pocket and kept my hand on it. "I've missed the five o'clock," I said, walking toward him. "Got an important case down the line. Goin' to try for the freight."

I didn't call myself a doctor, but I spoke like one, which was better.

"Well," he said, panting, all out of breath, "that's what I'm here for myself. I've missed the passenger, and they told me up at the station that a freight stopped here for water."

His voice sounded like a gentleman's, all right; yet it was fishy, his saying he was there for the same reason I was, and I thought it would be safer to knock him off the platform. But while I was trying to locate his chin by his voice, he walked straight past me. I heard his footsteps going away from me—then there was a pause, and silence while I wished the freight would hurry up; for it was ticklish work standing around on a small platform with a man I didn't know and couldn't see. Then his footsteps began again. I could hear them moving restlessly up and down, with now and then a pause. Then, as the light grew, I began to make out his figure moving back and forth on the platform edge.

I would have noticed him in a crowd. He was all of six feet two, built like a wedge, square head, thick neck, great shoulders and chest, dwindling to narrow in the hips, and light and active in the legs. But he was all wrapped up in a long coat with the collar turned up to his eyes so that I couldn't see his face. He seemed to have forgotten that I was there. Every now and then he looked up the track to where the freight was shuffling and whanging, and I began to think that this fellow, whoever he was, was in as much of a hurry to get the train as I. Then I heard the regular chuff, chuff, chuff, of a freight when she's starting, and forgot all about him.

I ran to the front of the platform. All the little siding was vibrating to the drive of the approaching wheels. Down she came with a red light in front. I watched for her to slow down, but instead, as she drew nearer, she seemed to move faster. My heart was rising up in my throat. The engine and tender slid past the platform—then the first car—then the next, faster. I ran along the edge of the platform looking for a chance to jump, and saw the other man running in front of me. A brakeman on a flat car waved his arms and shouted, "Look out! She doesn't stop to-night."

"Then, —— you, let me get aboard!" I yelled back.

"Keep off, keep off," the train men shouted

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at us, standing on the edge of the cars brandishing their arms. Past she went roaring, faster, faster; and I kept running alongside like a crazy man, until all at once I fetched up at the end of the platform, and stood watching the green tail-light glide off into the storm like my last hope. But the other man jumped. He took the seven-foot drop to the ground as if it had been only a step, and ran on down the track waving his arms above his head—then stopped and stood there cursing the green light as it disappeared.

I watched him but I wasn't thinking of him. I was trying to think of another way out of Mercedes. One of the best friends I had in the world was only ten miles away—Johnny Yowd, who kept the road-house between there and the river. But how was I to get across country on foot to Yowd's? I didn't know of any houses around where I could borrow a horse, or dared try. Presently I heard the sound of wheels passing on the road from the station, and saw a swinging light. I had supposed that all the rigs had gone by long ago; but here was a late one. It was taking desperate chances, but I gambled on them and called out.

The lantern was hanging to the wagon stanchion, and as it came up to the siding the driver peered out around the rubber hood and I saw his face sharp in the light. It was the livery-stable man, Shaugnessy.

My throat kind of shut up. He looked at me while I felt around for my voice.

"Hello," I said. "Do you own your own team?"

"Yep," he said.

"Well, I'll rent it."

"Not in such weather! Not for a hundred dollars."

"You know you'll do it for ten," I said. "I only need it to the ten-mile house, and then Yowd will send it back to you."

He was peering at me, as if he was trying to remember something he had forgotten. "Thirty dollars," he said.

I almost shouted. "You old skin! I'll give you thirteen—not another cent!"

I was quite ready to lift him off the seat if he wouldn't make the bargain. I guess he saw that much in my face, for he turned green and hopped out as if something had stung him; and before he could regret it, I was in and had the reins. As I got in I heard some one come running down the platform. I thought of the sheriff, but it was my nervous gentleman. I had forgotten all about him.

"Hold on," he said to me, "I need that team. I'll give you fifty dollars to drive me where I'm going."

Like that, as if I were a teamster! It made me smile.

"Not for a thousand, I won't," I said. "I want it for my own business," and made to whip up, but he caught hold of the tongue.

"I'll give you anything you want," he said, "but I've got to get to Hornitos, and get there *quick*."

That was my destination and my speed. It struck me all of a heap.

"For God's sake," he said; "every minute counts!"

I looked square into all of his face that I could see, which was his eyes shining between his collar and hat brim, and it struck me that he needed to get to Hornitos worse than I did. "Get in," I said to him; "and it won't cost you anything." He made one jump of it.

All the while Shaugnessy had been standing there gaping at us; but as I whipped up he started forward and shouted something.

"Drive on," cried my gentleman. I didn't need the advice. I lashed the horses and they went as they had never gone before; for it was my own name, "Jimmy Pim, Jimmy Pim," that I heard coming after me through the gray light and the rain.

For twenty minutes I drove like a fiend. Thank Heaven, the mud was liquid! It flew in halos from the wheels, spattering us to the eyes, and boiled away from the horses' knees like water from the prow of a boat. But when the lights of the town had disappeared, and the rain had shut us in, and I knew I was as safe as I was going to be for the next two days, I reached out and got the lantern and hung it inside the wagon, where the light could fall on my gentleman. I was curious to get a good look at him. He had turned down his coat collar and pulled his muffler off. I wondered why *he* was going to Hornitos. I'd lived thirty years, and seen men traveling in a lot of odd directions, but I own Hornitos for this one seemed more than ordinary peculiar. He had a fine, heavy-jawed, reddish face, with a broad forehead and eyes set boldly in his head. By the general look of him I knew he was a man who came from big places, and had always gone to big places. And why was he streaking for a forsaken hole in the foot-hills where no one but teamsters and outlaws went? That fine big body of his, which by rights

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shouldn't have had a nerve in it, moved restlessly, his hands twitched, his eyelids twitched, and he kept leaning forward as if he were trying to push us ahead.

"Hope you don't mind my hurry," I said.

"Oh, no," he answered in his nice smooth voice. "I'm in a sort of a hurry myself. How long will it take us?"

"To fetch Hornitos? Allowing for the storm, and the hills we strike after we get past Yowd's, we will make it, if all goes well, in about eight hours."

He frowned at this. "Can't we get along any faster?"

"Not in this mud, and have the horses last," I said.

He peered out up the road, where as far as we could see it lay gray and liquid, reflecting the flying clouds, and I thought I had never seen a man who looked so wistful to put the miles behind him. All around us the circle of the plain, showing faintly in the rain, lay level and unbroken. There was no vehicle in sight, no sound but the splash of the horses' hoofs, the dash of the mud on the buggy hood, and the harsh rushing of the two great red ditches on either side of the road. We drove without a word more between us; but from time to time I glanced at him and always saw him looking straight before him, flushed and with the veins in the forehead bluish and distended, and that steady nervous twitch of the eyelid.

I SAW HIS FACE SHARP IN THE LIGHT. IT WAS SHAUGNESSY.

I wondered what he could have done to make him like that. He was the headlong, hot-blooded, straight-from-the-shoulder kind—the kind that gets in a passion and sees blood; but there was nothing double-faced about him. I didn't think he was anything in my line. Still it might be that he'd got himself into a hole with poker or the races, and forged something to get himself out. That's mostly the way gentlemen begin, and I couldn't think of anything else that would put as good a man as he into a panic. I was ready to bet it was his first slip, and I hoped he would get clean away. The fact was I liked him. He was no white scrub like me; but I wanted to say, "For Heaven's sake, don't show your nerves like that!"

My own were near to snapping as I watched for the roof of Yowd's to come out through the rain. We were pretty close before we could see it, dirty white, like an old mushroom against the rising land behind it; and we were closer yet before I saw that there was another vehicle waiting under the wide wing of the shed. I didn't want to believe it, but there was no mistaking a rig of some sort drawn up near the watering-trough, and near it a white something, too small even for a horseman. I had hoped to get through without meeting any one, but there was nothing for it but to go forward. I made out the rig as a buggy smart and new, so that it couldn't be a rancher's; and the white thing near it was Yowd in his white apron as if he'd just run out from the bar. But he had his back to the buggy and was looking down the road in the direction we were coming from.

I guessed he was surprised to see another customer in such weather, and I thought he'd be still more so when he saw Jimmy Pim. As we drove under the shelter, he made a motion with his hand to show he'd recognized me,

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and ran forward to meet us. I was never so glad to see anything as I was to see his funny little bald head and the turned-up ends of his Swedish whiskers. All the same I had one eye for the buggy, which was back to us.

"Hello," I said to Yowd, jollying him; "who are you expecting, Johnny?"

"You," he said. His little blue eyes were snapping with excitement.

It clean knocked the wind out of me. "Expecting me! Why how—? What the devil—?"

"They telephoned from Mercedes to hold you up if you came through," he said, leaning into the buggy. "The sheriff had word from Sellars that you had been seen thereabouts; early this morning he had a telephone from the El Capitan Hotel that a man had been robbed there; then Shaugnessy, the livery-stable man, reported he'd seen you at the depot. They're after you."

It was all out before I could stop him, and my gentleman sitting there taking it all in. But I was too scared at the moment to care. I could feel myself turn pale. "And how long ago did you hear?"

"About an hour."

I pointed at the buggy. "And what's that?"

"For you," he said.

"Oh, good boy, good for you!" I was almost crying with relief, for I had thought it was the sheriff; and jumping out of Shaugnessy's rig I called to my gentleman, "Here's where we change horses. Come on if you want to stick to me."

I gave him a look to let him see that I knew he had heard all there was to know about me. He gave me back such a keen one in return that it seemed to go through to my backbone. For a moment he stood there wasting precious time as if he were studying me, and I grew cold for fear he was going to throw me down; but then he said, "I can stick to you as long as you can stick to me," and jumped into the buggy.

He was sort of laughing. I could see the excitement was going to his head, making him reckless instead of scared—and I don't know which is the worst when a man's in danger. I thought it was lucky for him he had a cautious fellow like me along.

Just as I got into the buggy Yowd ran out with a bottle of whisky in each hand. "Remember, Jimmy, I put up a hard fight, but you got the best of me," he said with a wink. "Hurry along now. I hear they have good horses." But as we got out from under the shed he ran after us. "Say, Jimmy," he said, "look out for the river."

"What's the matter with the river?" I called.

"High and rising," he said.

I looked at my gentleman. "Shall we try it?"

"Try it?" he said, kind of surprised. "Why, I've got to get across it. It's Hornitos or nothing for me!"

Yowd and I both looked at him. That nervous, reckless, laughing look he had, made me think that whatever he'd done, it was pretty desperate. Plainly, his was the harder case.

"All right," I said, "Hornitos or nothing!" touched up the fresh horses, and we were away.

Right out from the "Ten-Mile House" the ground began to rise, first rolling, then breaking into rocky knolls, finally going up in a long steep pitch to a sharp crest, and we were into the hills of the plains that are not like anything on earth but breakers one after another coming in to shore. As we tugged over the first crest I put my eye to the glass in the back of the buggy hood, and looked away down over the jumble of little hills and hollows as far as Yowd's beneath us. The road showed like a red gash, and, as well as I could see for the rain, nothing moved upon it. All the same I knew that the sheriff couldn't be more than half an hour behind us, and probably on horseback; and I was mighty glad we should have the solid hills at our backs instead of the naked miles of the plain. Down we went into the hollow with a jouncing swing and up the next hill, and over, and down again, the rain driving in our faces, and the wind filling out all the loose rubber on the buggy with a flapping, snapping, cracking sound like a hundred whips, and making a long whoo-whoo behind us.

"It's like sailing," says my gentleman, and he began to sing:

> Oh, twenty years I courted Sally,
> Yo ho, ye rolling river!
> And twenty more, but I didn't get her!
> I'm bound away on the wild Atlantic.

"If this is sailing, I wish I was on dry land," I said, for the road ahead looked mighty boggy; and sure enough the words had hardly got out of my mouth when down went the right wheels to the hub, and up went the left side of the buggy in the air, and

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all that saved us from going over in a second was him throwing his big weight so hard to the left that he burst a hole in the carriage hood. As it was, there we hung for a moment, while I had time to imagine how we should look swimming around in that infernal red mess, and the team six hills away. Then she righted a little and he climbed out on the high side; and, me beating the horses, and him boosting the hind wheel, we pulled her out.

"It's lucky for me you're along," I said.

"Well, Lord knows what I'd have done if I hadn't found you," he said. And then we hustled on for all the team was worth. But that wasn't very much. Of all the roads I ever traveled I remember that one as the worst. For, since the rains began, it hadn't had much travel, and the red clay mud had sucked up all the water; and the wetter and softer it got, the stickier it got; and the hollows between the hills were full of little red creeks and quicksand. Every now and then we had to haul the horses through that. And every now and then we had to get out and boost the buggy through a bog, until we both looked like animated mud banks so that the sheriff himself couldn't have recognized us, and we couldn't look at each other without laughing.

Yet at the same time I kept listening for the sounds of horses galloping behind us; and sometimes, in the rain, a rock on the skyline looked so like the sheriff's hat that I was on the point of jumping and running for cover in the hills. But my gentleman never turned his head over his shoulder, but kept staring on in front as if he was trying to look over the top of the next hill; and by and by an idea occurred to me that made me nervous.

"Look here," I said at last, "are you expecting trouble from that direction, too?"

"Well, rather," he said, with his funny excited laugh.

"Then, why the dickens are you going this way?"

"Because," he said, "the only chance I have is to get to Hornitos. If we can make it by two o'clock, I guess I'll scrape through."

"Evidently," I said to myself, "some detective or other is going to try to hold him up there, and he hopes to get through before the gentleman arrives." Well, under those circumstances, so did I. And I was glad when we came up on the watershed where the mud was thinner and mixed with gravel, and the horses could make good time. We were getting near the river. I could hear the rough, monotonous note of it above the storm; and looking forward over the almost level land, I wondered why I hadn't sighted it yet. I could remember, spring or summer, high water or no water at all, always being able to make out the river from a distance by the thin broken red line of its far bank, where the water had eaten it under. The rain was letting up in a fine drizzle, which could not have blotted it out, and the rushing water sounded so loud that I thought we should be almost upon it. Then all at once I pulled up the horses short at what I saw a few rods in front of me. It looked as if a section of the plain was moving past with a winding, gliding, sinuous motion. I rubbed my eyes, and saw that it was water. But if it was the river, what had become of the banks? Then I came to, and understood. The banks were covered. The river was running brimfull, and level with the plain.

"What's the matter?" said my gentleman.

"That," I pointed.

"Well, but that isn't so much," he said.

"No," I said, kind of sarcastic; and drove forward to within a yard of the bank. On each side next the bank the river ran ruffled with little waves, but in the middle there was a space broader than a man's body that was as smooth as silk. It made me think of a snake with its rapid, sliding, muscular motion, and the dull gleam of its brownish-yellow back.

"See that current," I said, shying a stone into it. "I've struck it when the river was but half as high, and then it was no fun to play with; but now—well, if I had a dog or a cat here I could sling, I'd show you how fast it will take a body down."

"Cat be hanged," he said; "a cat isn't a team of good horses and two able-bodied men."

"Just as you like," I said, "but I'd as lieve stick my head into the hangman's noose as my foot into that river."

At this he grew a little pale, looked all up and down the river as if he thought there might be a bridge, then back at me. "Then what are you going to do?" he asked.

I said, "I am going to take this team north up the bank of the river, take my chance in the open country and try to make the mountains."

Then I thought all the blood in his body came up into his face. "You miserable little mucker," he said, "do you mean you're going

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to turn tail on me when you've got me out this far!"

"I got you!" I said, as mad as he was; "you got yourself! You were bound to come. I couldn't stop you. And now if you've got any sense you'll keep on sticking to me."

"What do you think I came for, if you're not going to Hornitos?" he shouted, and I could see his hot blood and the spirit of the ride working in him together. "Oh, come on! do it for fun! Do it because you won't be downed—do it for a hundred dollars."

"My skin comes higher than you seem to think," I said, and I swung the horses around and started to give them the whip. At that he made a sudden movement. I clapped my hand to my gun, thinking he was going to knock me out of the buggy, but instead of that he climbed out himself.

He stripped off his coat like a man waving a flag. We were right on the water's edge. "You fool!" I shouted. "You can't swim that."

"I'm going to have a shot at it, anyway," he called. Standing there with his fine red face and his white shirt on the edge of the muddy river he looked so ridiculous, and so something else that wasn't ridiculous, that it dried my throat to look at him.

"Oh, come off," I said; "risk it as I'm going to, and lie up on this side of the river."

He turned on me with a breathless grin on his face. "I would, if I were only a thief, but as things stand it's hell or Hornitos for me."

Right there the thought flashed through my mind, "Then it must be murder!"

"Why didn't you say so before?" I said. "Hell for me some time, too—and why not now in good company!"

"Now you're talking," he said. "And if my luck hasn't changed we'll see the other side."

"Well, we won't if mine hasn't," I said. We ripped what was left of the buggy hood off the frame, threw away the robe for fear it would tangle our feet, kicked off our boots and put them with our coats into the wagon body as ballast. Then we climbed into our skeleton of a wagon. I started her a couple of rods up above the road, allowing that much for the current to drift us so as to land just at the ford at the other side. "Now then, hold hard," said I; "I've got to rush for it."

We launched off from a sheer bank, but as I'd known it would, the water bore us up, so for a moment we had the horrid feeling of touching nothing. Then I heard the wheels scrape on the bottom, and felt the horses struggling for foothold. A swash of icy water came over my legs, and we were out in the stream before I knew it. Then something struck us. I could see the horses stagger sideways to keep their footing, feel the thrill in all the buggy frame—and then, like a man hit in the wind, the whole thing gave. I felt the wagon body begin to slue round and, creaking and cracking and straining in every nail and hook and leather, she swung aslant in the current and we were afloat again. The current had us, and I knew once the buggy swung square to it, she would fill like a tub and go down-stream with all aboard, and nothing could stop her. I yelled to the horses, and felt them plunge forward straining in the harness, and I tried to make out as the bank went past me whether we were moving forward faster than we were going down-stream. Then the buggy body sank under me and I could feel the water at my waist. The backs of the horses began to rise up at a slant until I could see their ears upon the sky; and I thought this was how things looked to a drowning man. Then the buggy heaved up with the water pouring out of it at every point, and I heard the wheels rattle upon gravel, and I looked, and saw we were on the land with the river behind us.

For a moment I couldn't understand how we had got there. And then I realized that from the time I'd started I'd never expected to get across. I looked at my gentleman and he at me very solemnly for a minute and then he reached out and shook my hand. "I won't forget that," he said. Then we looked to see what the damage was. Horses sound, wheels still turning, harness still holding, but not much else left on the buggy. We were wet to the waist, shivering in our shirt sleeves and stocking feet, with our faces streaked with red mud like war paint. He had lost his hat. I'd kept mine, but one sock was gone. We must have looked precious funny, but neither of us thought of that, then. There was no time. We let the horses breathe a moment, and we were off again.

High time it was, too, for we were scarcely over the watershed, and descending into the big valley when we heard faint shouts coming behind us.

"What's that?" says he.

I listened, and as the voices seemed to be moving from north to south instead of east to west I told him I judged the sheriff and company had probably arrived at the river, and

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were expecting to find us somewhere on their side of it. "They don't know what a strong combination we are," said he with a grin, and I believe he was right. Neither of us would ever have got through alone.

Behind us the sky was black and threatening, but in front the clouds were growing gray and thin with here and there a glimpse of sky showing through, and though the wind was still strong it smelled like spring. On the other side of the valley we could see the big divide, and in the freckled foot-hills below it was the town we were racing for. We passed through orchards in bloom, along fields of springing wheat, over bridges, over hill and hollow of the valley bottom, seeing it all through the whirl of that eternal, infernal mud. I felt dazed and weak, but I kept the horses at it like a machine. Every now and then he'd say, "Can't we get on faster?" and I'd say to him, "I'll get you there, I'll get you there yet," though I knew it was already long past three o'clock. I believe I'd forgotten that I had anything to run away from, or that there was any danger to me, and I know that in those last miles he had forgotten all about my fix. He sat forward on the edge of the seat, with his eyes on the freckled foot-hills. I was nothing more to him than a pair of hands to keep the horses going.

But when we were fairly into the foot-hills, and were so near Hornitos that we could count the houses, we both seemed to come to a little, and he tried to put on his shoes, which by a miracle had not been washed overboard, and felt for his collar and found it wasn't there, and fussed with his watch and found that it had stopped; and by that time we'd reached the lower road that skirts below the town and around to the back of Hornitos. I was going to turn into that, but he said, "No, no, take that road," and the first thing I knew we were going up the main street.

I said, "Are you crazy?"

He gave his head a quick shake as if I were something bothering him that he wanted to shake off, and "It's all right," he said, "I know what I'm doing; I'll see you through"; and he went on directing me, "Turn to the left, drive up that street!" until all of a sudden he said, "Stop," and we stopped in front of an old-fashioned mansion away back in a large garden.

All the grass and trees were dripping from the rain, but there was a little sunshine sifting down through the leaves and the smell of the violets was like strong drink to me. Then I saw there was something odd about the house. Along the front piazza a long green wreath was looped from pillar to pillar, and there were pieces of smilax wound around the columns. The front door stood open, and inside I could see the walls, the ceilings, and the stair banisters covered with flowers and greens and white ribbons. But all the stuff looked wilted as if it had been there for quite a while, and the house itself seemed deserted. If there had been a party or anything there, every one seemed to have gone away.

My gentleman looked at it quite a little while as if he wasn't in a hurry any more. He wiped the red mud off his face with all that was left of his pocket handkerchief. Then he said in a queer, low, disinterested sort of voice, "I'm afraid I'm late." He got out of the buggy, and I followed him as I had done for the last ten hours; and in his shirt and trousers, without a collar or hat, he was still as fine a figure of a man as ever I saw. He opened the gate and stood there a moment hesitating. At that moment some one looked out of one of the windows. It was a face that seemed to be looking out of a white mist. He didn't see it, and I was so astonished that I stood staring. In a moment it disappeared, and all of a sudden a girl in a white dress, with a long white veil flying out behind her, darted out at the open door and down the steps, and came running down upon us. I had no time to think of anything but her face. It wasn't that it was the prettiest that I ever saw, but there was an expression on it that I know I'll never see again. They met just inside the gate. She paid no more heed to me than she did to the mud on his clothes, but I saw two white things go around and cover up his neck; they were her arms. A fold of her veil blew over him and around his muddy feet, and I saw that her hair, where it lay on his shoulder, was yellow.

I just looked at this miracle, not adding up the evidence at all. And some more women in white dresses came out of the house, one old one in front, all holding up their skirts and pattering through the puddles and hurrying toward the young girl and my gentleman, who didn't seem to know that they were coming. Then a fat old boy in a white vest and black coat, looking mighty mad, came out, following the women. And then the situation began to dawn on me and I leaned up

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against the gate-post. I needed support just then. To think I had thought he was a murderer! Meanwhile the whole crowd of them were talking, and the old man was calling something a disgrace, and trying to offer his arm to the girl and lead her back to the house, and saying she shouldn't speak to this person who had insulted her family. She didn't seem to hear him, or see him; but my gentleman squared his shoulders and looked down over the top of her head at the fussy old boy.

"Sir," said he, "I've driven thirty miles in a kettle of mud, and crossed flood-tide to marry your daughter—and don't you think I've earned the right?"

And the girl just turned her head a little on my gentleman's shoulder and looked at the old boy; and he broke down and sort of smiled; and my gentleman clenched it by reaching out and getting a-hold of his hand. After they'd shaken hands he turned around to me, still standing by the gate-post thinking he'd forgotten all about me. "Well, don't you think it was worth it?" he said.

I just nodded. I couldn't speak, for the girl was looking at me with the kindest, sweetest eyes, as if she were going to say something to me—it was lonely just then, being Jimmy Pim.

"I want you to take a good horse from me," said my gentleman, "just as from one friend to another; and perhaps you'll take something else as a pledge of good faith." With that he put his hand into his pocket and took out of it an old gold Swiss watch. I looked at it and I recognized it. Then I looked at him. He stood holding it out to me with such a smile, half humorous and half grim. "It isn't worth anything, as you saw this morning," he said quietly.

I sort of choked. "I didn't know whose it was then," I said, and reached out my hand and took it from him without another word.

It was twenty-four hours before I had time to look at that watch again. Then with a good horse between my knees, and the mountains in my face, I took it out and saw that it had stopped at exactly the time when we crossed the river. I turned it over in my hand, and wondered just when during our drive he'd recognized me for the man who'd entered his room that morning in the hotel. I thought it must have been at Yowd's when he looked at me so hard. . . . And then I sprung the back of the watch. It might have been curiosity, but I own that way down in the bottom of my heart I had a sneaking hope that a photograph of *her* might have been forgotten inside it. There was something inside, but it wasn't a picture. It was a fifty-dollar gold piece—just the lift that one pal would give to another. I liked him for it! He could just as easily have made it a hundred, but that would have been *pay*!

"SIR," SAID HE, "DON'T YOU THINK I'VE EARNED THE RIGHT?"

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THE LOVE-LAMP

BY ZONA GALE
DECORATIONS BY BLANCHE GREER

THE heat went up in wavy lines, like little field sprites escaped from some prison of grass to join the still gold of the air. Beyond, the forest showed an edge of deep, deep green that looked cool and deceived nobody, for the world was sunk in some great flowing Lethe of sun that fostered dreams in idleness. I watched Lisa in the cool blue and white depths of a casement window, gown of rosebuds and fair hair outlined against the far meadows of afternoon.

"Aunt Ettarre," said Lisa, "isn't this charming?"

I was in a great willow chair with my sad gray curls pinned atop my head, and, near by, a carafe of water to pour upon sliced limes and pomegranates, and at my elbow three butterfly fans of painted gauze which bring coolness when I so much as unfurl them. I looked at Lisa, her bright head bent for the moment above a thin white book, and without knowing what she meant I answered:

"Yes. Charming—charming."

She touched me a quick little kiss from each finger of one hand, and leaned against the blue cushion and read what had caught her fancy—those delicate lines that go echoing along one's blood even when—and I think especially when!—one is seventy, as I am. Lisa's voice is all depths and delicacies, like her face, and the lines came musically:

When I was young as you are young
And lutes were touched and songs were sung
And love-lamps in the windows hung.

"Ah, Lisa," I said, "Lisa. What do you know of that? Wait until you are seventy."

Then Lisa asked an amazing question.

"Whatever," she asked, "is a love-lamp, Aunt Ettarre?"

"What is a love-lamp?" I repeated in astonishment. "But of all people in the world I should have said that you are the one to know. What is a love-lamp? In my day no girl of my acquaintance, and certainly no betrothed girl, would have failed to know what a love-lamp may be."

As I had hoped, Lisa blushed divinely. It was not yet a week since the announcement of her engagement to Eric Chartres, grandson to Madame Sally Chartres, my dearest friend.

"Seriously, Lisa," I went on, dropping a slice of pale lime on a rim of dull red pomegranate and tinkling the ice and a snow of sugar on them both, "seriously, have you never seen a love-lamp?"

"Never, Aunt Ettarre," Lisa answered ruefully.

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"Ah, the lovers of this generation," I said sadly, "what do they know of love? I dare say that you never saw a lute, either—I mean a proper serenade lute that must be played under the moon in the open in order to make any sound at all? No? And what do you know of love-songs, trembling up to one's window when one is asleep and dreaming of the singer—Lisa, Lisa, it is a terrible thing to be young nowadays!"

But I smiled as I said it, for I remembered the day that Lisa and Eric said their betrothal words in our attic, and what a heavenly thing it had seemed to me then to be young, as they were young.

"Not—not so very terrible, Aunt Ettarre," dissented Lisa, dimpling.

"Do you mean," I demanded with a fine show of impatience, "that serenades do not interest you?"

"Interest me?" cried Lisa, with the tone of tones in her voice, the young-girl-in-love-with-life tone which I protest lengthens my own life every time that I hear it, "I'd like one above everything. But I've known Eric only one winter, and we were in town," she explained enchantingly, "and, you see, I've been in the country only since ten o'clock this morning."

Bless the child. As for anybody else's serenade ever having counted for so much as an incident, that was manifestly beyond imagination. I approved supremely—in fact, I loved Lisa for this; but in my query I was more modern:

"Have you never been serenaded, Lisa?" I asked.

"Oh, at school, yes," she answered. "Enid and I and three or four of the freshmen had rooms at the back of the Hall, and the Glee Club from the college across the river used to come at midnight and sit in the tennis-court, and we would wake up and hear the mandolins and let down cheese sandwiches in baskets——"

"Lisa—Lisa!" I cried, unfurling all three of my painted fans, "I do not speak of open-air concerts in the parks, with different kinds of cheese! You poor, dear child—I meant a serenade."

"That was a serenade," said Lisa wonderingly. "It used to be mentioned in the dormitory paper next day."

Fancy that, fancy that. . . . I sat with my chin in my hand, looking at that exquisite child in the blue-and-white window with a background of gray-green meadow and deep wood, and she seemed eminently the one to have leaned from that window to let fall a rose to a troubadour, face uplifted in the moonlight among the magnolias—ah, I dare say that the idle heat of the day had bred fancies in my brain, but at seventy I protest that I see no better purpose for the idle heat of day having descended upon one.

"Suppose," said I, "suppose that it were now midnight, sixteen hundred and fifty. Suppose this were a tower in the trees—as it is. Suppose you were twenty—as you are, and in love—as you are; and suppose the whole world were as genuinely desirable as it really is. And fancy you wakening and finding your duenna—that would be I—fast asleep in that other room. What would you do? You would find and light a love-lamp—never mind what it is. You would know. And you would open this lattice, and hang the lamp in the casement window—there is the identical nail ready. And presently up from the garden would come the touch of a croud or a zither, and down there in the trees would stand some one in a plumed cap who would sing you a little exquisite lyric that he had woven for you from his own thought of you; and you would listen and drop him a rose—and send him a kiss in the moonlight. And it would be Eric. And he would wander away down the paths, still singing. And you would put out the love-lamp, and the duenna—that would be I—would never be the wiser."

"Ah, don't say I'd put out the love-lamp," begged Lisa, deliciously absorbed. "Leave it lighted—leave the story there, with it lighted."

"To be sure," I corrected, "it would stay alight, of course. Indeed, I suppose the real true love-lamp never would go out."

I had forgotten that fancy of Lisa's in which I really am fain to share. Namely, she is never willing to follow a tale to its logical conclusion, but she would always end the matter in the moment of high romance when all the light is at its brightest. I have known her, when by chance she has persisted to the last chapter, refuse to leave a book until she has reread the happiest parts; and often I have seen her lure her mother from their box in time to miss the after-sweet of the stage wooing, because she wished the picture to die with no veil of falling curtain, no disappearing backs. This is because Lisa is so young—and she sees only the high lights; and as for my own sympa-

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thy with this preference, it is because I am so old, and the high lights are a kind of remembered heaven.

"That would be charming," said Lisa wistfully, "to hang the love-lamp there." She looked reflectively at the chance nail as if some fairy significance were attached, swaying. "Do I really seem like somebody that some poor little man of a troubadour might have sung to?" she asked idly, and leaned from the casement, and looked down on the dreaming garden as if she saw some serenader waiting there, hand on lute, his lyric on his lips.

"I suppose," I thought, watching the curve of her fresh cheek veiled in her bright hair, "that nobody ever looked so much like a ladye in her bower as you, dear," and aloud I assented absently; and then I sat sipping my sherbet and turning something in my mind.

Eric was coming out for dinner that very night. There would be a full moon. The magnolias were in blossom. Lisa was in love—so was Eric, deeply, divinely. Why in the world should there not be a serenade to-night under this very casement window, with a love-lamp on that very nail. . . .

As soon as it was time to dress for dinner I slipped away across the hall to ask Pelleas to help me. Pelleas and I had brought Lisa over from town that day to her home in Hempstead, and we were to spend the week end there. There was very little time to plan anything of great romance, but it is surprising what a very little time delightful matters require in the planning. And a serenade—a serenade any one can arrange in a twinkling. Besides, I had already seen a mandolin standing in a corner of our sitting-room.

"Pelleas," I asked without preamble—for Pelleas is always keyed to romance, like a singing voice, and needs no preamble, though to be sure he pretends a vast indifference, which deceives nobody—"Pelleas, can Eric play a mandolin?"

"Certainly," Pelleas answered, turning from the path of a southern breeze that had sprung up to fan all the heat in from without. "Of course he can," Pelleas pursued; "in these days what fine young fellow is helpless in the presence of a riding-horse or a mandolin? No one, I'll be bound."

I stood at the window, looking down on a little fountain whose spray seemed actually to droop in the summer languor, though its plash was bravely cool. Pelleas is seventy as well as I, and our great love has kept our hearts near and young; but secretly I was wondering if at last I had not reached the moment when Pelleas would think me finally mad. Some way, the mere sight of the orchid wall-paper in our room, and the hand-carved push bell, and the great lotus spray of electric lights made my serenade seem pale and ineffectual, like a mandolin at noon.

"Besides," Pelleas continued, "as for Eric Chartres, I taught him to strum on stringed things myself."

"You did, Pelleas?" I cried delightedly.

"Ah, well," said Pelleas, "they did give him instruction at school. But I really taught him all he knows about music."

I took up the mandolin that I had noticed in a corner of that room and put it in his hands. It was a beautiful bit of wood, and every string, as Pelleas swept them all, was true and pure.

"That is the true test of good housekeeping," Pelleas observed as he touched the keys, "to have all the strings to these things right, and the piano perfect, and plenty of pens in the desks, and no clock about that doesn't go, and a shelf for books over the bed——"

"Pelleas," said I at this, "can Eric sing?"

"I don't know," he answered in perfect good nature, "but he makes—in great secret—some little songs. Does the music, too. He sang me one the other day. Like this. . . ."

He picked daintily at the strings in a thin, dipping melody, all touch of courtier plumes and sweep of silken skirts and stepping forward and retreating with a song—a court thing, a happy strain of minuet, a very wreath of delights, crowning Delight herself. I listened, allured, and at the end I held my breath while the air rose in a cadence of utter passion and died in a breath that did not forget.

"Pelleas!" I applauded, "charming. What are the words—but what are the words?"

"They're somewhere about," said Pelleas. "He made them, and I commanded him to give me a copy. The boy is a genius, you know," he said, as he is never tired saying; "unless the way he is earning money to give to Lisa discredits him."

"Pelleas," said I, "Pelleas—to-night, when it is late—let's arrange it so that he can sing that to Lisa, under her window—as the real lovers used, before every one forgot how!"

"Pooh!" said Pelleas, his eyes filled with

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It was midnight— summer midnight

instant plans. Pelleas dislikes being caught red-handed, so he always puts his hands behind his back, and immediately turns his back toward you. "Is Eric coming down to-night?" he asked.

When Eric did come down that night I beguiled him to the library, early, before Lisa had appeared. The great room was unlighted for the sake of coolness, and I beckoned him to a dusky window for the sake of that mystery which is the spice of my declining hours. Not that they really decline, but when one is seventy one must at least pretend to be old.

"Eric," I said, "listen. . . ."

With that I hummed for him his own exquisite little song—indeed, I could hardly help doing so, for it had been dipping and lilting in my head ever since Pelleas had sung it me. And, when he heard this, Eric—whom I adore because he is so like Pelleas at Eric's age—colored a little and chided the absent Pelleas for his apostasy, and was altogether boyishly delighted that I cared for his little song.

"Has Lisa heard it?" I asked.

"No," he said, "oh, no. It isn't good enough."

Bless him for that, I thought.

"Ah, well, now," I said, "I wish you to say the words to me. Will you?"

I waited, looking into the quiet twilight the while he made the happiest remonstrance. It was the same picture of dreaming meadows and deep, deep green on which I had looked that afternoon from Lisa's window, only now the grayness was falling, delicate mask of the summer hours trooping to their midsummer-night's revelry. Something of its still gold lingered to the day, something of the languor, but trained now to a vibrant silence. I fancied that I might still see the little field sprites eternally rising from their prison of grass to join the audience of the air. I heard Eric's song soft on his lips as if it were the singing of the delicate moment and the moment's passing:

Sing—for this open hour of Now,
Sing—for the little Present.
Touching the dusk, the wind, the kiss
Making one music of what is
You, and the thought of you. Oh, how
To live it, passion and pain,
Till it shuts again. . . .
And the brave impermanent play
Hangs on the thorn of Yesterday.

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"Eric," I said, "you must sing it to her. Dear boy, if in your heart you have any little, little thing that will give her pleasure you must not keep it from her—you must not. Don't keep back a word or a look 'to hang on the thorn of Yesterday.' Eric, will you sing it to her to-night?"

"In the drawing-room?" cried Eric in a panic. "Oh—good heavens, Aunt Ettarre, I couldn't do that. I should——"

"No, no," I cried, "heaven forbid. But down there in the garden, where the cosmos is. At midnight. Lisa's window is just over this."

"You're laughing at me!" said Eric soberly.

"Now, heaven forbid," I said again.

Then I told him what I meant and what Lisa had said that afternoon, and how this was the garden of gardens and this the night of nights to have a serenade. The young lover listened, kindling, and when I had done he took my hand in both his and we planned the delicious details, and I—who should have been the duenna—was in a flutter of pure delight. When we heard Lisa's voice in the hall we crossed the library to meet her, the air quickening about our heads, I have no doubt, with all the charming fancies that our talk had shown to be perfectly possible.

I fancied the dinner would never have ended. How they talked about men and women and war, as if these abstractions were realities! Is it not the strangest perversity that families of intelligence and cultivation will sit at their own tables with some heavenly romance blossoming in their very midst—the Rose and the Lyre of the world—and yet they will all talk of new measures and new meters and all the mere sheath of this world's delight, when they might be glimpsing its heart, immortal and divine?

After dinner Pelleas slipped away up-stairs and brought down the mandolin when no one was looking and laid it on the window-seat in the darkened library. And as for me, when I passed Eric in the corridor, I sent his look through the arch of the same window; and there was the great gold of the moon, come to listen to his song.

"Lisa," I whispered innocently before I went up-stairs, "I shall sleep in the other bed in your room to-night, if you don't mind. It is far cooler on that side of the house, I fancy."

"You dear," said Lisa, "you must tell me stories until I go to sleep, as you used. The one about the Violet-that-came-true, and the grass that could be water when it liked, and the nest that flew away. . . ."

"Ah, those may very well be," I thought as I listened, "but about midnight you will waken to hear a story that is sweeter than any I have ever told you, dear."

I went up-stairs early, being seventy, and thought to keep early hours, which means that Pelleas and I are often enabled to escape a monotony of talk that would age the youngest. Every one was in the drawing-room when I left—indeed, to-night Pelleas was there too, for by one little polite question he had got inextricably entangled in hearing an explanation that enlightened nobody. As for me, it would not have been in my power to go soberly to sleep when such sweet business was toward.

Or so I thought. I had meant to lie awake, pretending to be fast asleep, until midnight struck and, from the garden, I should hear the first faint tinkle of the mandolin—whereupon I should pretend to be faster asleep than ever before. Lisa would hear it—I was certain that Lisa would hear. And then I should have the heart's delight of lying there in the darkness while in her sitting-room she leaned and listened to Eric's song trembling up to her from the garden, all his boy's heart in the winged notes. Ah, next to my own youth would be the sweetness of those moments, when Love itself would come tapping at the casement so near, so near. . . .

And yet I fell asleep. I protest that I am not the dullard of romance that I seem, but unmistakably, for all my delicious excitement in the hour, I fell asleep. I know, because of the sweetness of that waking. Like far chimes and bird notes the music stole upon me—sweet sound and bank of violets and food of love, in Duke Orsino's lift and fall of melody. I woke, and I remembered—I often wonder if the old are not young in the very first moment of their waking, young with a youth that vanishes when they are well awake? I awoke, and turned, and looked about me in amazement. The lights were low. Enid's dressing-gown lay across her bed, and her pillow had not been pressed.

Imagine my bewilderment then—I, a helpless old woman, in the presence of this very voice of the world's youth singing in the night. I had a momentary hope that Lisa had sat long by her window looking on the

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It was the voice of the whole world of lovers.

night and pretending all the vague, delicious things of which we had talked that afternoon. If this were so, nothing could have been more opportune than Eric's coming to the garden. But what if it were not so—and the music of the mandolin tinkling and trembling and all the drowsy dark sweet with the melody? Obviously I must make sure, I told myself, and I rose and put on Enid's dressing-gown and slippers and stepped to the door of her sitting-room.

White across the cushions of the casement window the moon was shining. But the window-seat was empty. The room was empty. Lisa was not there.

That first moment of my profound disappointment was followed, I am regretful to say, by a thrill of the keenest, guiltiest delight. It was midnight—summer midnight. Below in the garden a mandolin was being played, and played by a lover to his lady. That lady was not there; but I was there; and why in the world should I not pretend, for my own delight . . .

I went to the casement window. From the security of the curtain I looked down on the garden, and I saw the figure standing in shadow by the purple cosmos, touching soft strings. The next instant I caught the curtain a little aside and sat in the window, in the full gold of the moon.

At once the music swelled louder in recognition of my presence, a recognition that made my heart beat, and I did not try to still it. I wanted it to beat, with the full of the moment that was mine. And the player in the shadow passed in music to that air that I was longing to hear. It was the same, and yet the sweeter for the night, that delicate, dipping melody, all nod of courtier plumes and stepping forward and retreating —like the days!—a hint of minuet, a very wreath of delights crowning Delight herself. I listened, allured, enchanted, looking over the dreaming meadows to the deep, deep wood. Oh—the youth in the world, the youth divine and inextinguishable, since, for all my years, it was still mine by the right of my love for it; mine because I understood it as youth itself does not understand. Perhaps this possession of youth is the beginning of some immortality.

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And the human sweetness of it, the sweetness of sitting there in the summer night with love, even though it was not meant for me, thrilling in the music of a song that love had made for love. It was the voice of the whole world of lovers, the voice of all the race of the troubadours, the stirring of the dust of those "who were of old love's chosen," even as I had been—

When I was young as you are young,
And lutes were touched and songs were sung
And love-lamps in the windows hung.

But why did he not sing, why did Eric not sing the lyric that he had made for Lisa out of his lover's heart? I could guess why; I thought I knew how as he stood in the garden the boyish fear had come back upon him that "it was not good enough." And the music had no need of words as it rose in that last cadence of utter passion and died in the breath that did not forget.

I waited, hoping that he would begin once more, and this time with the song itself. But he stood silent, and I could see him but dimly in the shadow of the tall flowering cosmos. And while I looked he stepped out in the full moonlight, crossed the drive, came boldly up the steps of the old-fashioned piazza, and stood in the long open windows on the other side of Lisa's room.

"Ettarre!" he said.

Pure gold, even as it had fallen on the singer in the garden, the moonlight fell upon him now, and it was Pelleas.

"Pelleas!" I said faintly. "Was it *my* serenade?"

"Whose else," Pelleas asked, "since I was the troubadour?"

"My serenade—and my love, Pelleas?" I persisted in my bewilderment.

"Why, yes, yes, dear," he cried. "Those young madcaps went off motoring with some friends to dance—and I think the full moon asked me not to waste it. Did—did you like it?" he asked almost shyly.

"Like it!" I said. "O Pelleas! . . ." and in that moment I think I was not the sentimentalist, but one entering upon that immortality which I had lately glimpsed. "O Pelleas!" I cried with happy tears, "the lute was touched and the song was sung, but the love-lamp—where was the love-lamp?"

He looked down at me for a moment, and I knew that all I had heard in the music had been in his thought as he played.

"I think that the love-lamp always has to be one's heart," said Pelleas.

In the Turn o' the March Wind

By JAMES E. RICHARDSON

BEFORE the last of winter's days be told,
The pallid sun-dawns of the rising year
Call me from far unto the barrens here,
And the long sand-ways lure me as of old.
Morn after morn, till all this water-gold
Be blown about the heavens, and the drear
Horizon's passionless gray circumfere
Take flame, I tread the darkness and the cold.

For soon, the turn of magic; lea and ling,
The earth jets flowers like fire from every pore;
The baffled sea-wind's unaffrighting roar
Is blown into its throat by winds that sing
From pine-clad hill to clashing water-shore
The passion and the splendor of wild Spring!

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THE PLAYERS

With drawings (more or less) from life by Bernard Westmacott

THE success of E. H. Sothern as a serious actor proves the efficacy of hard work and a steadfast purpose. No man ever struggled with more energy, greater tenacity, or sincerer application. A beneficent nature seems to have intended Mr. Sothern for a light comedian; at least he is altogether delightful in humorous rôles. But he has compelled the public to acclaim him with voice and purse one of the foremost serious players on the stage. He is now a co-star with Julia Marlowe, and the combination divides with Richard Mansfield the distinction of gathering the largest receipts of any attractions in this country. Mr. Sothern's elevation shows the results of the relentless pursuit of a definite ambition.

Miss Marlowe is admittedly the first American actress. It is true that she is English born, but practically her whole life has been passed in this country, so that the accident of birth is cheerfully ignored. Blessed with a peculiarly rich native endowment as an actress, she too has worked with tremendous energy and singleness of purpose. Each year she advances in artistic worth.

It is rather curious that these stars can make much more money acting together than each heading a separate company. Their reputation has grown so great that no matter what manner of play they offer, the public will crowd the theatre and, outside of New York, will gladly pay double prices. And the public isn't so far wrong in its so evidently favorable opinion. It may be certain that if Miss Marlowe is in the cast there will be fine acting, and that the production as a whole will be a magnificent one.

Were it not for the popularity of the stars, "John the Baptist" must have failed as it did when first produced in Germany ten years ago, for it is not good as a staged play. It is far more effective in the library than before the footlights. Sudermann's characterization of the mystical prophet of the desert is a marvelous psychological study, and one can understand how it would appeal to a serious actor, how he could delude himself into believing that it would make a fine acting drama. And indeed it might, were there an actor who could portray the character that the author suggests in the text—a strange, powerful man who believes that he has a great mission, yet who is groping his way in unknown paths, feeling the littleness of his own knowledge, and failing to receive the inspiration that he has depended upon in great crises. Sudermann shows, with wonderful skill, how the stern Hebraic law of an "eye for an eye" clashes with the gospel of Christ in the heart and brain of this man who was the forerunner of the Nazarene. For you know that the doctrine of mercy of that gospel was unknown in all the religions of the world from the beginning

STANLEY DARK
IN "THE THREE OF US."

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

WILLIAM H. CRANE AS *OLD HARDCASTLE* AND ELLIS JEFFRIES AS *KATE HARDCASTLE* IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

LULU GLASER AS *MYRTLE WEBB* AND ORME CALDARA AS *JACK CHANDLER* IN "THE AERO CLUB."

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Photograph by Sykes, Chicago.

FRANK MOULAN AND MAUDE LILLIAN BERRI IN "THE GRAND MOGUL."

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

ELEANOR ROBSON IN THE TITLE-RÔLE AND H. B. WARNER AS *THE MAN* IN "SALOMY JANE."

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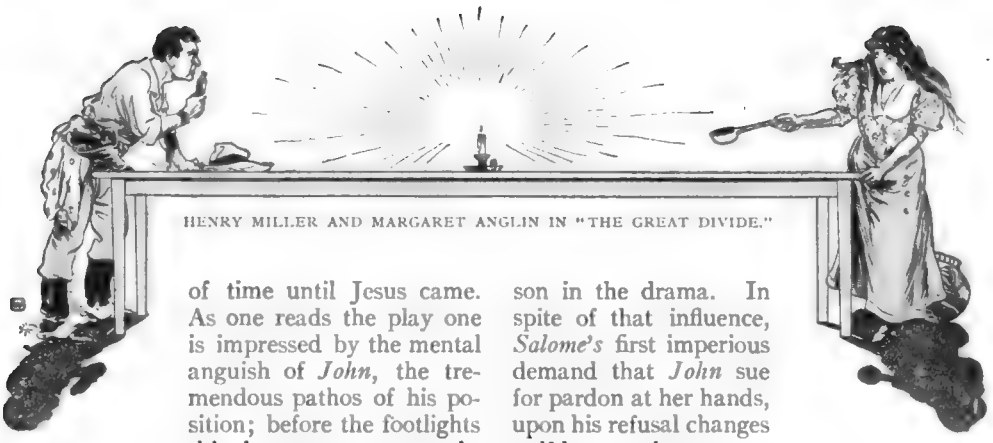

HENRY MILLER AND MARGARET ANGLIN IN "THE GREAT DIVIDE."

of time until Jesus came. As one reads the play one is impressed by the mental anguish of *John*, the tremendous pathos of his position; before the footlights this becomes mere weakness and the whole dramatic force of a big situation is lost.

Mr. Sothern never gets below the surface in his portrayal of *John*. He seems unable to grasp the soul of the character, its mysticism, its majesty, its compelling power. For the most part he is only solemn and monotonous; he is palpably acting.

Miss Marlowe's *Salome* saves the performance. She has said frankly that she doesn't care for the rôle, and that the play is presented for Mr. Sothern; but it is only her performance that makes it interesting, though her conception of the character is not the familiar one. There seems to be very little definite information upon which to base a conclusion, and perhaps Miss Marlowe has as much authority for making *Salome* a sort of first century ingénue as we have for thinking of her as a more self-conscious and less attractive type of woman. Most of us, however, never went so far as did Oscar Wilde in the play that describes *Salome's* unholy passion for *John*—a play to which no one paid any attention until Richard Strauss lifted it into immortality by setting it to music.

In the very beginning Miss Marlowe captures the sympathy of the audience, and she succeeds in keeping it to the end. Never has she been more girlish, more alluring, more delightful than as *Salome*, whom she makes a wilful, mischief-loving, elemental young woman, who is not wicked at all. *Salome* tries to flirt with *John*, whom she admires because of his strength, his power over men, his indifference to feminine charms; she wants to subjugate him out of pure vanity. But she is completely under the domination of her mother, who is the only truly wicked person in the drama. In spite of that influence, *Salome's* first imperious demand that *John* sue for pardon at her hands, upon his refusal changes swiftly to piteous entreaty that he will let her save him. This follows the dance before *Herod*—the "Dance of the Seven Veils"—which is very wonderful. Miss Marlowe brings to bear all her grace, all her charms, and, just as the audience is drawing a long breath preparatory to being shocked, the dance ends abruptly.

The co-stars followed "John the Baptist" with "Jeanne d'Arc," a new drama written by Percy Mackaye, a son of that extraordinary stage genius, Steele Mackaye. Its production has real significance; it is a notable achievement, this poetic drama, the first to be put forth by a contemporary American; and it is worthy of consideration beside the plays of Edmund Rostand in France and Stephen Phillips in England. Mr. Mackaye has written a blank-verse poem that has beauty, dignity, feeling, a poem that is even bigger when read than when seen on the stage. He has drawn characters that ring true, and he has developed a love-story deeper, tenderer, more convincing than that in Schiller's tragedy about the Maid of Orléans.

Mr. Mackaye has closely followed history, or tradition, and he has succeeded in presenting the life of *Jeanne*, from the time she first hears the voices in Domremy until her last hour in the prison in Rouen, in six scenes. His very fidelity has made the play episodic, warring, as it must, against fluent dramatic action. The striking scenes are superficial rather than expressive of the powerful dramatic undercurrent, and this is one of the weaknesses of the drama.

The part of *Jeanne* gives Miss Marlowe big opportunity, which she grasps fully. She makes one of the most romantically powerful women in all history wonderfully human.

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She never loses sight of the fact that *Jeanne* is only a peasant girl divinely inspired, who has faith, not in herself, but in the voices that are her guide; and it is these that give the simple maid her splendid dignity and force. To me the finest moment in the play is that when *Jeanne* in her shining armor, marching in the coronation pageant of King Charles, sees her father and her old friends from Domremy who are wondering if she will notice them. Her outburst of joy is so natural, so spontaneous, so moving that one is carried away by it.

In the last scene—in the prison at Rouen, when *Jeanne* feels that the voices have deserted her, when she hears the judge's clerk intoning her doom, and the terror of death overwhelms her, Miss Marlowe sounds her profoundest note of pathos. Never has she portrayed suffering so real, so poignant; and when the voices return, bringing holy calm and comfort, she makes *Jeanne's* relief and gratitude deeply touching. There is a beautiful scene between *Jeanne* and the scholarly skeptic, the *Duke of Alençon*, who had tried to persuade the peasant girl that she was a victim of delusions, and who ends by falling in love with her and believing in her divine inspiration. It is not a very big part, but Mr. Sothern scored in it far more effectively than as *John*.

Clyde Fitch had two plays produced in

CARLOTTA NILLSON AND FREDERIC TRUESDELL IN "THE THREE OF US."

New York on the same night, one dealing with fashionable life, the other a story of the tenements; and both were successful. The former is the most perfect, technically, that he has produced; the latter the strongest. Each was written for the star who played the principal rôle, and Mr. Fitch's remarkable skill as a dramatic tailor was proved by the fact that each actress revealed powers that advanced her artistic standing enormously.

CHARLES RICHMAN IN "THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO."

"The Straight Road," by far the stronger play, has glaring blunders that offend seriously. They give excuse for the charge that the melodrama is clap-trap; but there is no denying that it grips one's interest and holds it. Blanche Walsh deserves much personal credit for this. She is a really big actress and it is her capacity for presenting intense, repressed feeling, or swaying her audience as she will, that makes one forget Mr. Fitch's mistakes. This is possible, however, only because the errors are not fundamental, but only blunders in treatment of the theme.

Miss Thompson, head worker in the settlement, and, by the way, a hopeless, irritating prig, is bent upon reclaiming *Moll;* but the altruistic lady's preaching has the natural, if lamentable, result of making the erring one more content with her drunken existence. When *Miss Thompson* attains her object by placing a crippled child in *Moll's* arms, we are inclined to laugh at Mr. Fitch's obvious make-believe, until Miss Walsh convinces us by the sheer power of her acting. And this is true also of the climacteric scene in which *Moll*, finding that her plan to save her benefactress has not only miscarried, but has overwhelmed herself, decides to return to her old life of drunkenness and the streets. She is saved by the lime-light falling on a picture of the Virgin in her room. This is one of the stage tricks common in cheap melodrama, but scorn is checked when *Moll*, her whole being aroused, shakes her head and whispers: "It isn't true! It isn't true!" With the intense earnestness and conviction of her acting, Miss Walsh

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picks up her audience and carries it along unprotesting.

Curiously enough, in this play Clyde Fitch has created a real man with genuine virility and honest strength, a cockney who has become an East Side saloon-keeper and who is in love with *Moll*. I am not sure whether Mr. Fitch's lines or Charles Dalton's acting command the greater admiration. Certainly the result is a splendid characterization that goes far to help the play.

WILTON LACKAYE
IN "THE LAW AND THE MAN."

Howard Esterbrook plays *Douglas Aines* so well that he almost makes possible the character of the outrageous cad—he is so at ease, has such pleasant, ingratiating manners, and smiles so cheerfully. But men who are to marry very rich women haven't time, if they do have inclination, to keep appointments with tenement girls three days before the ceremony. The *Lazy Liz* of Jessie Ralph is a remarkable bit of grimly humorous realism, while Helen Lowell, as *Mrs. Finnerty*, presents a genuine tenement type.

"The Truth" is almost wholly free from those garish blunders that we have come to look upon as an inevitable concomitant of Mr. Fitch's work. He is the best exponent of the play of modern manners; no other writer, novelist, or playwright has so clear a grasp of the mental processes of fashionable women, and can portray their subtleties and their weaknesses with such delicate humor, such absolute fidelity. And there is no woman on the stage who can play this manner of woman so well as Clara Bloodgood, the star in "The Truth," who was herself a fashionable matron before she became an actress.

Her rôle is that of a young wife who is an habitual liar. The habit has grown so strong upon her that it is difficult for her to tell the truth even when it will best serve her purpose. Her mendacity, however, is not malicious, but rather altruistic. She lies to make other people, as well as herself, more comfortable, even in the smallest things. Never has Mr. Fitch created a character more convincing. Manifestly it is dangerous for a woman of this kind to see much of the husband of one of her friends, though her sole object be to bring together a couple that has quarreled. And when *Mrs. Warder's* husband discovers that she has lied to him, it is natural that he should disbelieve her when she does tell him the truth.

There is a remarkable scene when *Mrs. Warder* goes to her father, *Roland*, in Baltimore. He, too, is a constitutional liar, who has been ruined by his mania for betting on horses and his love for creature comforts; and yet a sort of innate gentility glimmers through his baseness. As *Mrs. Genevieve Crespigny*, with whom he boards and from whom he is willing to win money at cards, remarks, "his vices is swell vices." In the scene between father and daughter, Miss Bloodgood displays emotional powers that few dreamed she possessed. William B. Mack's portrayal of *Roland* is subtle, finished, convincing, one of the most remarkable things he has done; worthy in fact to be compared with his *Tesman* in "Hedda Gabler," which raised him out of obscurity, and with his *Schramm* in "Leah Kleschna."

Zelda Sears, who has admirably served Mr. Fitch in portraying eccentric characters in other plays, never did anything that approaches her *Mrs. Crespigny*, the boarding-house keeper, with her hair of various shades of red, her anxiety about her stays, her shrewdness, her obtrusive vulgarity, and her kindness of heart.

"Salomy Jane" is a ripping good play, one of the best Western dramas ever written, compact, interesting, even exciting, with a story that develops logically to strong climaxes, and with real people. To begin with, it is faithful to traditions, literary and romantic, and such loyalty is far more important—if success be the yardstick—than truth.

Once or twice before, I have taken occasion to remark that most of us know California of the early days through Bret Harte. He stamped the imprint of his genius on the life and the people, and I suppose it will endure for all time. And such Western characters as the novelist or the playwright chooses to employ must bear the Bret Harte hall-mark or be set down as spurious.

"Salomy Jane" is founded on Bret Harte's

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story of "Salomy Jane's Kiss." Paul Armstrong, author of "Salomy Jane," frankly acknowledges his obligation to the fountain-head of Western romance. From "Salomy Jane's Kiss" he has evolved the best melodrama founded on Bret Harte's works. It has plenty of action, it moves swiftly, fluently, illumined by pathos and real humor. It has extremely fine stage settings, which show the heart of the great redwood forest in California. And it is marvelously well acted. Only the star, Eleanor Robson, fails to enter into the spirit of the play; she is too well poised, too self-contained, too modern for this primitive girl of the mining camp. But on the other hand, Miss Robson as her lovely self is always charming, and to listen to her exquisite diction is a never-failing delight.

H. B. Warner, who plays *The Man*, proves what those who had watched him in plays that gave him small opportunity had come to suspect, that he is probably the best of the younger generation of leading men. He has been in this country only a year, and yet one would never suspect from his accent that he is a Britisher. Mr. Warner is handsome in a manly, straightforward way, and has real power; moreover, he has the dignity of repression and the strength to avoid seeking artificial effects.

As for Reuben Fax, one is lost in admiration of his apparently unlimited capacity for character portrayal. Never was he better than as *Colonel Starbottle*. What might easily have become a caricature stands out as an exquisitely perfect reality. And there is Holbrook Blinn as the gambler, *Jack Hamlin*, in disguise, whose portrayal is like a perfectly cut cameo, so clearly yet delicately defined are its outlines; it is precisely the kind of performance one might expect of the only actor who has played *Napoleon* successfully. Also there is James Seeley, as *Madison Clay, Salomy's* father, an actor unfamiliar on Broadway, but long known in stock; Ralph Delmore, as *Yuba Bill*, and Ada Dwyer, who has made many hits in her career but none equal to that which she scores as *Lize Heath*, a character in which she blends low comedy with real tragedy. One of the very finest scenes in the whole play is at the beginning, where three extraordinary little children, Donald Gallaher, Francis Fuller, and Ruth Wells, capture the hearts of the audience and keep them captive.

HAMILTON REVELLE IN "THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO."

A Day

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

THE wind to-day is like a thing that sleeps
Worn out with sighing, and the heavy sky
Over a silent earth broods silently
As one who some mysterious vigil keeps.

And all the little, happy sounds of earth
Are stilled as fearful of some unknown thing—
Like courtiers at the deathbed of a king
When the white presence chills the pulse of mirth.

And in my heart to-day the selfsame fear
Of one who waiting, waiting, turns to see
Upon his threshold black-garbed Tragedy
Shrilling with awful laughter, "I am here!"

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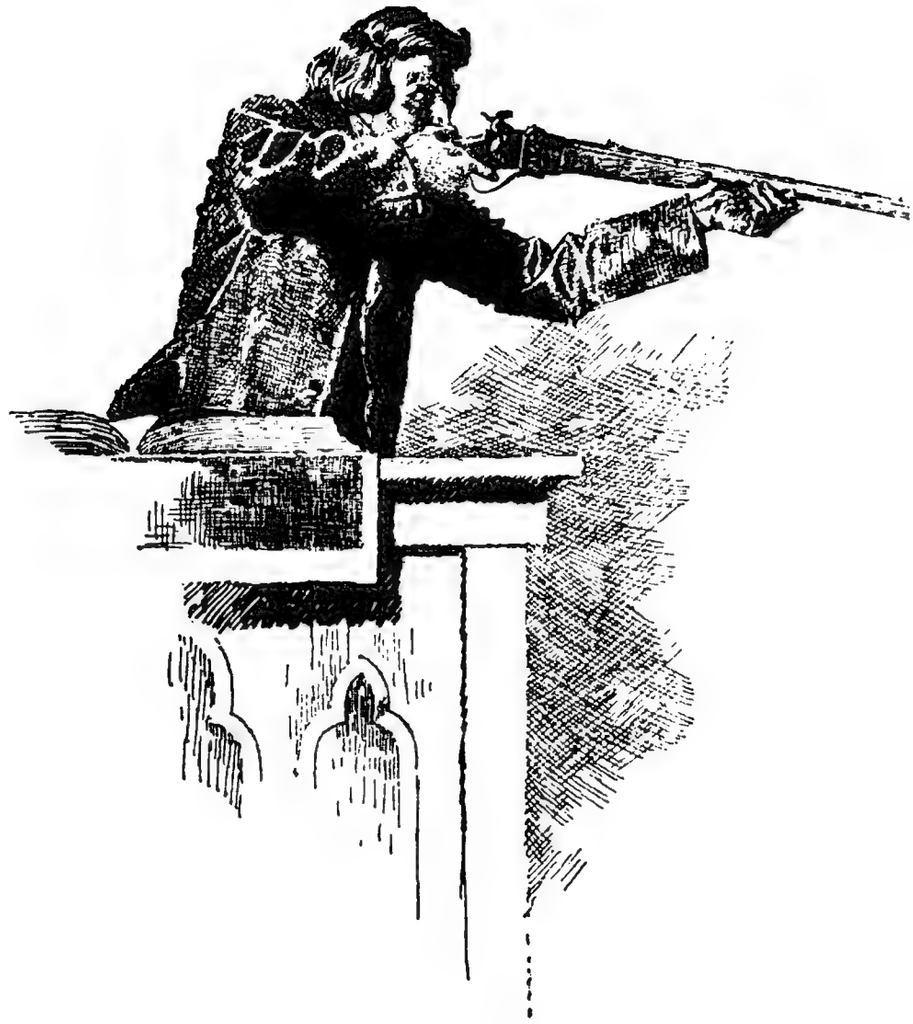

"OF A SUDDEN HE CAUGHT ME UP AND FIRED."

PARSON SMITH

(A Story by an Old Sharp's Rifle)

By ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS

Illustrations by Will Crawford

THIS is the story I heard one night at the San Teobaldo ranch-house, which looks out over the sea about midway between Monterey and Point Loma.

I had dropped asleep in the gun-room, after a long day with the quail in the cañons to the eastward. I suppose the coyotes waked me, for the coastwise steamer was due at Las Robles wharf, and its whistle always tunes up a small band of coyotes on the foot-hills near the ranch. At all events, they waked the gun-room. Strange metallic tones drifted about the dusk—a whistle like the wind shrilling down gun-barrels in a southeast storm, but modulated to a rough tune, caught my ear; then a voice:

"There he goes, tuning up as usual; which song is it to-night, Uncle? Tell us the story of your early days again, when you were a new rifle, in Kansas—won't you?"

From this persiflage, I guessed the piece addressed to be the Sharp's rifle—a gun, so said, with a past; and from the rejoinder I gathered that the speaker was the new 30–40 Winchester repeater, the story of whose achievements of a year before, in the elk country, was still impairing its owner's reputation for truth.

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"The trouble with modern repeating rifles," said the old Sharp's, addressing, ostensibly, a Parker gun of a late model, "is that they consider six shots wide of a vital spot better than one in the right place; and, repeat as they please, they can't repeat the shooting of the old days, when there was something to shoot!"

"Something to shoot!" said the Winchester; "did you ever see an elk?"

"I've seen its first cousin, the barnyard cow," growled the veteran.

"Did you ever see a silver tip?"

"A what?"

"A silver tip—a grizzly bear?"

"No!"

"Have you shot a moose?"

"No."

"Mountain sheep?"

"No."

"Well, what, may I ask, do you refer to as worth shooting?" asked the new-model Winchester, with thinly veiled sarcasm.

"Men," said the old piece, in a rusty tone, speaking way down in its barrel.

There was a stir at this. A silver-mounted derringer gave a click of respect from its place in the case; the spur and bits jingled suddenly together; the Parker gun, weapon of quiet coverts and peaceful marsh-lands, coughed dubiously.

"By—ah, ah—by accident, I suppose?" it asked.

"On purpose—by good aim and steady eyes," said the old rifle.

"Let's hear about it." The Winchester was speaking with a respect that showed good-tempered steel, for it knew that all big game is small when the great game is afoot—the game of kill or be killed, shoot or be shot, miss and —God help you—as it was played on the border in the fifties.

"I could hit that dog-coyote, sitting there on the barranca side, four hundred feet away, if an inch, offhand, and in the head, too, when I was young," said the old rifle, "and I can still."

There was no reply, and no murmur of doubt. The tacit agreement to this little bit of bombast soothed the ruffled feelings of the ancient; and, with a cough or two, as it cleared its barrel, it began:

"The man who loaded me first was named Smith. He came to Kansas about 1853, and bought a little farm twenty miles north of Lawrence. He was a young man, not tall, not short—well put up and kind looking. He didn't smile a great deal, but he could laugh heartily, and I've seen him cry. He was a preacher—he could preach and he could pray, and he not only could, but did. I went to church with him Sunday after Sunday and stood against the pulpit side. I well remember the first day I lifted up my voice in meeting. It was a hot June morning, and the doors and windows were all open. Smith was preaching; and standing in the door, with his coat off, fanning himself with his broadbrim, was Deacon Wingate. The deacon had a daughter by the name of Susie, and she always came to hear Smith preach. He preached to her, and prayed to her, too, I sometimes thought; and every one had them matched off after the first six months of preacher's stay in Poncah—that's the name of the village.

"But, somehow, it hung fire; and the powder was good on both sides, too.

"I knew pretty well the why of the case. Deacon Wingate was a bitter man, and time didn't sweeten him a bit. He was puckery as a green persimmon, but he didn't soften up with the frost of years as persimmons do when the first good cold spell comes—not deacon. He had debts to pay—all of them to 'Pikes' (as they called Missourians in those days when the struggle for Kansas was on): one boy shot dead in his farm-wagon on his way to church; ten head of cows and a fine brood mare run across the border one week in October; and a leg still with a slug in it, to remember old Missouri by. No, the deacon wasn't a mild man; and, to keep his memory fresh, he had four little notches in his rifle-stock—an old muzzle-loader—and each notch stood for a man he had got.

"One day the deacon and the preacher got to talking—talking of squaring odds and settling scores. The deacon read a power of texts from the Old Testament to show that the old-timers evened up matters and thought it the right thing; while Smith argued against him from the gospels. It was Bible back and Bible forth, and a power of it, till old man Wingate lost his temper and spoke up in plain old Kansas speech.

"'"Smite the Amalekites," is my text,' he says, very loud, hitting his knee hard. 'Smite 'em—they wa'n't half smit up in the Bible days. There's a plumb lot of 'em in Missouri now, an' I'm agoin' to help thin 'em out.'

"Preacher looked very solemn and kind of sad. 'Deacon Wingate,' he says, 'you know the golden rule?'

"'Mebbe I do an' mebbe I don't,' says the

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deacon; for he'd got to the point when oxen wouldn't draw him to agree to anything Smith said.

"'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you,' goes on preacher, very gentle.

"The old man jumped up and walked to the corner, and picks up old 'meat in the pot.'

"'I do,' says he, a-shouting, almost, 'I do. I want nothing more than an ounce of lead from any Pike that lives; that's what they'll do for me—give me a slug and end me, and that's what I'm doing for them.'

"When the old man said this, he pointed to the notches in his rifle; then he stacked it in the corner and turned round to the preacher. Smith had got up, looking very stern.

"'You seem proud of this,' he says, very quiet, looking the old man in the eye.

"'I ain't ashamed of it, you can rest certain,' says the deacon, looking back at him.

"'Most men are sorry for taking human life, and killing cattle thieves is a good deal like murder.'

"'Hold on,' says the deacon, very quick, 'there's enough of this talk, Parson Smith. I don't take life except to keep my own; and a man who'll steal a horse, will kill its owner—here on the border, anyway. That's my idea, an' don't say "murder" to me. I like ye—leastways, I did, an' maybe I will again; but I don't think your religion is heeled for this part of the country. There's that Sharp's rifle you tote about with ye, an' never shot yet, far as I know, except maybe at some bottle or bucket at five rods. Learn to shoot as strong as ye can pray; and learn horse sense, as well as the law an' the prophets; and get to be a *man* as well as a minister.'

"Now, this wasn't just. Smith *was* a man. *I* knew it. How? I can't tell you; call it instinct.

"Well, when the old man said, 'Get to be a man,' parson's eyes began to burn and his mouth shut like a trap. 'What do you mean by that, deacon?' he says, very slow.

"'You know what I mean—I mean what I say,' says the deacon, very hot; 'and I'm not the only one in this house thinks so. *Girls* like *men*, I tell ye,' he went on; and just then the door behind him opened and Susie stepped in very quiet.

"'Meaning your daughter Susie?' says parson, the same quiet way.

"'She's the only girl round this house since 'Manda died five years ago, I guess,' says the old man, 'and—wal, yes, I do, I mean Susie.'

"He hadn't seen his girl standing back of him. She was looking awfully ashamed of him, and when he said those last words, she turned toward Smith with a look in her eyes that paid for all he'd taken from the old deacon, and shook her head.

"He saw she didn't feel the way her father said she did; and his face smoothed out, and his eyes got cool. 'Well, deacon,' he said, 'I'll try to be a man; and, God willing, I'll keep on being a minister, too—the two can maybe go together even here in Kansas.' And then he gave another look at Susie, picked me up, said good-by to the deacon, and started home.

"At the corner of the old log stable, where he turned into the lane, he found the girl waiting for him. She had slipped out the back door, I suppose, and wanted to speak to him. 'Really, can't you shoot a rifle?' she said, and pointed at me.

"'I never have very much,' says he, with a crestfallen look, such as he never would have shown the old deacon.

"'Well,' she said, 'I thought my father only said that to make you mad. It seems so strange.' Then looking at him in a way that women have when they put half they mean into words and the rest into a smile, she turned back to the house; and the parson went home to his cabin.

II

"THAT was the beginning of a busy life for me," continued the old rifle, with a reminiscent sigh. "For a man who had scarcely ever shot a rifle, that parson grew to be a wonder; but what did he shoot, do you think; deer, buffalo, wolves? Not he. Birds? Certainly *not*. One day he shot a squirrel in his corn-crib; and when he'd picked it up and looked at it, I thought he would cry over it. He knelt down right there in his barnyard, and prayed God to pardon him. Ah! he was an odd man for Kansas—and he never shot another living thing, so far as I know; but cans, old buckets, bottles, or tins of any kind, and at any range—that parson shot them all. He got to be a name all over southeast Kansas, even to the Missouri line. And now I come to the time I spoke of, if you remember, when first I took part in meeting.

"I was leaning against the pulpit, one of twenty rifles in the little church; for there was talk of 'Pikes' in the vicinity, and men went armed to worship. As I said, Deacon Win-

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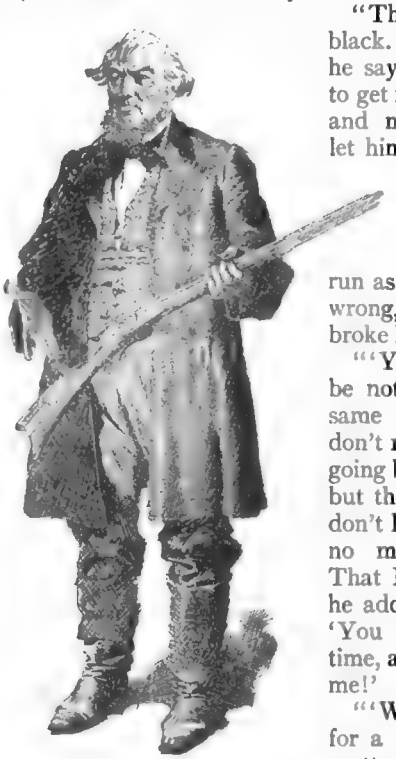
gate stood in the door, fanning himself with his hat, for it was a hot Sunday. There were three windows on each side of the house, all open wide; and through the one nearest the pulpit you could see the horse-shed; and from the horse-shed, by looking on a kind of slant, you could see through a part of the meeting-house to the door. The parson was beginning his sermon. He had read a couple of verses and laid the book down, looking out the nearest window as he did so, as if he were afraid his ideas might fly away to the outdoors. Of a sudden he caught me up, threw me to his shoulder in a way no other man could do, caught the front sight in the rear notch, and fired; and almost at the same instant another rifle cracked, and a ball tore the door casing about a foot above the head of Deacon Wingate. Then came a yell and a volley of such things as a 'Pike' always had ready for a Kansas settler, and a rattle of hoofs; and those who got to the windows and doors in time to fire a shot or two, got no better target than the dust that came from below the road that ran along the bottom of the bluff. Of course, meeting was over for the day; and some gathered round parson, and some about deacon, and others looked for the parson's bullet in the corner of the horse-shed.



"'THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING FOR THEM.'"

"'I saw him just as he lifted his gun,' said parson. 'He stood there by the horse-shed corner; I suppose he sneaked up in the rear of the shed; then I saw he was aiming at some one in here—and I fired.'

"'You did well,' said old deacon, sort of husky; 'and you saved me my funeral expenses; and—and—well,' he says, with a kind of hurry, 'I beg your pardon for what I said to you last spring, only I wish you'd shot closer the mark and rid the world of what's meaner than snakes.'

"'I hit the mark,' says parson.

"'You—what?' says deacon.

"'I hit it,' says parson simply. 'See that black-colored knot in the upright of the shed? It was just above the man's head; I aimed at it and hit it, and spoiled his shot.'

"The deacon stared at him, while the crowd grew still. 'Did you know he was aiming at me?' he asked in a dry voice.

"'I only guessed so,' says parson, looking him in the eye. 'It was Bud Peaslee.'

"The deacon's face grew black. 'Yes, I guess it was,' he says. 'His old man tried to get me once, and I got *him;* and now the boy—and you let him shoot and let him go! You, who come courtin' Susie!'

"'I spoilt his shot, and I supposed he'd run as soon as I fired; I was wrong, but I spoilt his aim, broke his nerve.'

"'You maybe did and maybe not,' said deacon, in the same dry voice. 'Peaslees don't run for one shot or two going by them—they're Pikes, but they're men; and you—I don't know *what* you are, but no man for *my* daughter. That Bud means to get me,' he added, as he turned away. 'You get *Bud* before that time, and you get Susie—hear me!'

"'Wait,' called parson, and for a minute he too looked pretty black. 'Do I understand you?'

"The deacon stopped and turned back again. His rage had him down by this time, and the devil was all over his face. 'Yes,' he shouted, 'and just that—nothing less. You value that young hound's life enough to spare him, and his gun down on me at the time, do you? *You* let him go—*you* turn him loose on this county looking for old man Wingate, will you? I gave that girl you ask for, life; and you give a bloody cub of a throat-cutting horse-thief a warrant to give *me* death, if I don't see him first, and yet you want my girl. Yes, I mean what I said—kill him, get her; never, as God is my eternal judge, before.'

"Even parson was still as deacon left the church, but he was still from any reason except because he felt in the wrong. The others, some of them, stood for him, as they went out of the meeting-house; but most of them were for the deacon. Susie had left the house at the start of the talk without a

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word. Parson sat a long time in the empty room. At last he picked up his Bible and read aloud to himself; 'Judge not' was one of the sentences, I remember; and then he kneeled down and prayed—for himself, for the deacon, and for Bud Peaslee, and went to his home.

"Three days later parson took me off the rack he'd made for me, and walked down the road as far as Deacon Wingate's. The night—it was nearly dark—was warm, and deacon sat on his stoop with as little on him as the law allowed. As he saw the parson nearing the gate, he got up, went indoors, and came out with his rifle; laid it by him, and waited for the parson. Parson stood me by the gate and went inside. He said good evening, as though nothing had ever happened; and then, though the deacon never said a word, asks for

"'REALLY, CAN'T YOU SHOOT A RIFLE?' SHE SAID."

Susie, as natural as he might have done a week before. The deacon screwed his lips up, pulled his chin-beard a minute, then he says:

"'Got Bud's scalp about ye?'

"'No,' says parson very quietly.

"'Wal,' says deacon, 'there's a bounty on it; and you know what it is—no scalp, no Susie.'

"'Does she know the terms,' asks parson, in a voice that he tried hard to keep level and easy.

"'Never told her,' says the deacon, very cool and careless.

"'I believe you,' says the parson. 'Well,' after a minute's quiet, waiting for the deacon to speak, 'may I see her?'

"'Not while me and "meat in the pot" are on top of earth,' says deacon, with a mean smile; 'not till you get Bud for me.'

"The parson turned slowly away. Before he got to the gate, he heard the house door open, and, turning round, saw Susie standing by her father. She saw him plain, but she didn't nod to him nor call him back; and he went on to his own cabin, near the little church. At his door he met Amos Lake, one of his best friends in the little congregation; and they sat down on the steps together.

"'Well,' says Amos, 'did you get to see Susie?'

"'No,' says parson, kind of sad; 'and she's set against me, too.'

"Amos rubbed his chin. 'What's the deacon's offer?' he asks.

"'To kill Bud Peaslee—to murder, to get my wife.'

"'Wal,' says Amos, after studying a spell, 'why not get Peaslee—not shoot him, but get him? There's a crowd of us will help you. We can surround his cabin and jump on him when he comes out in the morning, tie him up, and you can hand him over to the deacon. He'll take care of him, never you fear; and, when he's jailed up somewhere, he'll be good as dead for a time. Anyhow, hasn't he attempted murder?'

"Parson's face kind of grew lighter while the other talked. When Amos had gone, he went into the house and cleaned me in a way I'd never known before. The groove down my barrel looked like a silver snake in a silver sea—I call that poetry." (Here the Spanish spur jangled against the Maderaño bit in admiration; and the derringer, with the con-

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tempt of the border for the bard, clicked disdainfully.)

"Yes," went on the rifle, heedless of compliment or derision, "I got a rubbing up I never forgot. Then he put me in my rack, and went to bed.

"It may have been two hours before daybreak when fifty or more Pikes rode into the village and began to shoot at windows and doors, run off horses, burn barns, and make a hell of what was as nice a village as southern Kansas knew. Men were killed, and women; but no one was too scared to fight, and a man in a cabin has a good shot at a man in the open, and a man in a dark doorway can pull pretty fine on a bunch of men riding in the light of burning stacks. So it came about that saddles began to empty, and horses to drop; and, before an hour's fight, the whole outfit from Missouri was going down the pike faster than ever they came up. When they got to the branch, most of them took off to the right; and the settlers, who'd saddled up and chased them, followed the main trail. The parson was with them, and I was with him; but I'd fired never a shot. I was not pleased at this, but I trusted Parson Smith and kept my temper.

"At the branch, parson stopped. One of the Pikes had borne away to the left, and that it was Peaslee, I could tell, or thought I could. The crowd yelled to the parson to come on, but he pointed to the man to our left and rode steadily for him. I don't know how far he rode, nor how long; I know this, however, that the sun was hot on my barrel before the end of the chase, which came in a clump of cottonwoods by the side of the prairie road, where it swung off sharp to the south. Bud had ridden as far as that, and a little farther; for his horse lay dead just around the bend, out of sight. Bud had walked back into the cottonwoods and was waiting for the parson. He had his rifle loaded and ready; he had his knife loose in the case; but his revolver he left in the holster, for the nipples weren't capped. That was before rim or center fire made the 'Colt' so speedy, so to speak. We were not far behind. Whiteface, the parson's mustang, was pretty well beat out, but had just enough fool left in her to shy at the sight of Bud's slouch hat in the cottonwoods. And so the bullet ripped the parson's shirt at the edge of his shoulder and went on across the prairie. The next minute the preacher was off, leaving old Whiteface standing puffing in her tracks, and fair atop of Bud. The Pike had his knife out and made a chop at the parson; but parson struck it up with my barrel—you can see the mark to this day—and caught Bud such a blow across his jaw with his fist that the Pike fell like a beef critter, and lay stunned among the dead leaves and dry fallen branches of the cottonwoods.

"When he came to and sat up, he saw the parson sitting on a log about eight feet away, and I was covering him, careless-like, but in a way the parson had of holding me that was a kind of half-way position to a good bead and a quick shift to the shoulder. Bud scowled at the parson, and he was not a pretty picture—hat gone, shirt ripped off by a run through some brush, mouth bleeding where the parson hit him, and face black with powder, dust, and natural deviltry. Yet he hadn't a sure-enough bad face, either; and I felt that the parson thought so, as he sat looking at him.

"'Wal,' said Bud finally, in a growl, 'you've got me, ye old gospel howler; what ye goin' to do with me?'

"'I'm going to take you back to Poncah,' says parson. Bud's face kind of changed.

"'Take me to Lawrence,' says he; 'ye might as well shoot me here as take me into Poncah.'

"'They'll give you justice,' says parson. 'I'll give you over to Deacon Wingate, and he'll——'

"'Deacon Wingate?' says poor Bud. 'Shoot me here, parson; I ain't afraid of lead, but I don't want a rope and a swing in that old devil's barn.'

"'Then you *did* shoot at him,' says parson, breaking in. 'I *thought* so, but I know now; tried to murder him in God's house!'

"'He shot pap,' growled Bud.

"'He shot him in fair fight,' said parson sternly—'not through a church-door from behind a horse-shed— Shame!'

"Something in the parson's voice, or words, or manner, made Bud drop his eyes and shut his mouth; and, when he spoke again, he had put away his bluffing tone, and spoke like a different man. 'Maybe you're right, parson,' he said; 'all the same, if you'll hear to me, I'll ask you to put a bullet in me now, for it's hanging sooner or later, as sure as ever I get back to Poncah, and it's hanging plenty soon if Wingate gets me. You're a good man, parson—too good to be a preacher—you're a man; and if you'll just end it here, I won't bear no grudge.'

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"The parson's face was softer when the youngster had got through his little speech, in spite of what he said about preachers; and he began to look a little in the eyes as he did the day he shot the squirrel. He was a strange man for the border, he surely was; and he says, by and by, 'What makes you think he'll kill you if I take you to Poncah?'

"'Because,' says Bud, after a minute, 'he knows I'd do the same by him; and that's the fact.'

"The parson shook his head. 'Well,' he says, 'you're honest about it; you don't lie—that's to your credit.'

"'What's the use?' says Bud.

"'Would you lie to help yourself out?' says parson, almost, if you could say so, in an anxious tone.

"'I sure would,' says Bud very simply.

"'Well,' says the parson, 'that shows you're honest, for it's an honest answer. You're better at the truth than many a man I've met; and you don't know it, that's all. I *don't* want to kill you, Bud; I *don't* want to have you killed through my help, either. Now, if I could kill the old man——'

"'Wingate?' says Bud, kind of hopeful for a minute.

"The parson started, got red, looked a minute as if he might laugh, and then said: 'No; if you'd been to meeting in your life, you'd know what the old man I speak of is—it's your old self—the old Adam in you—it's the man in you now that shouldn't be there, that ought to be killed or driven out, to make room for a new and better man. Or, if you understand it more easily this way,' says he, preaching away like he was in his pulpit, but keeping his eye on Bud all the time, I noticed, 'it's the bad disposition you have in you now, to shoot men down in a church, to burn villages, to steal horses, and to make a hell of Kansas—it's that disposition or will which should be killed or chased out, and a new will put in to be an honest man, to leave this part of the country and go to some other part—to your grandfather's, if so be you have one, or to some relations far away, in Tennessee, maybe—reckon that's where you'd likely have folks—and quit murder and horse-thieving and arson, once and for all. If I could get you to do this, I'd have killed the old man in you—I'd have killed *you* as you are now, and been God's humble instrument in bringing you to life, as He would have you be.'

"You should have seen Bud's face when the parson ended. There were three separate looks that went across it, one after another. First, sheer surprise at what he heard; second, a sort of relief at a show he saw of life; third, a look that was hard to describe, but meant that something the parson said was getting to his heart.

"'Do you know yer shoulder is bleedin', an' that I fired at ye?' he said, kind of husky.

"'Of course,' says parson; 'the old man in you did it, that's all.'

"'I didn't burn no barns, and I never stole a horse, parson,' says Bud; 'except in Kansas,' he adds.

"'The old man has never taught you to lie,' says parson; 'I can see that; and, if I drive out the old man—not I, but God,' he says quickly, 'and you tell me he shall never come back, I'll believe your word. Now, Bud, shall he be killed; shall we drive him out? Will you quit this kind of life and go somewhere else and begin a good one? For, if you stay here, there's temptation every day to fall back.'

"Bud studied a minute. 'If I don't, ye'll kill me here?'

"'No,' says the parson.

"'Or take me to Poncah?' says Bud, looking at parson in a way that showed the good in him was having a rough time with the bad, and that now the thought of death had left him, the 'old man,' as parson would say, was getting mean again.

"Parson was still for a minute. 'No,' he says at last with a sigh, 'I'll turn you loose, even if you don't promise; I don't believe you can ever go back, and I'll trust God to help you.' He stood up, took my muzzle out of line with Bud's chest, threw me over his shoulder, and turned away. Bud jumped up like a deer, and ran to his side, and clutched his hand. 'Parson,' he says, 'I'll promise ye—anything; you're a man, you sure are—I don't quite make ye all out, but you're as good a man every way as I ever saw. I'll go to Tennessee; as ye say, I've folks there; and I'll quit the border, and let Kansas be. I ain't much on the gospel sheds—I beg your pardon, I don't mean to offend ye—but I know a man when I meet him.' Parson was surely pleased; he turned and laid his hand on Bud's shoulder. 'Well,' he says, 'I've killed my first Pike to-day; please God I kill many more this same way.'

"'There's a whole lot of 'em need killin' this a-way,' says Bud. He was laughing now and wiping his face on his torn sleeve.

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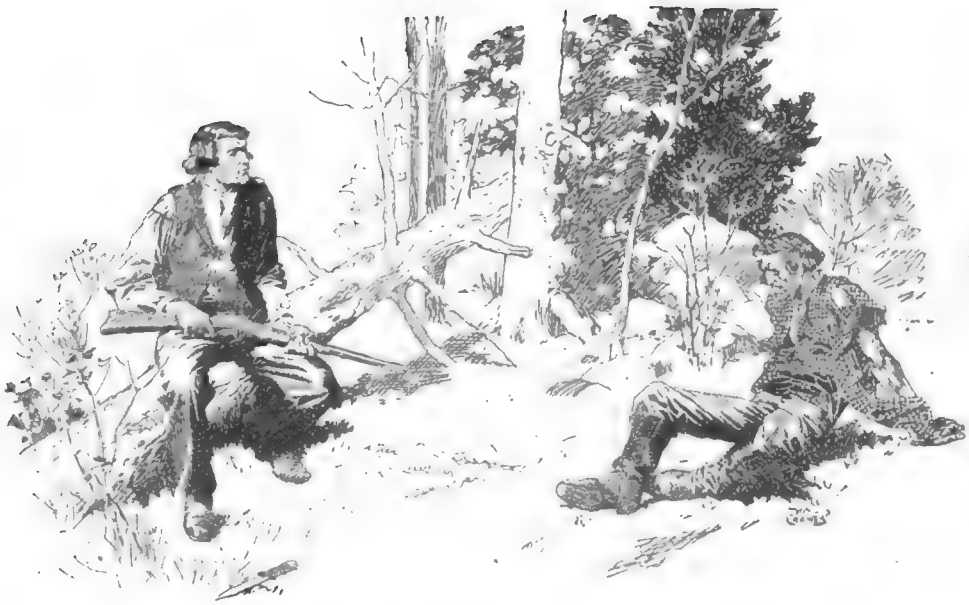

"'WAL,' SAID BUD, 'YOU'VE GOT ME; WHAT YE GOIN' TO DO WITH ME?'"

'But, parson,' he says, 'they tell me you were to pay me over for Wingate's daughter.'

"The parson's look told Bud he'd best keep off this point; but he went on, for there was something on his mind. 'No offense, parson, I don't mean none; only, I was thinking, just let me tell ye, that if you told old Wingate you'd killed me—for ye have, what I used to be, ye said so yourself—and showed my rifle and knife and "Colt," why, don't you see, you could get the girl and ride away and marry her, and I'd be off in Tennessee, and no one'd be no wiser. Say you shot me in the run and let me lie there.'

"The parson listened to him like he had got an idea himself. Presently he says: 'I won't lie to her, but after all it's the moral truth; and I'll tell her the whole story, and chance it. Don't you try to get me to tamper with the truth—but it is true I've killed what you used to be. See here—I am a man as well as a parson; and, though some people have thought I wasn't, I always have been. I'll marry the deacon's daughter whether the deacon likes or not, if she will marry me; and, if I can satisfy him as you say, I will. But she has been thinking I'm either afraid to look for you, or wanted you to shoot the deacon in church last Sunday, or some lie or other; and she has half backed up her father in what he said to me—to kill you, before I can hope for her. Now, look here, Bud. You're miles off your track; you're in Kansas, and in danger from every man here but me; you must wait till night before you leave this part of the country. Now you wait here till night, and then come to my house in Poncah. If you strike across the branch, you save five miles; and it's only about three beyond the ford. I'll give you some clothes and fit you out with a horse, and I want you to be there as a witness. You won't mind backing up my words, will you? If I show her the rifle and weapons, likely some folks will say I found 'em. Promise me to be at my house before midnight.'

"Bud studied a minute. Then he said: 'I promise ye, parson—I'll take the risk, for it is a risk, you'll allow; but if the old man was sandy enough to ride into town last Sunday in broad daylight, the new man ought to be man enough to slip in after dark. I'll be there, parson; and I'll back up anything ye say.'

"And so parson came home and brought Bud's rifle, bridle, 'Colt,' and knife along with him. It was about ten o'clock of the forenoon that parson rode by the meeting-house and saw two or three men—Amos Lake was one of them—standing by his door. Lake came out to shake hands with him as he threw Whiteface's bridle over the hitching-post. 'Parson,' says he, 'I'm right glad to see you. We came back without you and

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were afraid you'd been hurt or shot. We saw you turn after the fellow who went to the left, at the ford. What's this—rifle and knife and pistol— Did ye get him?'

"The parson gave him a sort of look, as much as to say 'Be careful,' and then said: 'Don't ask for explanation; I'll tell you all later.' Just then the others came up and fell to looking over the rifle and pistol and knife.

"'Wal,' one says, 'parson, you've done it this time—spoiled a Philistine—that's the right word, eh? Who was he? Did you get to find out? Maybe his name is on one of the weapons,' says he. The parson wasn't doing any talking; if they fooled themselves, he was willing they should. 'Let me look at the rifle,' says another. 'Peaslee,' he says suddenly—'Bud Peaslee—that's his gun.'

"'I guess it is,' says parson; 'and it's his knife and pistol, too. Well, boys, Peaslee's out there where I left him. I must get into the house and make a pot of coffee, for I'm nigh starving.' In he went (he hadn't said a word that wasn't true); and there was a big medicine talk outside. Parson—Parson Smith had really begun to shoot in earnest—had killed his man—had taken the deacon at his word. One or two of the men said it was all right—it seemed to them so. One 'Pike' the less, was the way they figured it; and it didn't seem in the least wrong to them that a parson should shoot to kill, even if it was to gain a wife. Amos didn't know just what to think, but he believed in Parson Smith and kept quiet. By and by the others went along to the store to tell the news; and Amos came in, and in a few words the parson told him all. I needn't tell what Amos said to the parson; it was only a few words, but it was his best. Then the two 'fixed their fences' for the evening.

"'It's a piece of luck that Wingate's going to Lovejoy' (a village to the north about fifteen miles) 'to get reenforcements—they say the "Pikes" are coming back again,' says Amos. 'Jim Letcher was shot in the fight last night; and, before he died, he made his brags that his gang would be back in a day or two and clean us all up. Well, while Wingate's gone, we'll get to see his daughter and show off Bud. Parson,' he says, laughing fit to kill himself, 'it's as good as a play.'

"Parson didn't laugh. 'Amos,' he says, 'it's only by the grace of God that I'm able to act this kind of white lie out,' says he; and then, thinking maybe that to connect God's grace and a lie was a little out of the way, he says: 'I mean by that, it's God's mercy that lets me, one of his servants, the lowliest one, prosper by means such as this; but, Amos, I must see Susie as soon as the deacon rides to Lovejoy.' And just then, as if speaking of him brought him, the deacon and a half dozen others rode by the house. They called the parson as they passed; and, when he went to the door, old deacon shouted, 'Well done, my boy,' he says; 'I've heard it all—go up and see Susie any time now—I'll see you when we get back.' And the crowd rode on.

"Parson came back, and he looked plumb sick. 'Amos,' says he, 'that old man is glad to take me now for a son, with my hand blood-wet, as he thinks; and he says Susie will see me now. Do you suppose,' he says, in a low voice, and half to himself, 'she's happy to hear I'm a murderer, for her sake?'

"Amos fidgeted a bit, rubbed his chin, and says, 'Best way is to find out.' And when parson started to follow him out of the house, he says, 'Take the gun—no telling when you may need one,' and so I went along.

"Several people shook hands with the parson as we went down the pike to the Wingate house, but he said very little. I could see that the part he was playing was growing too hard for him. At Wingate's Susie came to the door, for she was expecting something. The parson didn't so much as hold a hand to her, for good reason—hers were behind her back, and there was a look on her face—a look of sick horror.

"'Don't come nearer; I can't bear it,' she said, and backed to the door when the parson stepped toward her. The parson stopped in his tracks, and she went on: 'How could you do it, you, a minister, in cold blood, and—and hope for me—as—as reward?'

"Parson laughed; and she winced and flushed, for she couldn't understand that it was a laugh of happiness to find she really had no share in the old deacon's content at thought of Bud's killing. She turned to go into the house, when the parson says, very quick: 'He's not dead, Susie—I never shot him at all; I knocked him down, took his rifle and knife and pistol, and got him to promise to quit the country. I killed the old man—the old Adam—in him, and he's a new man now and is going to Tennessee to start a new life.'

"She came to the edge of the steps and looked at him. 'Are you crazy,' said she,

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'or is this the truth and the other a lie, or is this a lie and the other the truth?'

"The parson was pretty red, but he looked her straight in the eye. 'I didn't tell any one I killed Bud Peaslee,' he said; 'they all took that for granted. I told *you* the truth just now. I have the rifle and knife and pistol.'

"Susie did not look at him—her face was a blank. What was at work in her heart, I don't know. This I do know—that many a man would have turned from her in anger, and just anger, too, and let her find her mistake out later; for I'm sure she still doubted the parson's pluck, and half feared he had picked up Bud's weapons on the trail. But Parson Smith, as you know by all I've told you, was different from most men — 'Judge not' was his creed. He seemed to see what was in that girl's mind, and to understand and to excuse it. After a minute he said, 'Well, Susie, Bud will be here with me after ten, to-night; maybe you'll believe him,' and started back to the gate, when she burst out crying and ran to him and hid her face on his shoulder. By and by, when she had finished telling him how she'd loved him all along, and how she didn't want to have any one to prove his words, and how she'd never *really* doubted him, and a number of things that were in place at such a time, he says:

"AMOS LAKE WAS LAUGHING AS BUD CAME TO AN END."

"'But I want Bud to come nevertheless—yes, I know you believe me, but'— and here the parson laughed and looked a little conscious—'you see, he's "the captive of my bow and spear," and I want to show him; and I'll always feel, too, as though everything was plainer, if you hear his story.'

"'But, dear,' says the girl, 'if father comes back before Bud gets out of the region, there'll be big trouble again.'

"'That's true, too,' says parson; and then he studied awhile. 'Susie,' says he presently, 'you said once you'd be ready when I was.' The girl put her head on his shoulder again and turned her face away.

"'Well, I'm ready, and more than ready—ride with me to-night to Lawrence; and, when we come back, we'll be man and wife—and then,' he says, 'I can tell the world what I did with Bud, and my hands will be clean again when I meet my people at the church, and your father will forgive us—why, he *can't* do otherwise. Will you, Susie?'

"And it was decided, with various preliminaries of a sentimental sort, to do that very thing.

"Amos Lake and Bud Peaslee and Parson Smith, each on a horse, and Bud carrying me, were at deacon's corral at eleven that night. The deacon was due in an hour or so; and there was some haste, especially as Bud thought that he had been recognized, as he slipped into the village, by a man riding out. He started right in to tell Susie the whole story. He was not a bad-looking fellow, washed and dressed decently; and, as he stood before her, she hanging to parson's arm, half afraid and half curious, he looked like a big boy, reciting his lesson. When he got to where the parson downed him and then picked him up and preached to him and converted him, he got a little confused and bashful; and though his story was so straight and simple and natural that any one could tell it was the plain truth, the way he put things was his own. I recall his last words:

"'So I says, yes, I will kill the old man—I mean by that, miss, the hell that's always been in me—and I'll be a different man from now out—damned if I hain't,' said he.

"Amos Lake was laughing as Bud came to an end; the girl was laughing, too, and I think parson would have laughed, only he knew Bud didn't mean to be funny. So he says: 'Now, Bud, it's time for us to move. Your way lies in that direction—you know the turning; and, if you don't hurry, you may run across the deacon, for the road from Lovejoy strikes into yours a few miles out of the village. And we must go now, darling,' he said to Susie. 'Amos is going over as best man. Bud,' said he, 'I give you my rifle; treat it well. You'll need it—yours is the worst I ever saw, and the lock is almost played out. I won't complain, though; had it been better,

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I might not have been here; but that's past now,' says he. 'Take the gun—they use them in Tennessee; and remember, you're a new Bud now—a "bud of promise,"' he says, laughing, 'and let me hear from you sometime—good-by.'

"A minute after, Amos and Susie and the parson were galloping along the Lawrence road; and Bud, with me on his shoulder, stood looking after them. I hated to lose the parson—I was fond of him, and he liked me; but I felt somehow as if my life were just about beginning; and I liked Bud, too. When all's said and done, a parson doesn't really need a Sharp's rifle.

"Well, I'm almost through my story. There is just one thing left that I must tell.

"As Bud stood by the deacon's gate, he heard a man riding up the pike, at a lope; and in a minute he saw it was Deacon Wingate. He had got back quicker than he was expected. Bud's horse was in the shadow of the shed, and he drew back till the shadow held him as well. Wingate was in a rage—one of the blackest kind. He jumped off his horse and ran to his door.

"'Susie,' he shouted, as he tried the latch and found it locked, 'Susie, let me in; that sneaking parson has lied to us. Susie, where are you? Get you up and let me in.' After pounding a minute, he became very quiet; and suddenly putting his shoulder to the door, forced it in. He was a big, powerful man. In a minute he came out and went to the gate and bent over and looked at the tracks. 'By the Lord,' he said suddenly, 'he's got her and they're gone; but the trail's fresh and I'll follow it till I get them. And, parson or no parson, I'll beat him till my ramrod breaks, or shoot him like a dog.' He caught up the bridle of his horse—his rifle was in his holster—and was just getting on, when Bud, who'd crept up very still, leveled me, and calls, 'Hands up.' Old Wingate gave a kind of start, then put up his hands and turned round.

"'Wal,' says Bud—and it was the old Bud that seemed to speak—'you old gospel jayhawker, I've got you now, right where you live, hain't I?'

"'What are you going to do?' says deacon. He wasn't scared—not that sort—but he saw no use in riling Bud by talking back.

"'Wal,' says Bud, 'I'm going to think for just about an hour *what* I'll do.' Then neither said a word for a minute. Deacon tried to take his hands down, but Bud said he couldn't. 'Looks like you were blessing me, ye old badger,' said Bud, 'and ye've cussed me so often that there's a lot of blessing due by now.'

"But by and by he let him put his hands down and cross them in front of him; and then this talk went on:

"'I've got ye, hain't I?'

"'Looks that way.'

"'You bet I have.'

"'I said ye had.'

"'You shot my pap.'

"'He tried to shoot me.'

"'You old rat, that's what yer good for—*all* yer good for—to shoot up; and I've a powerful good mind to begin, too.'

"'Well, shoot then; and be quick, will ye?—ye know you can't scare me. Do something, and have it over with.'

"'In a hurry, be ye?'

"'Oh, do something!'

"'Wal, now; we'll stay right here. I know where you're going, if I let you. You'd trail 'em, would ye? Well, you won't. Do you know why I don't shoot ye?'

"'No, nor I don't care,' said deacon, very gloomy, but full of courage.

"'Wal, it's because that parson that you were cussing made a new man out of me this morning, you damned old gopher.'

"'Ye *sound* like the same old "Pike,"' says deacon, in a scornful tone.

"'Shut up,' says Bud; 'the "old man" is still kind of hanging round, and he may be back any time; you keep civil now. Look here—just put your hands up—that's right—now 'bout face—march!' When they got to the well Bud halted him. 'Now just throw your bullet pouch and powder down there. What, ye won't?' And he dropped me on the deacon, who was thinking a little of fight. 'There, that's sensible. Now, Deacon Wingate, I am about through with ye. I'm going to take yer horse and yer rifle a little way with me—you'll find 'em both back of the meetin'-house, in the shed. You won't get much use of 'em for a few hours, but you don't need to. I'm going to quit ye now; but, before I go, let me tell you that by sunup, or a little after, ye'll have a son-in-law to be proud of, and to thank, what's more, for keepin' me from putting a bullet into your old hide. He fought me fair, this morning—I'd have killed him if I hadn't missed; then he knocked me down and could have killed me, but he didn't. He's made me a better man, and I'm getting out of this

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for a better country. If I stay here, my "old man," as parson calls it, and old man Wingate's bound to quarrel. Stand right there by the well—don't move.' He kept me swinging round on the deacon while he got the deacon's horse, and then he led him to where his own was tied, and in a minute was in the saddle. The deacon watched him in a kind of spell. 'Good-by,' says Bud. 'If ye see any of my friends in town, give 'em the love of Bud Peaslee, late, but no longer, of Missouri.'

"And that's the end. The deacon couldn't trail parson up; and when, next day, he found his horse and rifle, as Bud said he would, and he began to cool a little bit and understand that the fight with Bud was over, and never likely to come up again—for he took Bud's word—he allowed about the village that he'd been mistaken in Parson Smith. And he was ready, when the next day came, and with it parson and Susie, to say 'howdy' and let the past go. As for me: but never mind now—I've had more than one story in my life."

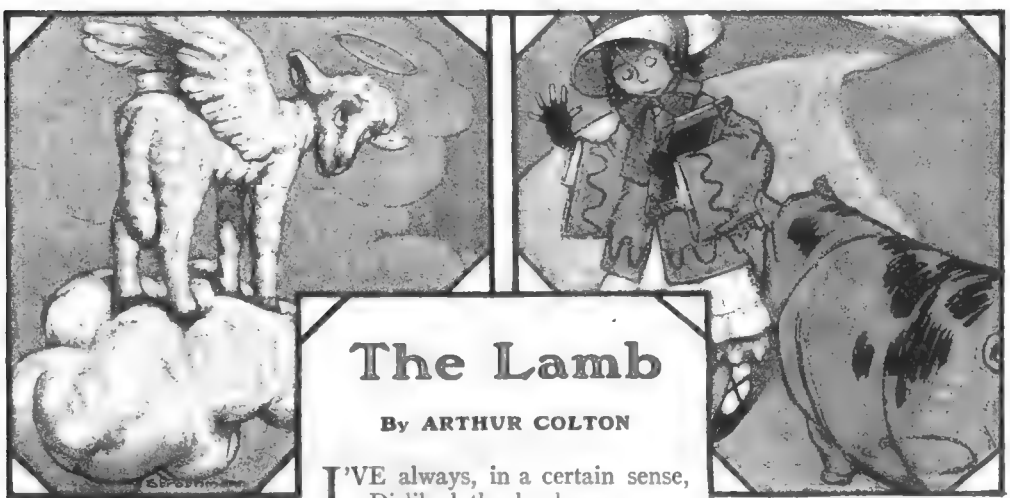
"Yes," said the new model Winchester; "but, after all, it seems you did no shooting—at men, as you said you did. It's an interesting story, but——"

"Do you know where my present owner's father found me?" asked the old gun, in a deep and rather angry voice.

"No, I don't," said the Winchester.

"He took me out of Bud's dead hands, at Chickamauga; and Bud had fought from the start of the war."

This time the Winchester said nothing.



The Lamb

By ARTHUR COLTON

I'VE always, in a certain sense,
  Disliked the lamb
For his intrusive innocence;
  I really am

So critical that I demur
  About his blat;
I wish that Mary's follower
  Had been a cat,

A pig, a pug, a crow, a calf,
  Or anything
Whose caustic character might have
  A little sting.

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FRANZ LISZT.

Master Artists of the Piano

By JAMES HUNEKER

Author of "Chopin—The Man and His Music"; "Iconoclasts—A Book of Dramatists," etc.

With drawings by the portrait etcher, Otto Schneider

ARTISTIC pianoforte playing is no longer rare. The once jealously guarded secrets of the masters have become the property of conservatories. Self-playing instruments perform technical miracles, and are valuable inasmuch as they interest a number of persons who would otherwise avoid music as an ineluctable mystery. Furthermore, the unerring ease with which these machines despatch the most appalling difficulties has turned the current toward what is significant in a musical performance: touch, phrasing, interpretation. While a child's hand may set spinning the Don Juan Fantaisie of Liszt, no mechanical appliance yet contrived can play a Chopin Ballade or the Schumann Concerto as they should be played.

We mention purposely these cunning inventions because we do not think that they have harmed the public interest in pianoforte recitals; rather have they stimulated it. Never before has the standard of execution and interpretation been so high. The giant wave of virtuosity that broke over Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century has not yet receded. A new artist on the keyboard is eagerly heard and discussed. If he be a Paderewski or a Joseffy, he is the center of a huge admiration. The days of Liszt were renewed when Paderewski made his tours in America. Therefore, it is not an exaggeration to say that not until now has good playing been so little of a rarity.

But a hundred years ago matters were different. It was in 1839 that Franz Liszt gave the first genuine pianoforte recital, and possessing a striking profile, he boldly presented it to his audiences; before that pianists either faced or sat with their back to the public. Without any intention of making an historic retrospect, it is nevertheless impossible to speak of modern pianoforte playing without mentioning Liszt, who, born in 1811, dying in 1886, years hence may still be

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an authority, so profound, so far-reaching were his innovations and discoveries. No matter what avenue of music the student travels, he will be sure to encounter the figure of Liszt. Yet neither Liszt nor Chopin was without artistic ancestors. That they stemmed from the great central tree of European music; that they at first were swept down the main current, later controlled it, are facts that today are the commonplaces of the schools; though a few decades ago those who could see no salvation outside of German music-making, be it never so conventional, failed to recognize the real significance of either Liszt or Chopin. Both men gave Europe new forms, a new harmonic system, and in Liszt's case his originality was so marked that from Wagner to Tschaikowsky and the Russians, from Cornelius to Richard Strauss and the still newer men, all helped themselves at his royal banquet; some like Wagner, a great genius, taking away all they needed, others glad to catch the very crumbs that fell. Liszt was a prodigal genius. His whole life was an outpouring. He was one of the most charitable men that ever lived. A hero of many cultures, he was not only the greatest pianist that has thus far appeared, but he invented the Symphonic Poem, a vital modification of the old symphony form, and left behind him a remarkable school of pianists who have, each in his own individual fashion, continued or expanded the Liszt traditions.

Liszt was a pupil of Karl Czerny, whose finger exercises still resound in various homes and halls of learning. Czerny taught him finger mechanism. Muzio Clementi, who has been called "the father of pianoforte-playing," bequeathed a set of studies that showed Liszt the way; studies, the technical figures of which were appreciated by Beethoven to such an extent that when you have mastered Clementi, you can at least finger any sonata of Beethoven. Liszt also studied to advantage the school of his predecessor at Weimar, J. N. Hummel, whose style was an amplification of Mozart's. Then he met Chopin, and that path-breaker in figuration, digitation, style, and interpretation, exerted, after Paganini, the most enduring influence on Liszt's future. Paganini's fantastic and extraordinary violin performances had fired musical and unmusical Europe; Liszt did not escape the general conflagration. A kindred temperament to Paganini's, on certain sides, he sought for the secret of the Italian's diabolic play. He discovered it, as by reason of his almost universal sympathies he discovered the secrets of other virtuosi and composers. Liszt's very power, muscular, compelling, set pianoforte manufacturers to experimenting. A new instrument was literally made for him, an instrument that could thunder like an orchestra, sing like a voice, or whisper like a harp. Liszt could proudly boast, "*le piano—c'est moi!*" With it he needed no orchestra, no singers, no scenery. It was his stage, and upon its wires he told the stories of the operas, sang the beautiful, and then novel, *lieder* of Schubert and Schumann, revealed the mastery of Beethoven, the poetry of Chopin, and Bach's magical mathematics. He, too, set Europe ablaze; even Paganini was forgotten, and the gentlemanly Thalberg with his gentlemanly playing suddenly became insipid to true music lovers. Liszt was called a charlatan, and doubtless partially deserved the appellation, in the sense that he very often played for effect's sake, for the sake of dazzling the groundlings. His tone was

IGNACE PADEREWSKI.

massive, his touch colored by a thousand shades of feeling, his technique impeccable, his fire and fury bewildering; add to this a musicianship superior to any composer of the century, except Mendelssohn—Bee-

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VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN.

thoven is, naturally, not included—and a gift of divination that was without parallel.

And if Liszt affected his contemporaries, he also trained his successors, Tausig, von Bülow, and Rubinstein—the latter was never an actual pupil, though he profited by Liszt's advice and regarded him as a model. Karl Tausig, the greatest virtuoso after Liszt and his equal at many points, died prematurely. Never had the world heard such controlled, plastic, and objective interpretations. His iron will had drilled his Slavic temperament so that his playing was, as Joseffy says, "a series of perfectly painted pictures." His technique, according to those who heard him, was perfection. He was the one pianist *sans peur et sans reproche*. All schools were at his call. Chopin was revived when he played; and he was the first to hail the rising star of Brahms — not critically as did Schumann, but practically by putting his name on his eclectic programs. Mr. Albert Ross Parsons, the well-known New York pianist, critic, and pedagogue, once told the present writer that Tausig's playing evoked the image of some magnificent mountain. "And Joseffy?" was asked—for Joseffy was Tausig's favorite pupil. "The lovely mist that enveloped the mountain at dusk," was Mr. Parsons's very happy answer. Since then Joseffy has condensed this mist into something more solid, though remaining quite as beautiful.

Rubinstein I heard play his series of historical recitals, seven in all; better still, I heard him perform the feat twice. I regret that it was not thrice. If ever there was a heaven-storming genius, it was Anton Rubinstein. Nicolas Rubinstein was a capital artist; but the fire that flickered and leaped in the playing of Anton was not in evidence in the work of his brother. You felt in listening to Anton that the piece he happened to be playing was heard by you for the first time—the creative element in his nature was so strong. It seemed no longer reproductive art. The same thing has been said of Liszt. Often arbitrary in his very subjective readings, Rubinstein never failed to interest. He had an overpowering sort of magnetism that crossed the stage and enveloped his audience with a gripping power. His touch, to quote again Joseffy, was like that of a French horn. It sang with a mellow thunder. An impressionist in the best sense of that misunderstood expression, he was the reverse of his rival and colleague, Hans von Bülow.

The brother-in-law, *à la main gauche*, of that brother of dragons, Richard Wagner, von Bülow was hardly appreciated during his first visit to America in 1876–77. Rubinstein had preceded him by three seasons and we were loath to believe that the rather dry, angular touch and clear-cut phrasing of the little, irritable Hans were revelations from on high. Nevertheless, von Bülow, the mighty scholar, opened new views for us by his Beethoven and Bach playing. The analyst in him ruled. Not a colorist, but a master of black and white, he exposed the minutest meanings of the composer that he presented. He was the first to introduce Tschaikowsky's brilliant and clangorous B-flat minor Concerto. Of his Chopin performances, I retain only the memory of the D-flat Nocturne. That was exquisite, and all the more surprising coming from a man of von Bülow's pedantic nature. His second visit to this country, some fifteen years ago, was better appreciated, but I found his playing almost insupportable. He had withered in tone and style, a mummy of his former alert self.

The latter-day generation of virtuosi owe as much to Liszt as did the famous trinity, Tausig, Rubinstein, von Bülow. Many of them studied with the old wizard at Rome,

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Budapest, and Weimar; some with his pupils; all have absorbed his traditions. It would be as impossible to keep Liszt out of your playing—out of your fingers, forearms, biceps, and triceps—as it would be to return to the naive manner of an Emmanuel Bach or a Scarlatti. Modern pianoforte-playing spells Liszt.

After von Bülow a much more naturally gifted pianist visited the United States, Rafael Joseffy. It was in 1879 that old Chickering Hall witnessed his triumph, a triumph many times repeated later in Steinway Hall, Carnegie Hall, the Metropolitan Opera House, and throughout America. At first Joseffy was called the "Patti of the Pianoforte," one of those facile, alliterative, meaningless titles he never merited. He had the *coloratura*, if you will, of a Patti, but he had something besides—brains and a poetic temperament. "Poetic" is a vague term that usually covers a weakness in technique. There are different sorts of poetry. There is the rich poetry of Paderewski, the antic grace and delicious poetry of de Pachmann. The Joseffian poetry is something else. Its quality is more subtle, more recondite than the poetry of the Polish or the Russian pianist. Such miraculous finish, such crystalline tone had never before been heard until Joseffy appeared. At first his playing was the purest pantheism—a transfigured materialism, tone, and technique raised to heights undreamed of. Years later a new Joseffy was born. Stern self-discipline, as was the case with Tausig, had won a victory over his temperament as well as his fingers. More restrained, less lush, his play is now ruled by the keenest of intellects, while the old silvery and sensuous charm has not vanished. Some refused to accept the change. They did not realize that for an artist to remain stationary is decadence. They longed for graceful trifling, for rose-colored patterns, for swallow-like flights across the keyboard, by a pair of the most beautiful piano hands since Tausig's. In a word, these people did not care for Brahms and they did care very much for the Chopin Valse in double notes. But the automatic piano has outpointed every virtuoso except Rosenthal in the matter of mere technique. So we enjoy our Brahms from Joseffy, and when he plays Liszt or Chopin, which he does in an ideal style, far removed from the tumultuous thumpings of the average virtuoso, we turn out in numbers to enjoy and applaud him. His music has that indefinable quality which vibrates from a Stradivarius violin. His touch is like no other in the world, and his readings of the classics are marked by reverence and authority. In certain Chopin numbers, such as the Berçeuse, the F minor Ballade, the Barcarolle, and the E minor Concerto, he has no peer. Equally lucid and lovely are his performances of the B-flat major Brahms Concerto and the A major Concerto of Liszt. Joseffy is unique.

There was an interregnum in the pianoforte arena for a few years. Joseffy was reported as having been discovered in the wilds above Tarrytown playing two-voiced inventions of Bach, and writing a new piano school. Arthur Friedheim appeared and dazzled us with the B minor Sonata of Liszt. It was a wonder-breeding, thrilling performance. Alfred Grünfeld, of Vienna, caracoled across the keys in an amiably dashing style. Rummel played earnestly. Ansorge also played earnestly. Edmund Neupert delivered Grieg's Concerto as no one before or since has done. Pugno came from

MME. FANNIE BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER.

Paris, Rosenthal thundered; Sauer, Stavenhagen, Siloti, Slivinski, Mark Hambourg, Burmeister, Hyllested, Faelten Sherwood, Godowsky, Gabrilowitsch, Vogrich, Sternberg, Jarvis, Millo, Richard Hoffmann, Boscovitz

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—to go back some years; Alexander Lambert, August Spanuth, Klahre Lamond, Dohnanyi, Busoni, Baerman, Saint-Saëns, Stojowski, Lhévinne, Rudolph Ganz, MacDowell, Otto Hegner, Josef Hofmann, Reisenauer—none of these artists ever aroused such excitement as Paderewski, though a more captivating and brilliant Liszt player than Alfred Reisenauer has been seldom seen and heard.

It was about 1891 that I attended a rehearsal at Carnegie Hall in which participated Ignace Jan Paderewski. The C minor Concerto of Saint-Saëns, an effective though musically empty work, was played. There is nothing in the composition that will test a good pianist; yet Paderewski made much of the music. His tone was noble, his technique adequate, his single-finger touch singing. Above all, there was a romantic temperament exposed; not morbid but robust. His strange appearance, the golden aureoled

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH.

head, the shy attitude, were rather puzzling to public and critic at his début. Not too much enthusiasm was exhibited during the concert or next morning in the newspapers. But the second performance settled the question. A great artist was revealed. His diffidence melted in the heat of frantic applause. He played the Schumann Concerto, the F minor Concerto of Chopin, many other concertos, all of Chopin's music, much of Schumann, Beethoven, and Liszt. His recitals, first given in the concert hall of Madison Square Garden, so expanded in attendance that he moved to Carnegie Hall. There, with only his piano, Paderewski repeated the Liszt miracle. And year after year. And this year, perhaps next. Never in America has a public proved so insatiable in its desire to hear a virtuoso. It is the same from New Orleans to Seattle. Everywhere crowded halls, immense enthusiasms. Now to set all this down to an exotic personality, to occult magnetism, to sensationalism, would be unfair to Paderewski and to the critical discrimination of his audiences. Many have gone to gaze upon him, but they remained to listen. His solid attainments as a musician, his clear, elevated style, his voluptuous, caressing touch, his sometimes exaggerated sentiment, his brilliancy, endurance, and dreamy poetry—these qualities are real, not imaginary.

No more luscious touch has been heard since Rubinstein's. Paderewski often lets his singing fingers linger on a phrase; but as few pianists alive, he can spin his tone, and so his yielding to the temptation is a natural one. He is intellectual and his readings of the classics are sober and sane. Of a poetic temperament, he is at his best in Chopin, not Beethoven. Eclectic is the best word to apply to his interpretations. He plays programs from Bach to Liszt with commendable fidelity and versatility. He has the power of rousing his audience from a state of calm indifference to wildest frenzy. How does he accomplish this? He has not the technique of Rosenthal, nor that pianist's brilliancy and power; he is not as subtle as Joseffy, nor yet so plastic in his play; the morbid witchery of de Pachmann is not his; yet no one since Rubinstein—in America at least—can create such climaxes of enthusiasm. Deny this or that quality to Paderewski; go and with your own ears and eyes hear and witness what we have all heard and witnessed.

I once wrote a story in which a pianist figured as a mesmerizer. He sat at his instrument in a crowded, silent hall and worked his magic upon the multitude. The scene modulates into madness. People are trans-

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ported. And in all the rumor and storm, the master sits at the keyboard, but does *not* play. I assure you I have been at Paderewski recitals where my judgments were in abeyance, where my individuality was merged in that of the mob, where I sat and wondered if I really *heard*; or was Paderewski only going through the motions and not actually touching the keys? His is a static as well as a dramatic art. The tone wells up from the instrument, is not struck. It floats languorously in the air, it seems to pause, transfixed in the air. The Sarmatian melancholy of Paderewski, his deep sensibility, are translated into the music. Then with a smashing chord he sets us, the prisoners of his tonal circle, free. Is this the art of a hypnotizer? No one has so mastered the trick, if trick it be.

But he is not all moonshine. Of late years he has taken up a method of piano attack that is positively murderous to the ears. The truth is Paderewski has a tone not so large, as mellow. His *fortissimo* chords have hitherto lacked the foundational power and splendor of d'Albert's, Busoni's, and Rosenthal's. His transition from *piano* to *forte* is his best range, not the extremes at either end of the dynamic scale. A healthy, sunny tone it is at its best, very warm in color. In certain things of Chopin he is unapproachable. He plays the F minor Concerto and the E-flat minor Scherzo—from the second Sonata—beautifully, and if he is not so convincing in the Beethoven sonatas, his interpretation of the E-flat Emperor Concerto is surprisingly free from *morbidezza*; it is direct, manly, and musical. His technique has gained since his advent in New York. This he proved by the way he juggled with the Brahms-Paganini variations; though they are still the exclusive property of Moritz Rosenthal. To sum up—the Paderewski case is a puzzle for musical psychologists. He is not the greatest pianist who ever visited America, he is not the greatest living pianist. A half dozen others excel him in specialties. But he is more interesting; he has more personal charm; there is the feeling when you hear him that he is a complete man, a harmonious artist, and this feeling is very compelling. Paderewski is a "phenomenon"—using the word in its popular acceptance.

The tricky elf that rocked the cradle of Vladimir de Pachmann—a Russian virtuoso, born in Odessa (1848), of a Jewish father and a Turkish mother (he said to me once, "My father is a Cantor, my mother a Turkey")—must have enjoyed—not without a certain malicious peep at the future—the idea of how much worriment and sorrow it would cause the plump little black-haired baby when he grew up and played the piano-

RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

forte like the imp of genius he is. It is nearly seventeen years since he paid his first visit to us. His success, as in London, was achieved after one recital. Such an exquisite touch, subtlety of phrasing, and a technique that failed only in broad, dynamic effects, had never before been noted. Yet de Pachmann is in reality the product of an old-fashioned school. He belongs to the Hummel-Cramer group, which developed a pure finger technique and a charming euphony, but neglected the dramatic side of delivery. Tone for tone's sake; absolute finesse in every figure; scales that are as hot pearls on velvet; a perfect trill; a cantilena like the voice; these, and repose of style, are the shibboleth of a tradition that was best embodied in Thalberg—*plus* more tonal power in Thalberg's case. Subjectivity enters largely in this combination, for de Pachmann is "modern," neurotic. His presentation of some Chopin is positively morbid. He is, despite his marked restrictions of physique and men-

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tality, a Chopin player *par excellence*. His fingers strike the keys like tiny sweet mallets. His scale passages are liquid, his octave playing marvelous, but *en miniature*—like everything he attempts. To hear him in a Chopin Polonaise is to realize his limitations. But in the Larghetto of the F minor Concerto, in the Nocturnes and Preludes—not of course the big one in D minor—Études, Valses, ah! there is then but one de Pachmann. He can be poetic and capricious and elfish in the Mazurkas; indeed, it has been conceded that he is the master-interpreter of these soul-dances. The volume of tone that he draws from his instrument is not large, but it is of a distinguished quality and very musical. He has paws of velvet, and no matter what the difficulty, he overcomes it without an effort. He has been called "the *pianissimist*" because of his special gift for filing tones to a whisper. His *pianissimo* begins where other pianists end theirs. Enchanting is the effect when he murmurs in such studies as the F minor of Chopin and the Concert Study of Liszt of the same tonality; or in mounting unisons as he breathlessly weaves the wind through the last movement of Chopin's B-flat minor Sonata. Less edifying are de Pachmann's mannerisms. They are only tolerated because of his exotic, disquieting, and lovely music.

Of a different and a gigantic mold is the playing of Moritz Rosenthal. He is a native of Lemberg, in Galician Poland, a city that has given us, among other artists, Marcella Sembrich and Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler—herself a cousin of Rosenthal. When a mere child, twelve years or so, Moritz walked from Lemberg to Vienna to study with Joseffy. Even at that age he had the iron will of a great man. He played for Joseffy the E minor Concerto of Chopin, the same work with which the youthful Joseffy years before had won the heart of Tausig. Setting aside Tausig—and this is only by hearsay—the world of "pianism" has never matched Rosenthal for speed, power, endurance; nor is this all. He is both musical and intellectual. He is a doctor of philosophy, a bachelor of arts. He has read everything, is a linguist, has traveled the globe over, and in conversation his unerring memory and brilliant wit set him as a man apart. To top all these gifts, he plays his instrument magnificently, overwhelmingly. He is the Napoleon, the conqueror among virtuosi. His tone is very sonorous, his touch singing, and he commands the entire range of *nuance* from the rippling *fioritura* of the Chopin Barcarolle to the cannon-like thunderings of the A-flat Polonaise. His octaves and chords baffle all critical experience and appraisement. As others play *presto* in single notes, so he dashes off double notes, thirds, sixths, and octaves. His Don Juan Fantaisie, part Liszt, part Mozart, is entirely Rosenthalian in performance. He has composed at his polyphonic forge a Humoreske. Its interweaving of voices, their independence, the caprice and audacity of it all are astounding. Tausig had such a technique; yet surely Tausig had not the brazen, thunderous climaxes of this broad-shouldered, small-sized young man! He is the epitome of the orchestra and in a tonal duel with the orchestra he has never been worsted. His interpretations of the classics, of the romantics are of a superior order. He plays the last sonatas of Beethoven or the Schumann Carneval with equal discrimination. His touch is crystalline in its clearness, therefore his tone lacks the sensuousness of Paderewski and de Pachmann. But it is a mistake to set him down as a mere unemotional mechanician. He is in reality the Superman among pianists.

Eugen d'Albert has played in America several times, the first time in company with Sarasate, the Spanish violin virtuoso. Liszt called d'Albert, of whom he was very fond, the "second Tausig." The Weimar master declared that the little Eugen looked like, played like, his former favorite, Karl Tausig. In his youth d'Albert was as impetuous as a thunderbolt; now he is more reflective than fiery, and he is often careless in his technical work. Another pianist who has followed the lure of composition; but a great virtuoso, a great interpreter of the classics. His music suggests a close study of Brahms, and in his piano concertos he is both Brahmsian and Lisztian.

The first time I heard Saint-Saëns was in Paris, the year 1878. He played at the Trocadero palace—it was the Exposition year—his clever variations on a Beethoven theme for two pianos, Madame Montigny-Remaury being his colleague. In 1896 I attended the fiftieth anniversary of his first public appearance. The affair took place at a piano hall in Paris. And last year I heard the veteran, full of years and honors, in New York. He had changed but little. The same supple style, rather siccant touch, and technical mastery were present. Not so polished as Planté, so fiery—or so noisy—as Pugno,

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Saint-Saëns is a greater musician than either at the keyboard. His playing is Gallic—which means that it is never sultry—emotional, and seldom poetic. The French pianists make for clearness, delicacy, symmetry; France never produced a Rubinstein, nor does it admire cordially such volcanic artists.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch has been for me always a sympathetic pianist. He has improved measurably since his previous visit here. The poet and the student still preponderate in his work; he is more reflective than dramatic, though the fiery Slav in him often peeps out, and if he does not "drive the horses of Rubinstein," as Oscar Bie once wrote, he is a virtuoso of high rank. The Bie phrase could be better applied to Mark Hambourg, who sometimes is like a full-blooded runaway horse with the bit between its teeth. Hambourg has Slavic blood in his veins and it courses hotly. He is an attractive player, a younger Tausig—before Tausig taught himself the value of repose and restraint. Recklessly Hambourg attacks the instrument in a sort of Rubinsteinian fury. Of late he has, it is said, learned the lesson of self-control. His polyphony is clearer, his tone, always big, is more sonorous and individual. It was the veteran Dr. William Mason who predicted Hambourg's great future. Exuberance and excess of power may be diverted into musical channels—and these Mark Hambourg has. It is not so easy to reverse the process and build up a temperament where little naturally exists.

Josef Hofmann, from a wonder child who influenced two continents, has developed into an artist who has attained perfection—a somewhat chilly perfection, it must be admitted. But what a well-balanced touch, what a broad, euphonious tone, what care in building climaxes or shading his tone to mellifluous whisper! Musically, he is impregnable. His readings are free from extravagances, his bearing dignified, and if we miss the dramatic element in his play we are consoled by the easy sweep, the intellectual grasp, and the positively pleasure-giving quality of his touch. Eclectic in style, Hofmann is the "young-old" master of the pianoforte.

Harold Bauer is a great favorite in America as well as in Paris. He has a quiet magnetism, a mastery of technical resources backed by sound musicianship. He was a violinist before he became a pianist; this fact may account for his rich tone-quality—Bauer could even make an old-fashioned "square" pianoforte discourse eloquently. He, too, is an eclectic; all schools appeal to him and his range is from Bach to Cæsar Franck, both of whom he interprets with reverence and authority. Bauer played Liszt's "Dance of Death" in this country, creating thereby a reputation for brilliant "pianism." The new men, Lhévinne, Ganz, Scriabine, Stojowski, are forging ahead, especially the first two, who are virtuoso artists; the last two are primarily composer-pianists. Joseph Lhévinne is one of the most brilliant men who has played here for years. His ease in performing prodigious technical feats recalls that of Siloti; but he has more personality than Siloti, also more fire. Lhévinne is young, gifted, ambitious—the gods have been good to him. His future is bright. The young Swiss, Ganz, is a very attractive artist, apart from his technical attainments. He is musical, and that is two-thirds of the battle. Two men who once resided in America, Fer-

MORITZ ROSENTHAL.

rucio Busoni and Leopold Godowsky, went abroad and conquered Europe. Busoni is called the master-interpreter of Bach and Liszt; the master-miniaturist is the title bestowed upon the miracle-working Godowsky, whose velvety touch and sensitive style have

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been better appreciated in Germany than America.

The fair unfair sex has not lacked in representative piano artists. Apart from the million girls busily engaged in manipulating pedals, slaying music and sleep at one fell moment, there is a band of keyboard devotees that has earned fame and fortune, or, at the least, an honorable place in the Walhalla of pianoforte-playing. The modern female pianist does not greatly vary from her male rival except in muscular power, and even in that Sophie Menter and Teresa Carreno have vied with their ruder brethren. Pianists in petticoats go back as far as Nanette Streicher and come down to Paula Szalit, a girl who, it is said, improvises fugues. Marie Pleyel, Madame de Szymanowska—Goethe's friend at Marienbad, in 1822—Clara Schumann, Arabella Goddard, Sophie Menter, Annette Essipoff—once Paderewski's adviser, and a former wife of Leschetitzky; Marie Krebs, Ingeborg Bronsart, Aline Hundt, Fannie Davies, Madeleine Schiller, Julia Rivé-King, Helen Hopekirk, Nathalie Janotha, Adele Margulies, the Douste Sisters, Amy Fay, Dory Petersen, Cecilia Gaul, Madame Paur, Madame Lhévinne, Antoinette Szumowska, Adele Aus der Ohe, Cécile Chaminade, Madame Montigny-Remaury, Madame Roger-Miclos, Marie Torhilon-Buell, Augusta Cottlow, Mrs. Arthur Friedheim, Laura Danzinger-Rosebault, Olga Samaroff, Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler—these are a few well-known names before the public during the past and in the present.

It may be assumed that the sex which can boast among its members such names as Jane Austen, George Sand, George Eliot, novelists; Vigée Lebrun, Mary Cassatt, and Berthe Morisot, painters; Sonia Kovalevsky, mathematician; Madame Curie, science; Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Christina Rossetti, poetry, would not fail in the reproductive art of pianoforte-playing. Clara Schumann was an unexcelled interpreter of her husband's music; Sophie Menter the most masculine of Liszt's feminine choir; Essipoff unparalleled as a Chopin player; Carreno has a man's head, man's fingers, and woman's heart; Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler is an artist of singular intensity and personality—these women have admirably contributed to the history of their art and need not fear comparisons on the score of sex.

How far will the pursuit of technique go, and what will be the effect upon the mechanical future of the instrument? It is both a thankless and a dangerous task to prophesy; but it seems that technique *quâ* technique has ventured as far as it dare. Witness the astounding arrangements made by the ingenious Godowsky, the grafting of two Chopin studies, both hands autonomous, racing at full speed! The thing is monstrous—yet effective. But that way musical madness lies. The *Janko* keyboard, a sort of ivory toboggan-slide, permitted the performance of incredible difficulties; *glissandos* in chromatic tenths! But who, in the name of Apollo, cares to hear chromatic tenths sliding pell-mell down-hill! Music is music, and a man or woman must make it, not an instrument alone. The tendency now is toward the fabrication of a more sensitive, vibrating sounding-board. Quality, not brutal quantity, is the desideratum. This, with the more responsive and elastic keyboard action of the day, which permits all manner of finger *nuance*, will tell upon the future of the pianoforte. Machine music has usurped our virtuosity. But it can never reign in the stead of the human artist. And therefore we now demand more of the spiritual and less of the technical from our pianists. Music is the gainer thereby, and the old-time cacophonous concerto for pianoforte and orchestra will, we hope, be relegated to the limbo of things inutile. The pianoforte was originally an *intimate* instrument, and it will surely go back, though glorified by experience, to its first, dignified estate.

I have written more fully of the pianists that I have had the good fortune to hear with my own ears. This is what is called impressionistic criticism. Academic criticism may be loosely defined as the expression of another's opinion. It has decided historic interest. In a word, the former tells how much *you* enjoyed a work of art, whether creative or interpretive; the latter what some other fellow liked. So, accept these sketches as a mingling of the two methods, with perhaps a disproportionate stress laid upon the personal element—the most important factor, after all, in criticism.

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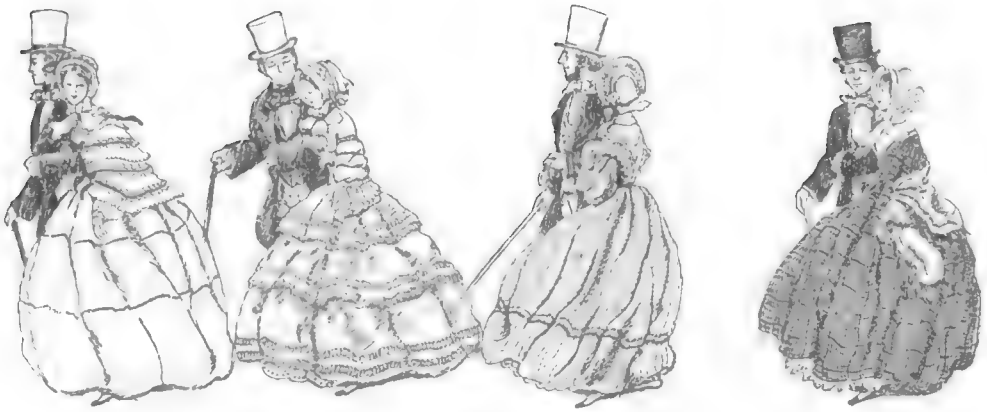

THE BASHFUL PARADE.

Little Stories of Real Life

A Respectable Woman

1850

By Ellen A. French

WHEN the young lovers of Sackville went out walking, their way to the river led past the old Shaw house. This was the first warm evening of spring. Miss Shaw and her niece sat on their front porch looking over at the bashful parade. They could name every pair. Some of the couples looked over at the Shaws, and wondered if Julia were sorry she had no young man to walk with.

Julia was rather drooping in her chair, Miss Shaw thought. She was leaning her heavy braids against the pillar. She had on a very old delaine dress; and where were her green bow and copper brooch?

"You mustn't wear that old delaine without your hoop, Julia. It's too limpsy," said her aunt.

"I forgot my hoop," said Julia, slipping down lower in her chair.

"What's wanting at your neck? It looks barren."

"I forgot my bow and brooch."

"Can't you sit up, child? You seem a little peaked these days. Have you got that same old pain?"

"Which old pain?"

"Why, in your side—in your ribs. I saw you feel of that spot yesterday forenoon when you was picking over the greens."

"I had it a little yesterday."

"Have you got it now?"

"A little."

"You may fetch the goose-oil bottle upstairs with you to-night. I'll give you a rub with it."

Julia was not listening. Her eyes were bent on the passing couples.

"Who's that with Eliza's Marthay?" asked her aunt.

"Hunh?"

"I see now—it's Anson Brown. There goes Caroline, with Frederick."

"Un-hunh."

"There goes your Cousin Pleiades, with *her* beau."

The couples loitered by, young women in hoops and small-bodied waists hanging on the arms of young men in flaring coats. They drifted, murmuring, toward the Dugway.

"Who air these, Julia?"

Miss Shaw was looking at a lavender dress and a pair of fawn trousers.

"Look, Julia! Who air they? Is the child asleep? Air you asleep, Julia?"

Young Julia had laid her head down on the rail, and thrown her long arms round it. Her aunt crossed to her side.

"Air you crying, child? What does this mean, Julia?"

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The young creature tried to lift up her head, but failed, and weakly shook it where it lay.

"Now, Julia, I want to know what this means. Air you sick? Air you in pain?"

"No . . . Go away, Aunt Ellen . . . please."

"I want to know what the trouble is."

Julia made no answer except feebly to shake her head as it rested on the rail.

"Julia Shaw!"

"Yes, marm."

"Was that Alferd Crandall that went by here in those cream-colored pantaloons?"

"Yes, marm," said Julia in a very small voice.

Miss Shaw turned her fine stern countenance toward the pale trousers vanishing down the walk.

"Who did he have with him — Clara Blair?"

"Yes, marm."

"Julia, look up here. Look at me."

Julia lifted up a mottled face overhung with wet strings of hair.

"I'm sorry this has happened, Julia. I see what the trouble is. I don't know why it should have happened to *my* brother's child. A married man——"

"He's not married yet."

"He's going to be married before long. Clara Blair's own cousin told me so." ("Faithful," said Miss Shaw to herself, "are the wounds of a friend.")

"It's very poor doings," she continued steadily, "to be thinking of another woman's husband or intended. Nobody but Clara Blair has a right to cry about Alferd Crandall."

"Don't keep saying his name, Aunt Ellen!" cried Julia, stamping her foot.

"Well, I won't. But you'll have to hear his name a great deal. And hers too. You know if you've got a splinter in your finger, it has to be pricked out."

Miss Shaw was silent for a considerable time. The last of the lovers were passing; toward the village the slated path was empty.

"WAS THAT ALFERD CRANDALL IN THOSE CREAM-COLORED PANTALOONS?"

Julia was sitting upright. Her aunt looked at her out of the corner of her eye, and thought:

"That tart cordial was good for her." But she said nothing aloud. The frogs began to pipe, and mist crept up from the river.

Julia presently began, in a somewhat wincing voice (though she tried to laugh—a very feeble cackle—as she spoke):

"I guess you don't think—guess you don't think I'm——"

"What say, child?"

"I guess you don't think I'm very——"

"What is it you want to say?"

"—very respectable."

"Why—why, Julia! Why——"

"No—you don't think so. You think I'm —stealing something from her—from Clara Blair."

Miss Ellen four times opened her mouth to reply, and four times the words she would have spoken fled from her. She murmured to herself, "Let the righteous smite me kindly," but the following line quickly came into her mind, "But let not their precious oil break my head." At last she said:

"Well, Julia, I don't respect a woman who nourishes thoughts about another woman's husband. But you won't be such a woman. You won't take any of Clara Blair's belongings away from her. I know my brother's child."

"If I was in her place I wouldn't mind."

"P'haps you'd be willing. You might be willing to give away your blue spencer to some poor girl——"

"Anybody can have it that wants it."

"But it would be stealing if anybody came and took it out of your bureau drawer."

"It would take me quite a while to stop thinking about——"

"The longest way round is the shortest way home," said Miss Ellen; and her figure of speech made her think of the Three Maples Road round the mountain, and the Spedding farm at the homeward turn. William Henry

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Spedding had been in the same Sunday-school class as Julia. . . .

Julia began to rock a little. "I wish," thought her aunt, "that she could feel the smarting in my throat"; but aloud she said:

"That time when you went to the Pomfret Fair, Julia—was Alfr—was he there?"

"Yes, marm."

"Did he buy you anything?"

"Yes . . . marm."

"What was it?"

"A little teak . . . teakettle."

"Where is it?"

Julia shut her lips.

"You needn't tell me if you don't want to. Did he buy you anything else?"

"Yes, marm."

Miss Shaw waiting in silence, Julia at length added, "A cellaloid ring."

"Have you got any other tokens?"

Julia's head was full of voices, some of them crying, "Don't tell her of the velvet rose!" and others, "Let her take that, but keep the little tin horn!"

"Did you hear me, Julia?"

"Yes, marm. I've got one more."

"What is it?"

"A little tin—a little velvet rose."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, marm."

"Julia . . ." began her aunt with sudden hesitation.

"Hunh?"

"Did anybody . . . else . . . buy you anything at that fair?"

"Anybody else?—I don't know. I've forgotten."

"Did anybody take you in the merry-go-round?"

"No, marm—yes, marm. Willie Henry took me."

"William Henry Spedding?"

Julia nodded absently.

"Didn't he buy you anything?"

"Hunh? What say, Aunt Ellen?"

"Didn't William Henry Spedding buy you anything at that fair?"

THEY WERE LAID AT THE ROOTS OF THE CABBAGES.

"I've forgotten. P'haps he was the one that gave me that fan."

"What fan, hey?"

"A greenish paper fan—nothing very pretty."

("William Henry Spedding took her on the merry-go-round, and bought her a fan!" thought Julia's aunt.)

After a little silence Miss Shaw said abruptly:

"I want you should take and bury those three trinkets you spoke of in the gardin."

"Oh!"

"From what you said here a while ago, I judge you want to be a good, upright woman, respected to home and abroad—is that so?"

"Yes, marm."

"Then you must do according."

"I don't want to bury those little things!"

"Out of sight, out of mind," said Miss Shaw.

"You keep 'em for me, Aunt Ellen!"

"They better not be kept."

Julia looked about her as if trying to escape.

"Come, fetch the tokens, and we'll bury 'em."

"To-night?"

"The sooner the better."

Miss Shaw swallowed a great many times while Julia was up-stairs. When Julia came down, looking so young and slim in her hoopless delaine, her aunt could never have guessed that she was smiling in the shadow because she had the little tin horn buttoned into her bosom.

Miss Shaw led the way. She held her skirts well up, but Julia trailed hers through the wet grass. They came to the flower-beds, and Julia paused, but her aunt walked on; they passed the small vegetables, then the sprouting corn, then the potatoes; and at length Miss Shaw stopped, on the edge of the cabbages.

"Here," she said, "is a good place for 'em." She dug a shallow ditch with her trowel. Julia handed her the velvet rose, the celluloid ring, and the tiny teakettle hanging on its

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crane—the friendly trinkets of Alfred Crandall. It crossed Miss Shaw's mind that these were trinkets that would please a child. They had served as corner-stones for a tall house of cards; but now they were laid at the roots of the cabbages, and the earth was spread over them.

"You've begun well, Julia," said Miss Shaw, "and I respect you for it." She walked back to the house; Julia lingeringly followed. Miss Shaw was soon undressed, had wound the clocks, and was in bed. Julia undressed slowly. The little tin horn she put under her pillow. She spent a long time over her shoes and stockings, a long time braiding her hair. Miss Shaw called across the stair-head:

"Have you gone to sleep and left your lamp burning, Julia Shaw?"

"No, marm. I'm saying my prayers."

"Oh!"

"Saying my prayers." The words sounded badly in Julia's own ears. Saying her prayers with the little tin horn under her pillow! "Aunt Ellen thinks I ought to bury it. She thinks I have buried it. She respects me—but I don't respect myself."

"I'll bury it to-morrow." With this resolve she returned to her prayers; but the window was open before her eyes, where the moonlight fell across the sprouting cabbages, and showed the forgotten trowel lying there. The river mist was thickening. Julia thought of the rose all mildewed, the teakettle rusted away, as they would be long before the Pomfret Fair again came round.

"Alfred hasn't gone home yet," she thought. "He's walking with her in the Dug-way." But she did not cry so much, or feel so sharp a pain, as she had done on the porch. Her aunt called once more:

"Have you gone to sleep, child, with your lamp burning?"

"No, marm, I haven't been to sleep yet."

"You better blow it out."

"Did you know you left the trowel out, Aunt Ellen?"

"Mercy! Did you fetch it in?"

"No, marm; it's out there now. I see it in the moonshine."

"Let's hope it won't rust."

"I'll go fetch it in, Aunt Ellen. I'd just as lieves."

"Well—put on your flannel petticoat, and your flannel long-short, and your stockings and gaiters."

"Yes, marm, I will."

"She wants to bid a kind of a good-by to those toys of hers," thought her aunt. It crossed her mind that some unprincipled girls might dig them up again; but she knew her brother's child too well. Julia went out alone to the garden. She had the little tin horn in her sleeve.

"Good-by, little horn." She dug a grave for it, and covered it up, and came back to her empty room. She expected to lie awake into the small hours; but very soon her eyelids dropped and shut out of view the moonlight on the ceiling. She was asleep when Alfred Crandall went by with his lady-love on his arm; and when she woke up the next morning, the sun was shining on the despised memento of William Henry Spedding, where it lay on the floor under the what-not.

Exhibit Number Two

By Frederick Trevor Hill

Author of "The Accomplice," etc.

NO one but an advocate could have fully appreciated the beauty of Butterfield's letter to his confederate, Kaltenberg, in the Contractors' National Bank case. It was the prettiest piece of documentary evidence I had ever seen, and it completed the proof against Butterfield with the finality of a spring-lock snapping into place. But the bank had no desire to take the case into court. Its purchase of Butterfield's worthless Terminal bonds did not redound to the directors' credit; and therefore the moment the Kaltenberg letter came to light, I was instructed to use it for the purpose of effecting the quietest possible settlement.

But, though I understood the wisdom of confronting the man with the proof of his fraud and giving him a chance to make restitution to the bank, my professional instincts rebelled against putting such a perfect piece of evidence to such tame uses. It was so overwhelmingly damning, so irresistibly convincing, so dramatically climacteric, that I positively grieved at the thought of offering it on the altar of compromise behind closed doors. My office associates would have complied with the instructions without a pang, but they were out of town, and it thus remained for me—the trial lawyer of the firm—to sacrifice an exhibit that would have carried any jury by storm.

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Small wonder then that I dwelt regretfully on the document, as I sandwiched it between two sheets of plate glass, as is usual with exhibits of importance. This done, I despatched a note to Mr. Butterfield, requesting the honor of an immediate interview.

I did not know Rodman Butterfield well, but I had met him once in the heyday of his prosperity at a dinner where he and his wife were the guests of honor, and though he impressed me at the time as an offensively aggressive and overconfident individual, I had no reason to question his integrity. His manners were not refined, but he had a certain amount of personal magnetism, and his face was kindly rather than shrewd or intellectual. Physically, he was a giant. His great breadth of shoulders, his massive body and limbs suggested an athlete, but an athlete coarsened and gone to seed—the beauty of his brawn transformed to mere bulk. Doubtless, he had once been handsome, and his wife left me in no doubt as to his past athletic prowess, several stories of which she recounted with evident pride.

Mrs. Butterfield was the exact opposite of her husband in almost every particular. She was delicate, refined, and altogether delightful, and her handsome, patrician face, which was always animated, became positively radiant when her eyes met Butterfield's. Obviously she thought her husband not only the strongest and bravest but also the best and most remarkable man in the world, and she showed this in a hundred charming ways which excited my interest and won my respect. Of course no man could remain oblivious to such adoration, and I was not at all surprised to observe that Butterfield constantly watched his wife in an effort to live up to her ideal of him. More than once I fancied that he altered certain of his stories in the telling to suit her ears, and otherwise played for her approval, all of which convinced me that he was extremely careful—if not afraid of her. But I liked him the better for this, and knowing that it is easier for a man to be a hero to his valet than a wonder to his wife, I regarded Mrs. Butterfield's unaffected admiration as the strongest of indorsements. I was yet to learn, however, that a consummate actor was lost to the stage when Mr. Rodman Butterfield joined the ranks of the promoters.

It was almost two years after this casual meeting that I called at his office on the Terminal bond business. Except that he was bigger in body and coarser in features he had not changed much in the interval, and I should have known him anywhere, but the expression of his face as he glanced up from my card convinced me that I had a very different person to deal with from the man who played to his wife's piping over the social board.

"I don't seem to know you," he began brusquely. "However, sit down and let's hear your business."

He pointed to an easy-chair beside the desk as he spoke.

I had nothing to gain by recalling myself to his memory, so I waived the question of our having met and introduced myself officially.

"I am the junior partner of Bishop, Watrous & Weston, Mr. Butterfield," I began.

"Lawyers?" he interrupted a trifle impatiently.

"Attorneys for the Contractors' National Bank," I volunteered suggestively.

He frowned as though trying to place the bank in his memory. Then he nodded.

"You have a good client. What can I do for it or you?"

The words were spoken in a patronizing tone which I instantly resented.

"You can repurchase the Terminal bonds at par and interest," I responded sharply.

"You mean *sell* them for the bank on the market," he corrected.

"No—I mean repurchase, Mr. Butterfield; I am here to tender you the so-called securities—and you know why," I added firmly.

The promoter's eyes were fixed searchingly on me, but not a muscle of his face moved.

"It is easy to see you are more accustomed to bullying than you are to banking, Mr. Weston," he observed, with irritating superiority. "Kindly inform your client that its lawyers can do business with mine, but not with me."

He shoved my card toward me as he spoke. I took it and placed it in the side pocket of my coat, and as I did so my hand came in contact with a small, nickel-plated bicycle wrench, which I happened to be carrying. "So you elect to bluff it out," I thought, as I tipped back my chair. "I wonder how long you'd stand it if I put the screws on?" I slipped my finger into the jaws of the wrench, and instinctively tightened them by way of illustration.

"Just as you please, Mr. Butterfield," I

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announced aloud. "But remember the bank has given you a fair chance to make restitution without publicly charging you with fraud, and——"

"Get out of this office!"

Butterfield sprang to his feet with a menacing gesture.

"Get out of this office!" he repeated. "Do you think you can sit here and threaten me with blackmail?"

I did not stir from my seat.

"There's no use bluffing, Mr. Butterfield," I observed with perfect calmness. "Our cards are too good."

I laid a typewritten copy of his letter to Kaltenberg on the desk as I spoke, at the same time turning the screw of my pocket wrench.

He picked up the paper and stared at it with well-feigned astonishment.

"Who wrote this?" he demanded, after a pause.

The indignant tone was perfect. Certainly the man had himself under admirable control.

"Who wrote it?" I repeated. "Who, but Mr. Rodman Butterfield?"

"What? I? Oh, somebody has been fooling you, Mr. Weston."

He folded up the letter and offered it to me as he spoke, at the same time resuming his seat.

I let the paper lie, and slowly tightened the wrench in my pocket, until my imprisoned finger felt numb.

"Somebody has certainly been fooling you," he repeated calmly. "I hope you didn't have to pay much for that sheet of typewriting."

I shook my head.

"Because," he resumed, with an easy laugh, "if you paid anything at all you ought to have received something in manuscript—something scrawly and shaky and at least resembling my execrable chirography."

"Oh, we got that," I answered, in the same light tone, giving a final turn to the screw of my pocket wrench.

"Really?" he bantered. "And for nothing? Well, it was worth it."

"It is worth a look," I asserted, suddenly uncovering the glass-enclosed original from the folds of a newspaper.

His face betrayed nothing as he stared at the exhibit, and I could not but admire the man's coolness. At last he lifted it from the desk shelf, and then for the first time I noted a sign of weakness. His hands trembled slightly. I watched him closely as he turned the glass and examined the back of the letter, and the longer he studied it the more his hands shook. I had dealt with all sorts and conditions of men in the witness-box, and those trembling hands told me all I wanted to know. The man was hit and hard hit. It only remained for me to name my terms and close the business. I could afford to let him take his own time, and I gazed carelessly out of the side window until his voice recalled me.

"That is a good—a very good forgery."

The glass frame into which he was still closely peering, reflected his masklike face as he spoke. Was it possible that the man meditated further pretense, despite the exhibit wabbling in his tell-tale hands? It was stupid to continue playing after the game was up, and I began to grow impatient with such futile tactics.

"We may not be able to convict the writer of that letter of *forgery*, Mr. Butterfield," I responded with proper emphasis, "but there can be no doubt of his *fraud*."

An increased tremor of the shaking hands was his only answer, and I studied him curiously as he held the exhibit up to the light. There was something pitiful in the picture he presented, but when I spoke again there was a note of stern warning in my voice.

"If you've quite finished with that—forgery, Mr. Butterfield——"

I paused suggestively and unfolded my newspaper, but before I could touch the exhibit which he held toward me, it dropped from his hands and was shivered to splinters on the floor.

"I beg your pardon! I beg your pardon!" he apologized, hurriedly stooping as he spoke. I also stooped, and, at the same moment his foot struck the leg of my chair and I was thrown forward, my hands striking the mass of broken glass on the floor, and before I knew what was happening he had seized the letter and the copy, torn them to pieces, and was half-way to the fireplace with the fragments.

For a heart-beat I was paralyzed with amazement. Then, on the impulse of the moment, I leaped to my feet, tore the monkey-wrench from my pocket, and leveled it at him like a revolver.

"Stop!" I exclaimed fiercely. "Stop, or you're a dead man!"

He turned as I spoke, and never have I seen such a change in any human face. In

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a flash it became the picture of craven fear —all the bluff and daring completely wiped out.

"Drop those papers! Drop them, I say! One—two——!"

There was death in my voice, for, like other advocates, I am something of an actor myself.

His hand opened and the minced fragments fluttered to the floor. I took a step forward, and then stopped. If he knew I was unarmed, I could never recover those papers without a struggle. I dared not go near him. If he even raised an alarm the chances were that I should be overpowered and the precious fragments destroyed long before I could explain. I had to hold him somehow. An open closet door directly behind him gave me a desperate suggestion.

"Back!" I commanded menacingly. "Back!" I repeated with a hideous glare.

He obeyed, slowly retreating without taking his eyes from the muzzle of my weapon, and as he crossed the threshold of the closet I sprang forward and slammed the door upon him, locking it as it bit the latch.

"If you speak or raise an outcry I'll shoot through the door!" I muttered fiercely in the keyhole, and then dropped to my knees and began a frenzied search for the scattered bits of paper.

With feverish anxiety I fitted the pieces together on the rug, welcoming each important fragment with a childish delight, but even when I saw the letter taking shape my relief was tempered by a sickening chagrin. I had not only failed in my mission, but I had almost lost a vital bit of evidence through my bungling attempts to carry a negotiation with the claptrap methods of the court-room. If I had not been absorbed in my theatric fooling, I should have suspected the trick of those trembling hands. The matter ought to have been settled by any competent attorney inside of five minutes, and yet here I was on my hands and knees, laboriously picking up what was left of an invaluable document that had been put to no use at all. What would my partners think when they knew the mess I had made of such an easy matter? What would our clients say when they were told that their foolish financiering would have to be aired in court, instead of being quietly corrected by the simple expedient of exchanging a letter for a check? I flushed with anger and mortification as I realized my plight.

The sound of knocking interrupted my bitter self-reproaches, and, before I could rise or gather up the papers on the floor, the office door opened slightly and Mrs. Butterfield appeared upon the threshold.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she exclaimed; "I thought Mr. Butterfield was alone."

I stared at her for a moment in silence, and the picture of charming dignity and refinement that she presented was instantly contrasted in my mind with that of the coward cringing behind the closet door. My anger against the man turned to contempt, and I rose to my feet possessed of a new idea.

"Your husband has just stepped out, Mrs. Butterfield," I observed, raising my voice for the benefit of my prisoner. "Won't you sit down?"

I placed a chair as near the closet door as I dared, but Mrs. Butterfield protested that she did not want to interrupt us and could just as well wait outside.

"Not at all," I insisted. "Our business is almost finished, and Mr. Butterfield has not left the building."

She seated herself in the chair I indicated, and, as I swept up the fragments of the letter, by way of introducing myself I mentioned the dinner at which we had previously met, and the conversation, once started, was easily sustained.

"I see you are a lover of order, Mr. Weston," she observed pleasantly, as I searched the floor to make sure of every precious scrap. "Mr. Butterfield's study at home is a perfect litter of rubbish all the time, and I cannot convince him that waste-paper baskets were meant for waste paper."

"I'm afraid I'm much the same," I answered, "and my orderly virtues begin and end with the recovery of these fragments."

"Pray let me help you," she suggested, rising as she spoke.

"I think I have the last bit now," I answered. But the monkey-wrench on the floor had caught her eye and she stooped and picked it up.

"Is this yours?" she inquired.

"Yes—thank you," I answered. "That's my bicycle wrench—although it was once mistaken for something else," I added, with a smile.

"Indeed? What else could any one think it?"

I pointed it by way of answer at the closet door.

Mrs. Butterfield laughed and nodded comprehendingly.

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"It does look like a revolver the way you hold it," she admitted.

"Especially to the person staring down the barrel," I suggested, with a laugh.

"Did any one ever do so?" she inquired smilingly.

I nodded.

"Oh, do tell me about it!" she pleaded, seating herself in the chair again. "It sounds exciting and—and funny."

"Yes, it was funny. In fact, it was ridiculous," I admitted, and leaning against the edge of the table I began the story of Butterfield's attempt, omitting names and changing the details sufficiently for my purpose.

It was interesting to watch the play of Mrs. Butterfield's face as the tale unfolded. No man could have endured her expression of withering, patrician contempt without flinching, and I fancied that it might be worse than death to an ex-hero who had wounded her self-pride. Small wonder that Butterfield was careful to keep up his wife's illusions. She might be easy to deceive, but it would be fatal to undeceive her, and I almost prayed that the coward in the closet might not compel me to destroy the woman's glorious and uplifting belief in her clay-footed idol.

She laughed as I described the ignominious retreat into the closet, and I knew that every note of her voice penetrated the closet door.

"The ridiculous coward!" she exclaimed. "Was he ever able to face his fellow-men again?"

"Well, the story hasn't become public yet," I answered. "Indeed, I'm half inclined to let the fellow off. Would you?"

"No, indeed," she replied indignantly. "I might forgive the robbery, but not his contemptible cowardice. Such men ought to be made the laughing-stock of their world. Public ridicule is the only proper punishment for them. When is he to be tried? I'd like to come to court and help to shame him."

I watched the expression of her face as she spoke, and something told me that Butterfield saw it in the dark of his hiding-place.

"The trial would certainly be amusing," I ruminated, sitting down at the desk. "I'll let you know if we decide to expose him. Will you excuse me a moment while I write a note?"

She bowed and mentioning something about a telephone message, stepped toward the door. I held it open for her as she passed out, closed it behind her, and then walking quickly to the closet, turned the key and swung open the door.

Butterfield stumbled forward, blinking in the sudden light, and his face had visibly aged since I last saw it.

"You have already examined our Exhibit No. 1, Mr. Butterfield," I began calmly. "Before we close our interview allow me to show you Exhibit No. 2."

I drew the monkey-wrench from my pocket and held it toward him on the flat of my hand. He stood staring at me for a moment and made two or three ineffectual efforts to speak before he succeeded.

"What is the amount of your claim?" he muttered thickly, glancing apprehensively at the door.

I told him as he hurried to the desk and drew his private check-book out of the upper drawer with trembling fingers.

"Do you want it certified?" he whispered, as he hastily shoved the check into my hand.

The door opened before I could answer. But I looked him straight in the eyes as Mrs. Butterfield entered, her face radiant at sight of him.

"No," I answered quietly. "That check is guaranteed."

The Red Woman

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

SHE sells her cowslip greens at every door,
And welcome to the fireside she comes—
This last, lone daughter of the Mohawk braves
Who camped on our forefathers' smoking homes.
On Sunday evening when we all do walk
About the graveyard, she too comes to keep
Watch of the headstone which her cowslips earned,
Which prays the Paleface Jesus guard her sleep.

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A Row of Books

By JOHAN BARRETT

It is a happy beginning of the new book-year that the first month of it should bring us two novels of so much distinction as Lucas Malet's "The Far Horizon" (Dodd, Mead), and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's "By the Light of the Soul" (Harper). Not that we are sanguine enough to assume that our literary income is to continue at this average for the season, but simply that it starts us off feeling good, and, as it were, with money in the bank. These novels, so widely separated in their origins and so dissimilar in their temperamental and artistic atmospheres and methods, are related not only by the circumstance of their simultaneous appearance, but by the fact that they are, respectively, studies of neo-catholic and neo-puritan ideals. In "The Far Horizon," Mrs. Harrison has formulated, with all the force of demonstration as opposed to argument, the eternal appeal to the human heart of religious symbolism and tradition. Dominic Inglesias, an Englishman of Spanish extraction, is the character in whose personality this influence is made manifest. Released at the age of fifty-five from a narrow and confining labor imposed by duty to others, this man of half-Latin instincts and intellectuality finds himself adrift and alone, too old for easy initiative and too young for easy indifference. To him appear, on the one hand, Poppy St. John, half saint, half wanton and all woman, and withal one of the most brilliantly sketched characters of modern fiction; and on the other, the call, the promise, and the beauty of his native but long forgotten faith. The nicety of portrayal and the delicacy of suggestion with which these characters and this issue are handled are the core and substance of the book. The other characters, Dominic's employers, Poppy's unsuccessful husband, and some Protestant scapegoats in the background of the tale, are done with a lack of tact and with a crude effect of exaggerated foreshortening that can be overlooked only because of the comparative unimportance of the characters, but that nevertheless mars an otherwise unblemished whole. Mrs. Harrison's prose is, of its kind, a marvel and a delight. She writes by ear, if one may so express her constant and unerring sense of tonal harmony, the varied but unfailing balance of her style, and the relevancy of sound to sense. Yet unlike most writers with this ever-present subconscious deference to the vocal value of their words, she is not betrayed by it and, if seldom driven to sacrifice it, one recalls no instance in which she has sacrificed to it.

Mrs. Freeman's "By the Light of the Soul," in which, in the story of Maria Edgham, reliance upon internal rather than external sanctions and revelations is interpreted, is a far less brilliant but a more consistent and even performance. It is the story of a young girl of New England traditions and blood, born in a New Jersey town and thrown upon her own resources by her surroundings; and upon the moral support of her own character by the misfortune of a youthful and hasty marriage, never consummated nor acknowledged. In this latest and most mature of her writings, Mrs. Freeman draws no less than formerly upon common life and the commonplaces of life for her material. Moreover, she relies not at all upon impressionism for her effects. We come to know and to understand her characters, not by any enlightening flashes of suggestion, but by living with them. When we lay down the book, Maria and her struggle from a repressed and wondering childhood to a self-contained, but sympathetic understanding of herself and others; her weak but well-intentioned father; her icy step-mother, simulating the emotions she cannot feel; her old aunt, and all her lesser associates and companions, are less people we have read about than people we have known. Mrs. Freeman's writing, like the subjects of her writing,

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is undistinguished, yeomanly, drawn from the commonplaces of language with quiet knowledge and purpose. Its manner could hardly be better fitted to her matter, although it would benefit by a more careful pruning of its curious and quite needless commentative reiterations.

"The Mystery" (McClure, Phillips), by Stuart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams, is one of the best recent stories of rapid and adventurous action. It is quite true that, since it is based upon a fabulous and unthinkable scientific phenomenon, the story is a yarn pure and simple; but it possesses the attributes that have made yarns listened to since the first story-teller sat at the gate and played upon the nomadic instincts of those who dwelt within the walls. It forces us to follow with impatient interest and complete realization the logical unfolding of its mysterious and tragic happenings in mid-Pacific, and though we dismiss it finally with a shrug that is a polite paraphrase for "Ah g'wan! You're stringin' us!" we have, for all that, actually sat with the officers' mess of the Wolverine and been in at the death of Handy Solomon.

The gift of successfully explaining to an unawakened or an unresponsive intelligence the esthetic and emotional stimuli of any work of art is one of precious educational value; but it is a gift that is very rare and one that Miss Elizabeth Luther Cary, the author of a volume on "The Works of James McNeill Whistler" (Moffat, Yard), does not, at least in this particular instance, display. That she is an informed and convinced admirer of Whistler her treatise amply proves; but it is less to those who would be made to feel than to those who would be coached in what they ought to feel, that her refined and well-intentioned, but uninspired and uninspiring text will be welcome. For our own part, the book leaves us exactly where it found us; neither adding to our enjoyment where we already enjoyed, nor lightening the darkness where we were previously blind.

The muck-rake boom is beginning to affect the value of fiction. Of course this was to be expected, for though fiction is like real estate in that it is late to respond to bull markets, it always does reflect them; not, perhaps, in its city property (so to say) but at least in its suburban lots and speculative subdivisions. It was pretty bad a year or two ago, when all the minor lady novelists were bent upon solving the labor question. But that was nothing to what fiction threatens to be if all our young men take to pointing out, under the guise of love stories, what unutterable bounders the rich really are. The world is full of rich bounders, and before now they have made good models for excellent fiction; but the writers were interested in them as human beings and not as texts. Mr. David Graham Phillips, who has written several entertaining stories of local American life, is one of those who appear to have been infected by this contagion. Witness his novel, or rather his diatribe, "The Second Generation" (Appleton), a story of rich men's children in a secondary city of the middle West. Here the novelist's concern with abstract human nature in concrete examples is replaced by the envenomed animus of the inoculated reformer; his sense of humor is expressed in sneers and his satire is indicated by quotation marks. We do not question Mr. Phillips's accuracy, but we do contend that he should not write fiction when he is angry.

One is sometimes inclined to think that the much-looked-for Great American Novel is in reality destined to materialize in the unsuspected form of a literary patchwork quilt. Certainly during the last ten years or so there has been something very like a quilting-bee going on among the writers of American fiction. They have divided the country into squares and rectangles and polygons, and have been busy each one embroidering his own patch with local color. New England and the New South; Texas, Montana, and the Pacific slope; the cowboy, the lumberman, and the politician; 1,000 localities and 10,000 types, cut out and basted down and piled in neat heaps in the Carnegie libraries for some future hand to select from, and piece together into the Great American Novel in 500 volumes! Miss Geraldine Bonner is one of the busy guests at this quilting party who has chosen California to work on, and her latest story is called "Rich Men's Children." Like her other tales, it deals with the personal and social activities of the Argonauts rather than with their professional pursuit of fleece, golden or other, and presents a drama based upon the very natural foibles and failings of the children of a self-made, successful, and autocratic generation. In short, it is a genuine picture of an actual situation, a trifle ornate and overembellished, not by any means a candidate for ultimate inclusion in the finished quilt, but both a probable and an entertaining story.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's story of "The Malefactor" (Little, Brown) is a variation upon the false imprisonment *motif* that, through coincidence or through some mysterious telepathy,

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appears recently to have inspired several workers at about the same time. Indeed, one sometimes feels that plots, like tadpoles, must run in schools, or else, like measles, are in the air and catching. Mary Cholmondeley, in "Prisoners," has lately treated this theme with characteristic wit, wisdom, and weakness. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler has just used it in her new novel with typical lack of emphasis; and now Mr. Oppenheim has based one of his sensational entertainments upon it. His hero, after enduring a long term of penal servitude through the false testimony of a woman of his acquaintance, returns to London a would-be cynic, a self-elected misanthrope, sworn to the pursuit of revenge, particular and general. The remainder of the story has to do with the way in which his determination is thwarted by his better nature, and Mr. Oppenheim proves to be less at his ease in this semi-analytical delineation than in his usual field of mystery and rapid intrigue. However, he is always a plausible raconteur and "The Malefactor" has been hailed as "a second Monte Cristo."

The appearance of the third volume of Henry Charles Lea's "A History of the Inquisition of Spain" (Macmillan) places before us three-quarters of this vastly interesting and remarkable piece of historical exhumation. The Inquisition, and especially the Spanish Inquisition, is a mysterious and fascinating subject. It looms large upon the imagination. From the boy who first stumbles upon "The Pit and the Pendulum" to the moral philosopher and the Christian apologist, no one of us is wholly unresponsive to its romance, its tragedy, its psychology, and the challenge of its apparent contradictions. It is Nero writ large. As to Professor Lea's history, the boy and the philosopher may each read it, with varying purpose, but with equal absorption. In spite of his long interest in the ecclesiastical history of the Middle Ages and his familiarity with the Spanish records, the author must have undertaken labors little short of stupendous in preparation for this work. But the fact is not obtruded. We are aware only of the lucid clarity of his results. It is the ease with which he follows individual cases through the maze of their thousand fellows, and the assured and convincing handling of his complex and many-sided subject, that prove the assiduity and efficacy of his researches among the almost limitless masses of papers and records bearing upon the proceedings of the Holy Office. His first volume, which appeared last April, gives in general outline the career of the Inquisition, enabling the reader to grasp its scope and its points of contact with the temporal influences and political currents of the time, and furnishing a tracing which the succeeding chapters fill in with explanatory and relevant detail: with the forms of organization, the sources of revenue, methods of compulsion, and the types and history of its especial victims, the Jews, the Moors, and the Protestants. The work is not only one of important and specifically original research, but an engrossing treatment of a deeply interesting subject.

OTHER BOOKS

"History of the United States," from 1850 to 1877. The final two volumes of Prof. James F. Rhodes's authoritative history of the Civil War and the period of reconstruction. (Macmillan.)

"In the Days of the Comet." A bit of Mr. H. G. Wells's highly imaginative realism, telling what might happen were human nature altered a trifle. (Century.)

"Real Soldiers of Fortune." Pen sketches by Richard Harding Davis of several promoters, adventurers, and others. Glorified press notices, and hero worship under forced draught. (Scribner.)

"Side Lights on Astronomy." A series of popular articles by Simon Newcomb, dealing with comparatively unfamiliar but most interesting astronomical speculations and activities. (Harper.)

"A Captain of Industry." An early crudity by Upton Sinclair; previously unpublished and now floated into print on the tide of "The Jungle's" success. (The Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas.)

"My People of the Plains." A volume of reminiscences by Bishop Talbot, full of amusing incidents and of a hearty and practical Christianity. (Harper.)

"The Working of the Railroads." A very instructive primer on a complex and politically important subject, by Logan G. McPherson, lecturer on transportation at Johns Hopkins University. (Henry Holt.)

"The Very Small Person." A collection of pathetic stories about children, by Annie Hamilton Donnell. They give one the uncomfortable impression that one's sensibilities are being "worked." (Harper.)

"The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard." An intricate but interesting story of the deciphering of a cryptogram; written by John Bennett. (Century.)

"The Railway Children." A thoroughly natural and entertaining story for children, by E. Nesbit. (Macmillan.)

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Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

Editor's Note.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree."

Any one who has ever traveled on the New York subway in rush hours can easily appreciate the following:

A little man, wedged into the middle of a car, suddenly thought of pickpockets, and quite as suddenly remembered that he had some money in his overcoat. He plunged his hand into his pocket and was somewhat shocked upon encountering the fist of a fat fellow-passenger.

"Aha!" snorted the latter. "I caught you that time!"

"Leggo!" snarled the little man. "Leggo my hand!"

"Pickpocket!" hissed the fat man.

"Scoundrel!" retorted the little one.

Just then a tall man in their vicinity glanced up from his paper.

"I'd like to get off here," he drawled, "if you fellows don't mind taking your hands out of my pocket."

A suburban train was slowly working its way through one of the blizzards of '94. Finally it came to a dead stop and all efforts to start it again were futile.

In the wee, small hours of the morning a weary commuter, numb from the cold and the cramped position in which he had tried to sleep, crawled out of the train and floundered through the heavy snow-drifts to the nearest telegraph station. This is the message he handed to the operator:

"Will not be at office to-day. Not home yesterday yet."

At one of the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain's speeches in Birmingham the hall was so densely crowded with enthusiastic admirers that exit or entrance while he was talking was out of the question. Suddenly, in the middle of an especially eloquent appeal, a sour-faced man arose in the front of the house and shook an accusing finger at the speaker.

"What did Mr. Gladstone say in 1872?" demanded the disturber in stentorian tones.

"Put him out! Put him out!" came from all parts of the hall.

"I repeat," continued the sour-faced man, "what did——"

Before he could get further he was being kicked and jostled down the aisle and out into the street.

A friend, meeting the ejected one next morning, said: "Well, they certainly gave it to you good an' 'ard at the meetin' last night, an' wot's more

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you richly deserved it. But I say, Jack, just wot was it that Mr. Gladstone said in 1872?"

"I really 'aven't the slightest notion. I only know I 'ad a terrible toothache, an' the only possible way to get out of that bloomin' mob was to get thrown out."

An Irishman, wishing to take a "homestead" and not knowing just how to go about it, sought information from a friend.

"Mike," he said, "you've taken a homestead an' I thought maybe ye could tell me th' law concernin' how to go about it."

"Well, Dennis, I don't remimber th' exact wordin' uv th' law, but I can give ye th' manin' uv it. Th' manin' uv it is this: Th' Governmint is willin' t' bet ye 160 acres uv land agin $14 thot ye can't live on it five years widout starvin' t' death."

"Mother," said a college student who had brought his chum home for the holidays, "permit me to present my friend, Mr. Specknoodle."

His mother, who was a little hard of hearing, placed her hand to her ear.

"I'm sorry, George, but I didn't quite catch your friend's name. You'll have to speak a little louder, I'm afraid."

"I say, mother," shouted George, "I want to present my friend Mr. *Specknoodle*."

"I'm sorry, George, but Mr.—— What was the name again?"

"MR. SPECKNOODLE!" George fairly yelled.

The old lady shook her head sadly.

"I'm sorry, George, but I'm afraid it's no use. It sounds just like Specknoodle to me"

"I confess that the subject of psychical research makes no great appeal to me," Sir William Henry Perkin, the inventor of coal-tar dyes, told some friends in New York recently. "Personally, in the course of a fairly long career, I have heard at first hand but one ghost story. Its hero was a man whom I may as well call Snooks.

"Snooks, visiting at a country house, was put in the haunted chamber for the night. He said that he did not feel the slightest uneasiness, but nevertheless, just as a matter of precaution, he took to bed with him a revolver of the latest American pattern.

"He slept peacefully enough until the clock struck two, when he awoke with an unpleasant feeling of oppression. He raised his head and peered about him. The room was wanly illumined by the full moon, and in that weird, bluish light he thought he discerned a small, white hand clasping the rail at the foot of the bed.

"'Who's there?' he asked tremulously.

"There was no reply. The small, white hand did not move.

"'Who's there?' he repeated. 'Answer me or I'll shoot.'

"Again there was no reply.

"Snooks cautiously raised himself, took careful aim and fired.

"From that night on he's limped. Shot off two of his own toes."

The usual large crowd was gathered at the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge waiting for trolley cars. An elderly lady, red in the face, flustered, and fussy, dug her elbows into convenient ribs, irrespective of owners.

A fat man on her left was the recipient of a particularly vicious jab. She yelled at him, "Say!"

He winced slightly and moved to one side. She, too, side-stepped and thumped him vigorously on the back.

"Say!" she persisted, "does it make any difference which of these cars I take to Greenwood Cemetery?"

"Not to me, madam," he answered, slipping through an opening in the crowd.

A pompous little man with gold-rimmed spectacles and a thoughtful brow boarded a New York elevated train and took the only unoccupied seat. The man next him had evidently been drinking. For a while the little man contented himself with merely sniffing contemptuously at his neighbor, but finally he summoned the guard.

"Conductor," he demanded indignantly, "do you permit drunken people to ride upon this train?"

"No, sir," replied the guard in a confidential whisper. "But don't say a word and stay where you are, sir. If ye hadn't told me I'd never have noticed ye."

A man just back from South America was describing a volcanic disturbance.

"I was smoking a cigar before the door of my hotel," said he, "when I was startled by a rather violent earthquake. The next instant the sun was obscured and darkness settled over the city. Looking in the direction of the distant volcano, I saw heavy clouds of smoke rolling from it, with an occasional tongue of flame flashing red against the dark sky.

"Some of the natives about me were on their knees praying; others darted aimlessly about, crazed with terror and shouting for mercy. The landlord of the hotel rushed out and seized me by the arm.

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"'To the harbor!' he cried in my ear.

"Together we hurried down the narrow street. As we panted along, the dark smoke whirled in our faces, and a dangerous shower of red-hot cinders sizzled about us. Do you know, I don't believe I was ever so homesick in all my life!"

"Homesick?" gasped the listener. "Homesick at a time like that?"

"Sure. I live in Pittsburg, you know."

A passer-by was amazed at seeing an Irishman poking a dollar bill through a crack in a board walk.

"What under the sun are you doing that for?" he asked.

"Why, y' see, sir," replied the Irishman without looking up from his work, "a minute ago Oi dhropped a nickel through this crack, an' now Oi'm puttin' a dollar through so's to make it wort' me whoile to pull up th' walk an' get th' nickel."

A college professor, noted for his concentration of thought, returned home from a scientific meeting one night, still pondering deeply upon the subject that had been discussed. As he entered his room he heard a noise that seemed to come from under the bed.

"Is there some one there?" he asked absently.

"No, professor," answered the intruder, who knew of his peculiarities.

"That's strange," muttered the professor. "I was almost sure I heard some one under the bed."

"All right on behind there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on," cried a shrill voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on!"

The passengers craned their necks expectantly. A small boy was struggling to get a basket of laundry aboard.

A good Samaritan, passing an apartment-house in the small hours of the morning, noticed a man leaning limply against the doorway.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Drunk?"

"Yep."

"Do you live in this house?"

"Yep."

"Do you want me to help you upstairs?"

"Yep."

With much difficulty he half dragged, half carried the drooping figure up the stairway to the second floor.

"What floor do you live on?" he asked. "Is this it?"

"Yep."

Rather than face an irate wife who might, perhaps, take him for a companion more at fault than her spouse, he opened the first door he came to and pushed the limp figure in.

The good Samaritan groped his way downstairs again. As he was passing through the vestibule he was able to make out the dim outlines of another man, apparently in worse condition than the first one.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Are you drunk, too?"

"Yep," was the feeble reply.

"Do you live in this house, too?"

"Yep."

"Shall I help you upstairs?"

"Yep."

The good Samaritan pushed, pulled, and carried him to the second floor, where this man also said he lived. He opened the same door and pushed him in.

As he again reached the front door he discerned the shadow of a third man, evidently worse off than either of the other two. He was about to approach him when the object of his solicitude lurched out into the street and threw himself into the arms of a passing policeman.

"For Heaven sake, off'cer," he gasped, "protect me from that man. He's done nothin' all night long but carry me upstairs 'n throw me down th' elevator shaf'."

A newly elected Western senator was pounding his desk and waving his arms in an impassioned appeal to the Senate.

"What do you think of him?" whispered Senator Kean, of New Jersey, to the impassive Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania.

"Oh, he can't help it," answered Knox. "It's a birthmark."

"A what?"

"A birthmark," repeated Knox. "His mother was scared by a windmill."

A captain, inspecting his company one morning, came to an Irishman who evidently had not shaved for several days.

"Doyle," he asked, "how is it that you haven't shaved this morning?"

"But Oi did, sor."

"How dare you tell me that with the beard you have on your face?"

"Well, ye see, sor," stammered Doyle, "there wus nine uv us to one small bit uv a lookin'-glass, an' it must be thot in th' gineral confusion Oi shaved some other man's face."

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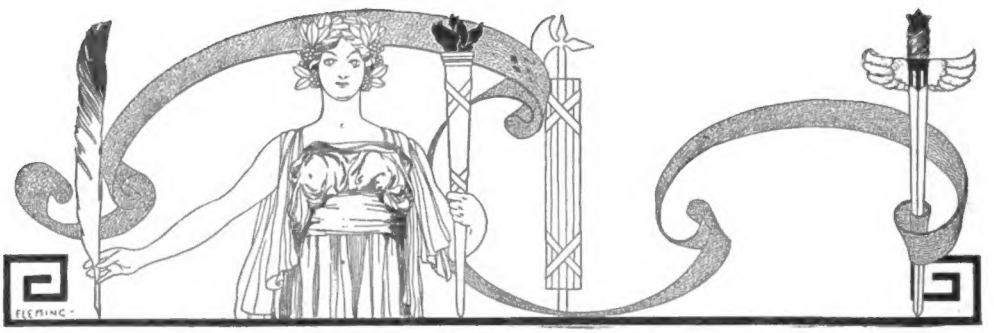

With "Everybody's" Publishers

AS we write (February 25th), the records show that our friends have already taken $160,000 of the $200,000 bond issue. At the rate they are going, when you read this there will probably be about $20,000 left. Many of the early subscribers are adding to their original subscriptions. The stopping of *Ridgway's*, if it affected these securities of ours at all, improved their value. EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, of course, is the money-maker of the family.

SPEAKING OF "RIDGWAY'S"

WE ask your indulgence for a final word about *Ridgway's*. The letters from our friends have overwhelmed us. We have selected a few and reprint them below, hoping you will be interested to read them. Being human, we were tempted to print some of the letters that spoke of us in high and glowing terms. They were a balm. But we could not measure up to them, so we omitted them, selecting only those that paid tribute to the Weekly. You will enjoy Mr. Lawson's letter. We justify ourselves in reprinting it—personal as it is—because it has fun with us and is too good to keep.

Ridgway's—My Dear Departing Friend: Too bad. "The good die young." I have invested nineteen good dimes in you. If others had done as much you would not have been troubled with heart failure. I learned yesterday when I purchased your No. 19 at the news-stand in Grand Central Station, N. Y., that you are about to lie down. I was intending to drop in on you yesterday and leave a V to help you and your father (EVERYBODY'S) along—got down only as far as Twenty-third. You should have been appreciated by the dear public and in particular by all members of the Knockers Club (I am an humble member). Your father (EVERYBODY'S) I hope is well and full of vigor. No doubt your death has hurt his bank account—however, this is not the first case where a father has backed a son to his sorrow. I will stand by the old man and purchase EVERYBODY'S at the news-stand or send him 150 cents for one year's subscription. I never expect to see you again, as I have little faith in "the Resurrection."

Detroit, Mich. Adieu, A. J. B.

OUR REPLY

Dear Mr. B.: That is a bully letter of yours about the Weekly and it was mighty white of you to write it. The man who believes in the Resurrection has the best end of the bargain. Supposing you don't believe in the Resurrection and I do We both die. If there is no Resurrection, I won't be surprised, because I won't know anything about it; whereas if there is a Resurrection, you are in for quite a shock. I hope you get it.

Gratefully and sincerely.

I have read your valedictory in *Ridgway's*. I am more sorry than I can express that you felt under the necessity of writing it. I have been watching your venture with a good deal of interest. I knew you were having a hard time, but with the mechanical improvement in the publication I thought you were beginning to get on solid ground, and I was on the point last week of

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writing you a letter of congratulation on what seemed to me to be the beginning of success in the enterprise. You deserved to win. Your cause was a just one, and your appeal ought to have had a wide response of most cordial co-operation. You struck a good note, clear and positive, which was a clarion call making for righteousness. I most deeply regret that this note has been silenced. The times may not be out of joint, but they are badly strained. The mission of *Ridgway's* was a noble one, and your weekly message ought to have stirred up good men and women everywhere to its fulfilment. And I believe that this result was being accomplished. If you could have held on longer you might have seen, and I think would have seen, the labors of your hand, head, and heart established. Philistines and Pharisees will rejoice secretly and openly over the retirement of this valiant knight from the field of royal contest, but good people will look upon his withdrawal with sorrow in their hearts. I regard this latest development, however, not as a failure of the mission of *Ridgway's*, but rather merely as an acknowledgment of the inadequacy of its method. The difficulty was one of mechanics rather than of motives. I feel confident that you have stood before the world in this enterprise as a strong man, and I hope the day will soon come when you will put the armor on again, and go forth to wage successful battle against wrong in high places and in low. God bless you. Very sincerely,

Chicago, Ill. S. J. H.

Why didn't you give us a chance? I was glorying in *Ridgway's* and thought it was booming. A popular fighting post's "Public" magazine-weekly was just the thing, and now I and thousand others stand mourners because of our negligence. Give us another chance and when you start up again put me on the subscription list for two copies. With you in the cause,

Syracuse, N. Y. C. J. K., Ph.D.

For God's sake and the sake of the country, don't stop the publication of your paper long. In its short life it did more than all us preachers. God speed. Yours in sympathy,

Chicago, Ill. W. H. H.

It is with the utmost sorrow that I read of your discontinuance of *Ridgway's* and so of your share in the "crusade" for the common good. Truly, as Mr. Russell says in EVERYBODY'S, "The United States is not touched by this forward movement." Why is it, when we boast that our educational system is the best in the world? Are we turning out thinkers from our schools and colleges, or only sordid money seekers? The aim of your work was high, and I regret most sincerely its postponement—failure, it is not.

You need not return the money due on my subscription. I am willing to share the loss. I already pay for two copies of EVERYBODY'S—one for home reading and one for school, where I call the attention of all my classes in civics and American history to the leading articles, often reading long excerpts from them to the students, and having the latter take the magazine home for fathers and brothers to read. I wish there were more I could do to help on the good work.

Hoping another effort to publish an independent weekly may be made soon, I am, yours truly,

Buffalo, N. Y. H. L. D.

It was with a good deal of regret that I learned last week that you were discontinuing the publication of *Ridgway's Magazine*. I have bought it from the first issue, and felt that I could hardly keep house without it. As a matter of fact, when you changed the publication from the poorly printed one to the better printed one, and issued it from a fewer number of offices, I thought something had gone wrong. It seems too bad that the public will not support such a publication. I presume that you will take up in EVERYBODY'S at least a part of the work which you had laid out for *Ridgway's*. I had discontinued EVERYBODY'S in favor of *Ridgway's*, but I presume I shall have to buy EVERYBODY'S again. As a rule I have no time to write letters of this kind, but I really feel a personal loss in the discontinuation of *Ridgway's*. Yours respectfully,

Boston, Mass. R. M. S.

I am extremely sorry to learn in your March EVERYBODY'S of the suspension of your Weekly. The advanced position taken by you will be more popular in a year or two. In the meantime, I hope the people will not "stone the prophet" too hard, for we are living in an age of unrest and we sorely need such a magazine as you started out to issue. Hope you will again be able to head such a publication, and when you do, count me in as an humble subscriber. Send EVERYBODY'S in place of *Ridgway's* for the unexpired subscription. Yours truly,

Osceola, Wis. C. W. S.

I have bought each issue of *Ridgway's* as it appeared, and the news in to-day's issue is a calamity. If ever a country had need of such a publication as you gave it, this country had, and

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